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THE
Children's Friend.

EDITED BY THE
REV. C. CARUS-WILSON,
VICAR OF EASTRY, KENT.

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THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY
THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

THIRTY-TWO years ago, a great friend of little children thought he would write a book for them. There was then nothing of the kind to suit them, in the way he wished. So he consulted with the publisher and printer, and there came out of the book-sellers' shops, in the year 1824, a number of little books with pink covers, and a number of pretty stories, and pictures. They kept coming out every month, and have continued to do so for thirty-two years, up to the present time. The little book was called the "CHILDRENS' FRIEND." It is what you have now in your hand.

Since the time that the CHILDREN'S FRIEND first made its appearance, a great many other little books like it have appeared

too. But from what I have heard, I believe this little book is still a very great favourite.

I believe that the CHILDRENS' FRIEND has been a good friend to many children, and has been blessed by God to very many people. God can make use of anything He pleases—even a little pink book. I could tell you many instances where God has blessed it. And when you and I meet at the judgment-day, we shall hear of them, and of more like them too.

Since the CHILDRENS' FRIEND first began its course, it has seen many of its little friends die—one after the other. It has seen many grow up, to be big men and women. Many grown-up people have told me how they remembered reading the little pink book when they were young.

We have been sometimes afraid lest, as our kind friends died, and grew up, we should lose friends altogether. But God has been pleased to raise up new ones, and we have still many left.

We do not want to give up our little book; we shall keep it up as long as ever we can. We believe that many would be sorry to hear that their monthly friend had come to an end. Well, perhaps its little friends will help it, and see if they can get fresh subscribers to take it in; for it must have plenty of support in order to keep on. And as we want it to get into all sorts of places, we will mention a plan that has been tried with great success. It is, that little boys

or girls, who have some money of their own, take in a few every month, to give to poor children who are not able to buy for themselves. In this way our little readers might do a great deal of good.

May our good Lord bless all our readers, and carry them all safely through life's journey, till the happy time shall come when we shall not need to teach each other, "Know the Lord; for all shall know Him, from the *least* even unto the greatest!"

For thirty-two years has the CHILDREN'S FRIEND worn the same coat. We have now (you see) given it a new one.

PARENTS' PROPS.

I dare say you have often seen and admired the fine tall trees covered with ivy. Now I should not wonder if you have only thought of the ivy as a poor, weak, helpless creeper, which wholly depends on other props and helps to uphold and keep it healthy, and even alive. And many of us, while we admire the graceful evergreen, are apt to think that it does harm to the trees up which it climbs, and, at all events, can do no good. Indeed, in more ways than one, the poor ivy gets blamed, where I am sure it does not deserve it.

Many think if they see ivy growing up a house, it must make that house damp. But it is quite a mistake. The tendrils of ivy

will suck the damp out of the walls; and I have known houses thus made quite dry. Then the leaves, especially those of the large Irish ivy, act like slates, and throw off the rain.

But I saw the other day what was to me quite a new use of ivy; and it suggested to my mind a thought which was so pleasant, that I must tell you of it. I was walking



in the beautiful garden of a very old castle, where one of our bishops lives. At a corner of the lawn, I came to a fine old tree bending with age; and whether two stems of the same tree had divided in sunder, or whether they had quite distinct roots, I could not exactly tell, nor is it of moment to decide. The tree was covered with ivy, and

whether it had suffered from this, I could not say, for the leaves were off, and I could not tell. But it was evidently bowed down with age, and this one half of which I speak, was bending so much that I almost wondered how it kept up. But when I came to see nearer, I found there was a stout prop under this limb, evidently strong and stout enough to keep the poor infirm limb from falling. And what was my surprise when I found that this prop was no other than the root and stem of the ivy which covered all the tree! I cannot tell you how thick it was, but I never in my whole life saw such a large tree of ivy. It was more like a forest tree itself, than the weak trembling ivy which climbs up the trees.

Now, thought I to myself, here is an emblem of a good dutiful child. He was once a poor helpless infant, wholly leaning upon his parents; then a youth, perhaps still more bearing down his parent, and drawing upon him for his many wants; but then a turn takes place; the child gets on in the world, and is not only able to do for himself, but he becomes more and more of a help to his parent. In various ways he is the "parent's prop." Time was when he leaned wholly on his parent, and clung to him, and depended on him. The parent was then the child's prop; the child now is the parent's prop.

My young reader, what do you mean to be? What are you now? Think how much your parents have done for you? Aye,

there is many a mother who would starve with hunger, and give the last bite of bread to her starving children. Be thinking what returns you can make. You are not too young now to prop up a poor burthened mother's heart and hands by your dutiful, loving obedience, and little kind attentions; and as you grow older, you may be able to become more and more a parent's prop, like the ivy tree. W.

JOSEPH.

(*Concluded from p. 279, Vol. 32.*)

Fanny.—And did it happen with Pharaoh's dreams, as Joseph had said it would, mamma?

Mamma.—Yes, dear. After the seven years of plenty, came seven years of famine, not only in Egypt, but in all lands. So Joseph's father and brethren were in great distress. Jacob was very glad when he heard there was corn in Egypt, and sent ten of his sons down to buy some. But Benjamin, the youngest, Joseph's brother, he kept, lest any harm should happen to him.

F.—I should think that Joseph's brothers were much surprised when they saw him.

M.—You must remember, dear, that it was more than twenty years since they sold Joseph. He was then but a lad, and was

now so changed both in appearance and dress, that they did not recognise him at all; but *they* were not so much altered, and he knew them at once.

F.—What did he say to them, mamma?

M.—He did not tell them who he was, but spake very roughly to them, and said they were come as spies. They assured him they were not, but were only come to buy corn, and that they had left their father and youngest brother in the land of Canaan.

F.—I dare say, mamma, he was very glad to find that they were alive.

M.—He was, and felt very anxious to see them: so he told his brothers that they should not come there for any more corn unless they brought their youngest brother with them: and he took Simeon, and put him in prison until they returned. He then told the steward who filled their sacks with corn, to put back their money with it.

F.—They must have felt very glad when they saw it, mamma?

M.—No, dear, they were frightened, as both they and their father thought it would bring them into trouble. Jacob was very unwilling to send Benjamin, and said at first that he should not go; but when they had eaten all the corn, and he found that they would not go again without him, he was obliged to consent; so he sent Joseph a present of the best fruits and spices, and when they came before him they bowed

F.—Was not Jacob delighted when he knew it?

M.—At first he would not believe them; but when he saw the waggons he thought it must be true, and he felt very happy. The meeting between Joseph and his father was very affecting; they fell on each others' necks a long time, and wept for joy. Jacob lived after this about seventeen years; and when he died, they took him into the land of Canaan, and buried him there. Joseph's brethren now began to fear that as their father was dead, he would punish them for all the evil they had done to him; so they sent a messenger to him to beg his forgiveness, and went themselves and fell down before him. Joseph was much affected at this. He wept, and spoke very kindly to them, and said, "Am I in the place of God?" meaning that it was God's place, not his, to punish them. And he was quite right, for God has told us not to avenge ourselves, because vengeance belongs to Him: Rom. xii. 19. P.

THE GOOD OF LEARNING.

I remember, when I was a boy, we had some verses which had some very good sense in them:

"When house and lands, and all is spent,
Then learning is most excellent."

Depend upon it, my boys, you do well to

stick to your books, and get all the learning you can, while you can. It will be your own fault if it does not turn to some good account in after life.

You know, I hope, that *that* learning is by far the best which will help you forward to the glory and blessedness of heaven. We learn, indeed, to little purpose, if we do not learn to “seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness.” It is what Jesus tells us to do. But, though that is what we must seek *first*, yet other things must not be neglected. We have to learn and do our duty in that station of life in which God has placed us; and that same precept which tells us to “serve the Lord,” tells us also not “to be slothful in business.”

Then stick to your books, my lads, and get all out of them you can into your heads. No one can tell what it may lead to at a future day. Now just let me tell you what I met with, in proof of this, in a little journey I took last week.

I got late at night to a railway station, from which I had to turn off on another line next morning. I saw a nice, tidy, young porter, different from the rest, admitted behind the desk, very busy helping the clerk with his accounts, and, in fact, doing much of the clerk's work. Having to wait some time, I got into conversation with him. I found he had been brought up in a school in Essex, and not only was in a Sunday-school, but himself a Sunday-school

teacher. Now what is the result? He gets a situation as a porter on the South-Western Railway; but he is found to read well, and write well. This turns to good account. Steady and industrious, he attracts the notice of his superiors. They want extra help; they single him out to give it. He gets on by degrees; and while the other poor fellows, having neglected their learning in their youth, and perhaps not so steady and dependable, must plod on with their rougher work, this young man rises one step after another, and often becomes the head man in the railway office. I once watched the rapid rise of a young man in this way on the line between Preston and Liverpool. How often did I see him, a humble-looking lad, in the lowest place! By degrees, I watched an advance, till at last I saw him a smart young man, as head clerk in the office.

And there are many such cases. But my journey gave another instance for you. Next day I got into a second class carriage, half of which was full of soldiers. They were a quiet, respectable set of men as one could possibly wish to travel with; and, though I could have done without their tobacco very well, I certainly should have been very sorry to have done without their conversation; and a pleasanter journey I never took; though I did not get to the end of it till late, it did not seem long or tiring.



I cannot now tell you of the interesting sergeant, who had come from the Crimea, sick and wounded. My object is to show what a bit of learning will do when there is good conduct to direct it.

Next to me sat G. N. He was returning from Staffordshire, where he had been on furlough to see his friends. When very young he had gone to school, and got some learning; but he had neglected it, and almost lost it. But when he entered the army, he was required to go to the regimental school, and he thought he might as well take pains and get on; and so he did; and in a few months he got to read and write so well, that his officer was quite pleased, and within his first year he was made a lance corporal, though now only nineteen; and I am much

mistaken if he will not get on still further very soon. I liked to see his attachment to his family. He was no stranger to our tracts, having had numbers given him at the camp at Aldershot, some of which he sent to his parents. And I was pleased to see his love for a little brother, whom he saw put into a clothing club; and he sent him a few pence now and then to help him.

Then there was another fine young Artillery soldier. He was returning from seeing his friends, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on furlough. He told me he was a runaway apprentice; but one of his first visits was to his old master, who, instead of reproaching and proceeding against him, received him with kindness. He gave him a Bible, which he said he had safe in his knapsack. And now J. W., though not twenty, is a bombardier in the Royal Artillery, the same as a corporal in other regiments. And here you see again what a bit of learning, with good conduct, will do.

How pleased you would have been to see the gratitude and joy with which these fine fellows received my tracts! I had happily fifty with me, of which two were expressly for soldiers—"The War," and "The Hospital"—and they gladly took all, to give to their comrades. My young corporal opened his knapsack, and insisted on my taking, as the only thing he had to give me, some of his specimens of silk which he had brought from home, where they manufacture it.

Then I say, my boys, stick to your books.

Make hay while the sun shines. It may be now or never. Who can tell what opportunities you may have for getting on in life, if you are only ready with your learning?

A WARNING TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

*(Written on seeing the CHILDREN'S FRIEND,
by a young man in sickness.)*

How many recollections of my childhood are bound up in that little volume! I remember how the stories interested me, how the memoirs of pious children made me weep, and sigh, "Let me die the death of the righteous." But I went again to play, and there the selfish feeling, the angry feeling, the love of play and pleasure, returned, and bid me put off my resolutions of being a holy child to another day, when I thought it would be easier, and there would be plenty of time; and I was idle at my lessons, and deceitful sometimes, and unloving.

And after a few years I went to school; but I took my evil heart there, and there were none of the encouragements and easy roads to goodness that home afforded; and so, as it were per force, I must be now as others are; and though I still sighed for the opportunity to turn to what was right, it seemed I *could not* now, and so I yielded

to screen others in their faults, and sinned with them, hoping the time would come when it should no longer be such hard work, and then I would gladly choose the way of pleasantness; for so I believed religion's ways to be.

Soon I went to college; but it was much harder there, for now an evil habit indulged had gained the mastery, and the force was now not so much without as within; and I thought how easy it had been to fight while the citadel was safe, but now the enemy seemed to have planted his flag upon the walls, and to have all for his own; and still I sighed, and hoped the time would come when I should no longer be thus tempted. Circumstances would change, I thought; somehow, *perhaps*, I shall escape.

And so I passed through college, and left; and now what do I find? I cannot take the office I was educated for, that of a Christian minister. I do not like to go into another profession, though many advantages and fancied successes allure me. I hesitate, and try to get on without deciding, hoping I may be led to a better mind; but while I trifle thus, a disease attacks me, and I *must die*. Perhaps not immediately, not this week; this month, nay, a year or more may pass; but I can never, in human *possibility*, recover. I can look for no miracles. My faith is fixed nowhere. I have been trifling with re-

ligion all my life, and now it is too late. God is *infinite* in mercy, or I must despair.

Is any reader of this month's Magazine doing just the same as I have done? Oh, what if he should go on till he is as I am now! He is well disposed; so was I. He would be glad even to live the life of the righteous; so thought I. But somehow I never did enter seriously upon it; and now I feel as if all my endeavours to serve God with my little remaining strength, were lifeless and loveless.

Oh, for some reality in religion! even despair and dread of punishment, misery for sin, were better than this deadness. I can do little else than think on my childhood's and youth's intensity of feeling, and sigh, "Oh, that it were with me as in times past!" The work might have been hard then; but it had been pleasant to struggle when there was life and vigour, sure of victory at last. Now all is changed; the struggle is faint and wearisome, and the prospect is beclouded.

Be wise. Learn from me, "Remember *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Yes, *now*!

[When the above came to us from some anonymous writer, entreating us to put it into our pages, we rather hesitated, on some accounts, to do so; but it is so touching and awful, that we trust it may be

made useful, by God's grace, to some of our readers. We hope that the poor writer (if not taken yet) may yet find a Saviour, and happiness, and heaven. We may well pray for him.]

THE BLIND MARTYR BOY.

IN the reign of "Bloody Mary," of England, when the good Bishop Hooper was about to be burned to death, a blind boy, by much importunity, prevailed on the guard to bring him to the bishop. This boy had lately suffered imprisonment in Gloucester for confessing the truth. After the bishop had examined him concerning his faith and the cause of his imprisonment, he looked on him steadfastly, tears standing in his eyes, and said, "Ah, poor boy, God hath taken from thee thy outward sight, for what reason He best knoweth; but He hath endued thy soul with the eye of knowledge and faith. God give thee grace continually to pray unto Him, that thou lose not that sight, for thou shouldst then be blind both in body and soul."

The boy's name was Thomas Dowry. How often or how long he had endured imprisonment for the truth's sake, is not known; but, on his final examination, he was brought before Dr. Williams, Chancellor of Gloucester, sitting judicially with the registrar of the diocese in the con-

sistory, near the south door of the cathedral church, who administered the usual articles, chiefly urging that on transubstantiation, and saying :

"Dost thou not believe that after the words of consecration spoken by the priest, there remaineth the very real body of Christ in the sacrament of the altar?"

"No," answered the blind boy; "that I do not."

"Then," said the Chancellor, "thou art an heretic, and shalt be burned. But who taught you this heresy?"

"You, Master Chancellor."

"Where, I pray thee?"

"Even in yonder place," replied the boy, turning and pointing with his hand towards where the pulpit stood.

The Chancellor again inquired, "When did I teach thee so?"

Dowry answered, "When you preached there (naming a day) a sermon to all men as well as to me, upon the sacrament. You said the sacrament was to be received spiritually, by faith, and not carnally and really, as the Papists have heretofore taught."

The shameless apostate answered, "Then do as I have done, and thou shalt live, as I do, and escape burning."

The blind boy said, "Though you can so easily dispense with yourself, and mock God, the world, and your conscience, yet will I not do so."

"Then God have mercy upon thee," rejoined the Chancellor; "for I will read the condemnation sentence against thee."

"God's will be fulfilled," answered the young martyr.

Hereupon the registrar, being moved with the scene, stood up, and said to the Chancellor, "Fie, for shame, man! will you read the sentence against him, and condemn yourself? Away, away, and substitute some other to give sentence and judgment."

"No, registrar," said the fearfully hardened man; "I will obey the law, and give sentence myself according to mine office."

He did so; delivered him to secular power, who, on the very same day, led the blind boy to the place of execution at Gloucester, together with one Thomas Croker, a poor bricklayer, condemned also for the like testimony of the truth; when both, in one fire, most constantly and joyfully yielded their souls into the hands of the Lord Jesus.—*English Martyrology.*

WHAT MAKES US TO DIFFER?

A class of bright little children were standing before their teacher reciting a lesson in geography. They told her of a country that lies mostly between the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea; of its hot climate, fertile soil, and rich productions. They told her about the people—what strange and cruel practices were common among them. One said that they worshipped gods which they had themselves made, instead of worshipping the God who made them. Another told her that the people would torture themselves by throwing themselves under a great crushing wheel, by swinging in the air by a hook fastened in the back, and in many other ways. A third said that some of the mothers would throw their tender babes into the river.

“And why were all these cruel things done?” inquired the teacher.

“They did it to go to heaven!” answered little Willie.

“Ah, is that the way to prepare for heaven? then why are not the people in this country doing the same thing? Why did not your mother throw you into the river, Willie, when you were a little baby? Do you suppose she loved you any better than the poor heathen mother loves her little helpless infant?”

“No, ma'am, but she knew better.”

“How came she to know better? What makes us to differ from the Hindoos?”

Willie could not tell: and a grave thoughtfulness settled on those little faces.

Again the teacher inquired,

“What makes us to differ?”

A bright smile lighted up Jennie’s sweet face as she replied,

“The Bible.”

“Yes, my dear children, it *is* the *Bible*. Without this precious Book, your mothers would have known no more than the poor mothers in India. The Bible tells us of the living and true God: of the Holy Spirit; of Jesus Christ, who died to make atonement for sin. It tells us how we may be saved from sin, and made holy and happy for ever. We learn from the Bible that nothing pleases the living and true God so much as to have us love and trust in His Son Jesus Christ, and try to be like Him. I will tell you in another paper how we can try to be like Christ. But I want you to think now, how much we owe to the Bible, which God has given us. Without it we should have no Sabbaths, no Sabbath-school, no Christian ministers or teachers, no Christian parents to pray for us, and teach us the way to heaven. Oh, my children, what would become of us without the Bible! And what can we do for those poor heathen children who do not have it?”—*Well Spring*.

Poetry.

A CHILD MAY DO SOMETHING.

God entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my *one* I prize,
And it must not slumber.

Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers,
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.
Home Record.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

ANGRY looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood,
If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood mutter'd,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have utter'd.

Friendship oft would longer last,
 And quarrels be prevented,
 If little words were let go past,
 Forgiven, not resented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
 For angry thoughts reveal them;
 Rather drown them all in tears,
 Than let another feel them.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1. Who offered to slay his two sons, if he did not succeed in a certain thing?
 2. In the war between the Israelites and the Midianites, in which Balaam was killed, how many Israelitish men were engaged, and how many kings of Midian slain?
 3. Who was allowed to glean in a field, and had some handfulls let fall on purpose for her?
 4. What does Nehemiah say happened to the heathen, when they saw that the *wall* of the temple was built by the Jews?
 5. Where does David say that a day in the courts of God are better than a thousand days elsewhere?
 6. Where do you read of Jesus washing his disciples feet?
 7. What does St. Paul say he did, "when he became a man"?
 8. What did Paul beseech the Lord thrice for?
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ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(89.) Matt. ii. 10—12. (90.) Psa. cxix. 163. (91.) Gen. xxii. 2. (92.) Isaiah liti. 2. (93.) Acts xxviii. 30. (94.) Gen. xxiii. 16. (95.) 1 Sam. iv. 18. (96.) Mark ix. 6.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY
THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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THE FRENCH PEDLAR.

THERE once lived in France an old pedlar. He used to travel about the country, mending clocks and umbrellas. This he had done for a great many years; and people

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used to expect him when his time came round. But he began to grow too old for his work.

At last, one day, he came to a place called Gap, and he went to the inn. When the landlord saw him, he said, "Well, my old friend, I'm glad to see you; my clocks are wanting you very much."

But the pedlar said, "Thank you for your kindness, Sir. I've liked to serve you for many years, but I am afraid my work will soon be over. I think I shall die soon. You have been always very kind to me; and I am sure you will promise to do something for me before I die. This is all that belongs to me. Here is my pack; and here is my stick; here also are two letters.

"I have a nephew living in Paris; he has never cared much about me; but will you send him this letter as soon as I am gone? If he takes my goods, all good and well; but if he won't, then please to peruse this other letter, and it will tell you what is to be done with them."

The pedlar soon after died. The landlord sent the letter to his nephew, in Paris; and an answer came back, that he would have nothing to do with his old uncle, or with any of his goods. He said he wanted no rubbish.

So then the landlord opened the other letter, which told him, that as the good-for-nothing nephew refused the things, he might have them for himself, as a return for all

his kindness; and particularly, he was to take off the top of the stick, and see what was inside it.

In the pack there was nothing but the old man's working tools, and a few clothes. But when the landlord proceeded to open the stick, presently five gold coins dropped out; and on searching further down, he took out bank notes to the amount of *ten thousand francs*!

Thus was the kind man well rewarded; and the hard-hearted *proud* nephew well served.

This story reminds one of other people, who, like the nephew, refuse things which God offers them. They think *religion* a poor thing, or not worth having. They had much rather have money and worldly pleasures. But what a mistake it will be found to be at the end, when God comes to give people their reward. They will find then, that it would have been far better to have been holy and good, than to have despised religion. For heaven and all its glories are for those who love and serve God in this life; and hell and all its miseries are for those that forget and despise Him.

THE LITTLE PROTESTANT.

A TRUE STORY.

"TELL us a story, Aunt Margaret," said with one voice a merry little group, as they

gathered round a gentle-looking elderly lady.

"My dears, I am tired to-night; I have a headache; I really do not feel able to *make* a story for you."

"Oh, but there is no need to *make* a story; tell us a *true* one: you must have plenty of them."

"A true story! well, I suppose I must try. Shall it be of some king or queen I have read about; or some great, wise man; or some little girl or boy like yourselves?"

"Oh, some one like ourselves; that will be much the best."

"Well, I shall tell you a *true* story, though perhaps you may not think it a very interesting one. It happened many years ago, when I was quite a young lady, and lived with my dear sisters at home. There was a poor old woman, who carried a basket with things to sell, and used to come to our house once a week to get little dolls and pincushions which we made for her. One cold morning in November I was told that old Jenny was at the door. It was a chill, dismal day, when the fog wetted the pavement like rain, and you would draw back, shivering, from an open window. I found that Jenny was not alone; she had a little girl of about eight years old with her. I think I see her still; such a little, pale, miserable-looking child, with no shoes or bonnet, and with a thin frock and tippet, all soaked through with the fog, and so fright-

ened-looking, too, as if she dared not speak or look up. Jenny told me that the night before, when the people she lodged with opened their door late in the evening, they found this unhappy little creature sitting on the steps, all dripping with rain, and crying bitterly. She could tell nothing about herself, except that her name was *Susan*; that she had come from Glasgow, and was looking for an *aunt*y, but did not know her name, or anything about her. God had led the little stranger to this door, where there were kind hearts within. The family were very poor, but they took pity on the friendless wanderer; they made her warm at their fire, and gave her part of the children's supper and breakfast; and now old Jenny thought the best thing she could do for her was to take her about with the basket, to the families she thought would be charitable to her.

"I spoke to the child; and a few kind words had a wonderful effect in making her look brighter and franker. But all she could tell of her history was, that her mother was dead, and that her father used often to beat her, so that she was glad to run away when he came into the house. Two days before, he had put her on the top of a coach, and told her to seek her aunt in Edinburgh; and as she was glad to get away from *him*, she thought of nothing else. Then she had wandered about till she sat down on that doorstep, half dead with cold

and hunger. We got her some clothes, and sent her to a charity school; and though the kind people who had taken her in were Roman Catholics, they did not object to her having a Bible, and learning verses and hymns (for she could read a little), and coming every week to repeat them to me. She was very ignorant, but willing and pleased to learn. I remember the first day I asked her if she knew what it was to be a *sinner*, she replied, 'If you please, ma'am, I'll be a *Protestant*.' She had no idea of what the word meant; but the answer amused me very much, and ever after we always called her *the little Protestant*. We soon saw that it would be desirable to remove her from the family she lived with; and, though very kind, they were too poor to wish to keep her. So she first went to be a help to a woman who had a shop, and to run errands. There she had very hard work, and little food, and it made our hearts sad to see her weary little face. Then a kind Christian lady of our acquaintance, who had heard the story, offered to try her as a little maid; and here poor Susan's happiest days were passed, for she was most kindly treated, and taught much about Jesus and heavenly things.

"But her health had been quite broken at first by want and hardships, and now she began to get more and more delicate, and soon it was impossible for her to stay longer with our good friend. There seemed to be

no home for Susan now but the *workhouse*—that is the great house full of windows just out of town, where you always see poor people and children about the door. It is the place where all poor, and aged, and orphans are sent, who have no home of their own; and a sad home it is, though many are thankful for it; and I have known some of God's people who seemed quite happy there, because they could be happy in any place where they knew that Jesus was with them. But we would have grieved to send our 'little Protestant' to the workhouse; and we were very glad and thankful indeed when God put it into the heart of a pious widow, who lived near us, to offer to take care of her for a very small sum of money. Mrs. H—— was very poor, and in bad health herself, and had a young family; but she loved and served the Lord, and wished to show kindness to this little one for His sake. And truly she was to her like a mother, making her sleep with herself; and many a night, when kept awake by pain and fear, she would spend hours in talking to her of the love of Jesus to poor sinners, and of the happy place where pain and sickness shall never be felt again. And she said it was wonderful how the child's heart and mind seemed opened, and what questions she would ask, showing how she understood and was interested in these things. So here the last year of poor Susan's life was spent. We got her small weekly board paid

by the help of friends, and of the *Destitute Sick Society*—that means a number of pious gentlemen who have agreed together to collect as much money as they can, and take it to those poor sick people who are not able to work for themselves, and have not friends to support them. One of these good gentlemen used to visit Susan every week, and seemed to take much interest in her; and she was always glad to see him. Indeed she had a very loving heart, and loved warmly those who were kind to her. I remember how hard she worked at a bit of crochet trimming for me, and how delighted she was to have *something* to give me.

“ I do not remember much about Susan’s last days, but only that she seemed truly to get the faith of a *little child*, and that all fear of dying was taken away, and the poor little lamb made quite happy to think of going home to the good Shepherd. She was shy and timid in speaking of her own feelings to any one, except Mrs. H——, but would speak quite freely to her. I remember well, on the morning of her funeral, how sad we felt to think that there would be no friends to carry our little Protestant to the grave! and how we thought, if it had been in England, where it is the custom for ladies to attend funerals, how gladly we would have gone! But next day Mrs. H—— told us that quite a band of respectable and Christian men had come—some from regard for *her*, for she had many friends; and some

from real interest in the little stranger. And though there might not be tears of *sorrow* shed over her grave, I believe that not a few pious hearts rejoiced and gave thanks in thinking that the poor orphan was now safe in the Father's house, and felt their own faith strengthened by considering the Lord's goodness and care for her. And so Susan rests in a quiet corner of the churchyard; and we do not doubt that she is a happy spirit among the blessed ones above, and that we shall see her again, bright and beautiful, on the resurrection morning."

The children had listened to Aunt Margaret's tale with much attention, and looks of interest and sympathy. And now they exclaimed, "Oh, what a pretty story! Poor Susan! The little Protestant! Aunt, you must tell us it *often over again*."

"Yes, my dears; but now *you* must tell *me* what lessons you and I should learn from poor Susan's history."

There was a pause; then the eldest of the group said, "I suppose we ought to be very thankful that we have had kind parents and a comfortable home, and not been friendless and wanderers, as she was."

"Yes, Ellen; and I will tell you another lesson—to *love* and *trust* in God. See how kind He was to the poor orphan; how He led her to kind friends, and sent His Holy Spirit to teach her the way of salvation. If Jesus had compassion on this little one before she knew or loved Him, how surely will

He be *your* friend, if you seek Him *now* ! I could say much more to you all about this, but it is too late. Only remember that sweet verse, which we used to think would have been a pretty inscription, if we had been rich enough to have put a stone on Susan's grave : ' When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' "

Christian Treasury.



JAMAICA CRABS.

You have often seen a crab, I doubt not. What a strange, awkward creature it seemed to be ! Did it not walk sideways, & get away from you, and give you a

sharp nip when you tried to catch it? Perhaps you have tasted a crab, and thought it not bad to eat.

I am going to tell you about a wonderful crab, that I dare say you have never seen. It lives in Jamaica, amongst the mountains. There the rocky peaks lift their heads up to the sky, and the hot sun beats down upon them, and it is only under the grateful shade of the feathering trees that any one can live.

Every year, when the season comes round, a large number of these crabs collect together; they form in regular order, and march down from the mountains, across the country, to the sea. When they arrive at the sea, they go into the water, and take a bathe; then they go, and lay their eggs.

When this has been done, they wander about the beach. Strange to say, these crabs have no shells of their own, but live in the shells of other fish. And during the previous year they have grown larger, and their old shells which they brought last from the sea shore have become too small for them. So each one searches on the shore for a new shell. He is sensible enough not to let go of his old shell till he has got another, lest he should be left without one. But he tries on first one, and then another (just as a man would try on a coat); and when he has found one to suit, he goes off well satisfied.

I am sorry to say that sometimes two

crabs lay hold of the same shell, and fight for it; and the weaker has to give way.

When they have done all their business at the sea, they march back again to the mountains.

How wonderfully God teaches these little creatures! How marvellous are His works! How we see His hand in all parts of the world—in the air, in the sea, on the earth, under the earth, in every thing that lives and moves! What a happy child you will be if this Great God is your kind Father, if you are trying to love and please Him every day!

MOSES.

Mamma. Do you remember, my Fanny, who was the subject of our last conversation?

Fanny. Oh, yes, mamma! It was Joseph.

M.—Well, after some years, Joseph died; and Pharaoh, the king, and all that generation died too. Then another king arose, who did not know Joseph; or care anything about his friends. He did not like to see them increasing so fast, for we are told “they multiplied exceedingly.”

F.—Why did not he like to see them increasing, mamma?

M.—Because he was afraid that if war arose, they would join with his enemies, and fight against him; so he gave orders

that all the babies that were boys should be thrown into the river.

F.—How very cruel, mamma! and did they do it?

M.—They were obliged, dear. But there was one little boy born at this time, and his parents, seeing that he was a goodly child, resolved to keep him, not fearing the anger of the king; for they felt sure it was the will of God that he should live. When we know that we are acting according to the will of God, we need never fear what man will do to us.

F.—I should think, mamma, that his mother must have felt frightened when he cried, lest any one should hear him and tell the king.

M.—No doubt it was a time of great anxiety to her, but she had faith in God; and He has promised to keep those in perfect peace whose minds are stayed on Him. When she had hid him three months, she took a little ark or cradle of bulrushes, and daubed it all over with slime and pitch, so that no water could get through it. Then she laid her dear little baby in it (I dare say he was fast asleep), and put it down by the bank of the river amongst the weeds.

F.—And did she leave him there all alone, mamma?

M.—She told his sister, Miriam, to stand at some distance, and watch what would become of him; but she knew and felt that there was another eye watching over him,

for, "The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him." She then went home, doubtless to pour out her heart to God, and ask Him to protect her child.

F.—I dare say his sister cried, mamma? I am sure I should, if it had been my little brother.

M.—I have no doubt she felt very sorry. But soon after, the king's daughter came down to the river to bathe, and seeing this little cradle by the river side, she sent her maid to fetch it. Moving the little cradle, and opening it, awoke the baby, and he began to cry. Then God caused Pharaoh's daughter to feel pity for him, and she said, "This is one of the Hebrews' children." Then Miriam asked her if she should fetch a nurse for him of the Hebrew women, and she told her she might.

F.—How glad she must have felt; she knew very well whom to fetch, did she not, mamma?

M.—Yes, dear; she quickly called her own mother, and when she came, the king's daughter told her to take the child away and nurse it for her, and she would pay her for it. We can suppose how happy she was, and how she thanked God for having answered her prayers.

F.—And did she keep him always mamma?

M.—No, dear. When he was grown, she took him to Pharaoh's daughter, and left him with her, and he became her son. She

called him Moses, which means "drawn out," because she drew him out of the water. As he grew up she had him taught all the wisdom and learning of the Egyptians.

F.—I should think, mamma, that his mother felt very proud to have him brought up like that.

M.—You must remember, my dear, that though he was taught all the learning of the Egyptians, he was not taught the fear of the Lord, for they did not know him; so that her faith was tried now, quite as much as when she laid him by the water. But she felt sure that God who had so wonderfully preserved him then, could and would keep his *soul* safe from sin, and I have no doubt she prayed constantly for him.

F.—And did God answer her prayers, mamma?

M.—Yes, dear; He *always* listens to *real* prayer. When Moses became a man, he felt that if he remained with Pharaoh's daughter he would have riches and honours, and all the pleasures that Egypt could afford. Whereas, if he took part with his own people, he would have poverty, sorrow, and reproach. We are told in Heb. xi. 24, 25, which he chose.

F.—By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

M. He knew that when he died, he must

leave all earthly pleasures and riches behind, and his precious soul would be lost for ever; therefore he gave up all to follow the Lord; and he can never have regretted it, for he has been happy in heaven more than three thousand years.

F.—I know a text, mamma, that says something like that: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Matt. xvi. 26.

M.—After this, God made use of him to bring the children of Israel out of Egypt. You know He brought ten plagues upon the Egyptians before Pharaoh would let them go; and I think you can tell me what they were.

F.—Yes, mamma. They were, first, the water turned to blood; then frogs; third, lice; fourth, flies; fifth, murrain of beasts; sixth, boils; seventh, hail; eighth, locusts; ninth, darkness; and last, the death of all the firstborn.

M.—God then divided the Red Sea, that they might pass safely through; and when Pharaoh and his host pursued after them, He brought back the sea, and drowned them all.

F.—Do you think, mamma, that he was punished in that way because he drowned the little babies?

M.—We are not told so, dear; but it might be so. After this they wandered in

the wilderness forty years ; and during that time Moses had a great deal to try his patience ; but he was very meek, more so than any other man.

F.—What is meant, mamma, by being meek ?

M.—Those are meek, dear, who are not easily provoked, and do not desire to be revenged when others injure them.

F.—Mamma, was not the Lord Jesus very meek ?

M.—Yes, dear. And He says, “ Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls,” Matt. xi. 29. Children should seek to follow Him in this, for it is very sweet to see meekness in a child. Many little boys and girls grow red and angry, and say very unkind things, when they are contradicted or slightly provoked ; such children are not meek. I one day saw a boy in the street come behind another, and give him a blow, without any provocation. He turned round surprised, and I feared he would return it, as he could easily have done so ; but instead of this, he went on without saying one angry word. That boy was meek.

F.—How did Moses show his meekness, mamma ?

M.—The people were continually murmuring against him, and reproaching him for having brought them out of Egypt, where they were in such cruel bondage,

though they knew that it was God who had brought them out by His hand. Sometimes they were ready to stone him, but he was very patient with them.

F.—I wonder, mamma, how it was that Moses was always so meek?

M.—I should think, dear, that one reason was, that when anything was said to provoke him, instead of fretting about it, he *directly* told his troubles to God, and asked His direction. There are sweet promises made to those who do thus cast their care on God. You will find one in Phil. iv. 6, 7.

F.—"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." What is meant here, mamma, by peace?

M.—It means quiet happiness, which those who trust in the Lord will always enjoy.

F.—Was not God angry with the people, mamma?

M.—Yes, very; and more than once threatened to destroy them; but He forgave them, in answer to Moses' earnest prayer on their behalf.

F.—Did Moses *never* grow angry with them, mamma?

M.—Yes, once when they murmured

against him because they were thirsty ; and God told him to speak to a rock, and water should flow from it. Instead of this, he struck the rock twice, and spoke angrily to them. God was displeased with him, and said that he should not go into the land of Canaan.

F.—And did not Moses *see* the land, mamma ?

M.—Yes, dear ; God took him to the top of a mountain called Pisgah, and showed it to him. He died there, and God buried him. He was then a hundred and twenty years old ; but even at that age he was strong and healthy, and his sight was quite good. P.

CONQUERING WITH KINDNESS.

I once had a neighbour, a clever man, who came to me one day, and said,

“ Mr. White, I want you to come and get your geese away.”

“ Why,” says I, “ what are my geese doing ? ”

“ They pick my pigs’ ears when they are eating, and drive them away ; and I will not have it.”

“ What can I do ? ” said I.

“ You must yoke them.”

“ That I have not time to do now,” said

I. “ I do not see but they must run.”

“ If you do not take care of them, I

shall," said the shoemaker, in anger. "What do you say, Mr. White?"

"I cannot take care of them now, but will pay you for all damages."

"Well, said he, "you will find that a hard thing, I guess."

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news was, that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes. "Now," said I, "all keep still, and let me punish him."

In a few days the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came up in great haste after them.

"Have you seen anything of my hogs?" said he.

"Yes, sir, you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field."

"In your field?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "hogs love corn, you know—they were made to eat."

"How much mischief have they done?"

"Oh, not much," said I.

Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

"Oh, no," said I, "it can't be."

"Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I will pay you every cent of the damage."

"No," replied I, "you shall pay me nothing. My geese have been a great trouble to you."

The shoemaker blushed, and went home.

The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn.

"No," said I, "I shall take nothing."

After some talk, we parted; but in a few days I met him on the road, and he fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on, he seemed loth to move, and I paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said, "I have something on my mind."

"Well, what is it?"

"Those geese. I killed three of your geese, and I shall never rest until you know how I feel. I am sorry." And the tears came into his eyes.

"Oh, well," said I, "never mind; I suppose my geese were provoking."

I never took anything of him for it; but when my cattle broke into his fields, after this, he seemed glad, because he could show how patient he could be.

Now, my children, conquer yourselves, and you can conquer with kindness where you can conquer no other way.

THE MARMOT.

THE marmot is about sixteen inches long, and has a short tail, which is thick and bushy. The colour is brownish above, and bright tawny on the under parts. The head is rather large, and the ears short. At the end of September or the beginning of October the marmot becomes torpid, and awakes about April. Their nests are made with great care and art. They are holes in the side of a mountain, extremely deep, with a room at the bottom. It is warmly lined with moss and hay, which they collect during the summer. In this several marmots live together without inconvenience.

In North America they are found living in the same hole with a kind of owl. When they feel the winter coming, and the days getting colder and colder, they close up the mouth of their hole very firmly, so that it is much harder than the other parts of the ground. When they first become torpid, they are very fat; but when they wake, they are much leaner. The life of the marmot varies from nine to ten years. When they are pleased, they purr like a cat. They may be often seen in London, carried about by the Italian organ boys. They can be taught many tricks, such as carrying a stick, or dancing. But it is very cruel.

Poetry. ---

VERSES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

PRAYER TO JESUS.

Dear Jesus, hear me when I pray,
And take this naughty heart away;
Teach me to love Thee, gracious Lord,
And learn to read Thy holy Word.

ANOTHER.

Come, dearest Saviour, take my heart,
And let me ne'er from Thee depart;
From every evil set me free,
And all the glory be to Thee.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER FOR HER INFANT BROTHER.

Lord, look on little brother dear,
Safe may he sleep, while Thou art near;
Preserve his life to know Thy love,
And dwell at last in heaven above.

A MORNING PRAYER.

My waking thoughts I raise to Thee,
Who through the night hast guarded me;
Keep me this day from every ill,
And help me, Lord, to do Thy will.

OUR DUTY TO OTHERS.

Love others as you love yourself;
 And as you would that they
 Should do to you, do you to them:
 That is the golden way.

Dr. Judson.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

9. Where are these words: "My sins are not hid from Thee"?

10. Who said, "Here am I; send me"?

11. Where are these words: "My spirit remaineth among you"?

12. To whom was it said, "Doeest thou well to be angry?"

13. What kindness did Paul's "sister's son" once show to him?

14. Where is it written, "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity"?

15. Where is God called "a Father of the fatherless, and a God of the widow"?

16. Upon what occasion did a woman once say, "It is well"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(1.) Gen. xlii. 37. (2.) Judges vii. 22. 25. (3.) Ruth ii. 16. (4.) Nehemiah vi. 15, 16. (5.) Psa. lxxxiv. 10. (6.) John xiii. 14. (7.) 1 Cor. xiii. 11. (8.) 2 Cor. xii. 8.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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GREAT HONOUR.

THE other day there was a grand review of the soldiers, in Paris. At the moment that the Emperor was passing the Zouaves

D

of the Guard, the son of the *cantinière* of the regiment, a boy about seven years of age, and already wearing the Zouave uniform, drew near to the Emperor, and presented him with a fine nosegay of violets. The Emperor bent down from his horse, and touching the child with his hand on the cheek, he said, "Thank you, my little friend; go and take your nosegay to the Empress," pointing to the balcony where her Majesty was seated with her ladies. "But how am I to get to the Empress?" said the little fellow, in great trouble. "I will show you the way, my little man," said a deep voice near him; and the boy looking up, saw it was the tall drum-major of the Zouaves who had offered to serve him as guide. The tall man then took the boy gravely by the hand, and in a few minutes, thanks to his calling out lustily, again and again, "By order of the Emperor, a nosegay for the Empress!" they soon arrived near her Majesty.

The Empress accepted the flowers, embraced the little boy on each cheek, and asked him his name, and those of his parents, and appeared delighted with his present. At last the child, after having been caressed and kissed by the ladies, returned with his tall comrade to the court below. It will be supposed that he was asked a thousand questions when he came down, but all his faculties seemed to be fixed upon one thought, as his con-

stant reply was: "The Empress embraced me!"

Ah, dear children, who read this, I do not think you are likely ever to be embraced by an Empress or a Queen, and you may be ready to envy this little Zouave boy, and to think what a fine thing it would be to be thus noticed; but what was such an honour compared with that conferred on the little children, whom Jesus took up in His arms and blessed—Jesus, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace?

Nor need you envy those Jewish children. Jesus, the King of heaven, now stands ready to take the little children into His arms. He "gathers the lambs in His bosom." Go to Him in prayer. Make your offering—not your nosegay, nor yet your gold, frankincense, and myrrh, like the eastern magi. You cannot do this; but present Him your heart: he says to you, "My son, give me thine heart." Then give it to Him. Tell Him you wish to serve Him, and love Him, to live to Him all your days. And, oh! if you can only say, "My Saviour embraces me—my Saviour carries me in his arms," you have far, far more honour conferred upon you, than if all the kings and queens of earth embraced you.

"When we devote our youth to God,
'T is pleasing in His eyes;
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

W.

SAMUEL.

Fanny.—Will you please, mamma, to tell me something about Samuel to-day?

Mamma.—Yes, dear; but I think I ought first to say a little about his parents. His father's name was Elkanah, and he had two wives; the name of the one was Peninnah, and the other was Hannah. Peninnah had children, but poor Hannah had none. This was a great grief to her; and Peninnah, who ought to have tried to comfort her, only vexed and teased her about it.

F.—That was very unkind, was it not, mamma?

M.—It was, indeed, my dear; and it is very sinful to despise any one, because they do not enjoy the same blessings as ourselves. Some children are so wicked as to scoff at those who are blind, lame, poor, or of weak intellect; but it is very displeasing in the sight of God. I think you can tell me how He punished the children who mocked at Elisha?

F.—Yes, mamma; He sent two she bears, who tore forty-two of them in pieces.

M.—Elkanah and his wives went up to Shiloh every year to worship the Lord. Well, on one of these occasions, Peninnah, who did not love Hannah, vexed and provoked her so much that she could not eat, for her heart was full.

F.—Was her husband kind to her, mamma?

M.—Yes, dear; he tried to comfort her,

but could not. But there was one who could, and Hannah knew it; so she went and told all her sorrow to the Lord. She did not say words that men could hear, but she spoke in her *heart*, and God heard her. Remember, my dear, that whenever you pray, God's eye is on your *heart*; and He will not regard prayers that come *only* from your *lips*. God did comfort Hannah, for she went her way, and did not look sad any more. After a time He gave her a son, and she called his name Samuel. You remember what that name means?

F.—Yes, mamma; it means asked of God. And did not she give him to God?

M.—Yes. As soon as she had weaned him, she took him up to the house of the Lord, in Shiloh, and there left him with Eli, the high priest, who was a good old man.

F.—Oh, mamma! how sorry she must have felt to part from her little boy?

M.—It must, indeed, have been a great trial to her, particularly as the two sons of Eli, who were the priests, were very wicked men: "They knew not the Lord."

F.—But, mamma, how could they be the priests of the Lord, if they did not know about Him?

M.—Ah, my dear! It is one thing to *know about God*, and quite another thing to *know Him*. Now you have heard about the Queen; you believe there is such a person, and could tell me many things about her. But you have no personal acquaintance with her,

so you could not say you *know* her. Just so, many children who have been taught in a Sabbath-school, or by kind friends, may know a great deal *about* God, and be able to teach their younger brothers and sisters many things, who yet do not know Him as *their Father*, and *their Saviour*. They have only *head* knowledge; their *hearts* have never felt the truths they have learned. Do you think you understand me?

F.—I think I do a little, mamma.

M.—It is only the Holy Spirit, my dear, who can make you fully to understand these things. May you be taught of Him *truly* to know God. We are told in John xvii. 3, what a blessed knowledge this is.

F.—“And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.”

M.—If it is *life* eternal to know God, what must it be *not* to know Him?

F.—Oh, mamma! I should think it must be eternal *death*.

M.—It is so, my dear, and that is the state in which we *all* are by nature; none but those who are “born again” know the Lord.

F.—Did little Samuel’s mother ever visit him, mamma.

M.—Yes, every year, and she always took with her a present of a little coat, which, I have no doubt, she found much pleasure in making for him; and it must have been a great comfort to her to hear

such good accounts of her little boy, and to find that her prayers for him were answered. You may read what is said in 1 Sam. ii. 26.

F.—"And the child, Samuel, grew on, and was in favour with the Lord, and also with men."

M.—But while little Samuel was thus walking in the way of the Lord, the two sons of Eli were getting worse and worse. God sent a prophet to threaten him, and to tell him what judgments He would bring on them if they still went on in their wicked ways.

F.—But, mamma, why did Eli let them remain priests when they were so wicked?

M.—It was undoubtedly his duty to have turned them out of that office, but he did not do it, and God was very angry with him. But He sent one more message to Eli, before He brought on him the punishment He had threatened.

F.—That was by little Samuel, was it not, mamma?

M.—It was, dear. One night, when he was laid down in his bed, he heard some one call, "Samuel!" He thought it was Eli; so he rose directly, and ran to him, saying, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." And this he did three times. We see from this little incident that Samuel was a dutiful child; and I have no doubt that he would have run just as readily if he had been at play, or reading an interesting book, and not have said, as many children would,

"What do you want?" or, "I am coming directly." It is very pleasing to see *ready obedience* in a child.

F.—But, mamma, Eli was not his father.

M.—No, dear, he was not; and Samuel in this sets a nice example to those children who are removed from their parents, and are under the care of others, and, therefore, think themselves, in a measure, exempt from the duty of obedience; but I feel sure that Samuel would have obeyed his own parents quite as readily as he did Eli.

F.—It was not Eli who called him, was it, mamma?

M.—No, dear. But it was not until the third time, that Eli perceived it; and then he told him to go and lie down, and, if he heard it again, to say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." He did as Eli had bid him; but we find that he omitted the name of the Lord, which shows us that he did not yet know Him, or clearly understand that it was God who was speaking to him.

F.—What did God say to him, mamma?

M.—He told him that He was going to punish Eli for the sin of his sons, because he knew it, and did not restrain them.

F.—I should think, mamma, that Samuel felt frightened.

M.—Perhaps he did. He lay the rest of the night, thinking of what God had said to him; and when it was morning, he rose and opened the doors of the house of the Lord.

F.—Did he not tell Eli all about it, mamma?

M.—Not at first, for “he feared.” I suppose he felt it would be sad news to him. But Eli called Samuel, and said he must tell him the whole of what God had said. Then he told him every word, and hid nothing from him. Eli did not murmur when he heard it, but replied, “It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good.” Some time after this, the Philistines made war against Israel; and Hophni and Phineas, the two sons of Eli, went out to battle, and took the ark of God with them. They were both killed, and the Philistines took the ark. When Eli heard this, he fell back from where he was sitting; his neck brake, and he died. It was a sad end; but he was punished because he honoured his sons more than he did God.

F.—Did Samuel continue to serve God after he grew up to be a man, mamma?

M.—Yes, dear. He lived to be an old man, and served God very faithfully to the end of his life. Those who begin to seek the Lord while they are *young*, generally follow Him most fully, and are the happiest Christians. No one ever regretted having sought Him *too soon*; but millions will, through eternity, lament that they put it off till it was *too late*.

F.—God does not *now* speak to people, does He, mamma?

M.—Not in the same way that He did to

Samuel, because He has given us the Bible, to teach us what He would have us to know and do ; and here you are privileged above little Samuel, as you may hear God's voice in this every day ; for whenever we read that, God is speaking to us : and happy are those whose hearts reply, " Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." P.



GREAT LOVE.

SOME years ago, a Russian nobleman was travelling on special business in the interior of Russia. It was the beginning of winter, but the frost had set in early. His carriage rolled up to an inn, and he demanded a

relay of horses to carry him on to the next station, where he intended to spend the night. The innkeeper entreated him not to proceed ; for he said there was danger in travelling so late, the wolves were out. But the nobleman thought the man merely wished to keep him as a guest ; he said it was too early for wolves, and ordered the horses to be put to. He then drove off, with his wife and his only daughter inside the carriage with him.

On the box of the carriage was a serf, who had been born on the nobleman's estate, to whom he was much attached, and who loved his master as he loved his own life. They rolled over the hardened snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon shed her pale light, and brought out into burnished silver the road on which they were going. At length the little girl said to her father, "What was that strange howling sound that I just heard?" "Oh, nothing but the wind sighing through the forest trees," replied the father. The child shut her eyes, and was quiet. But soon she said again, "Listen, father ; it is not like the wind, I think." The father listened ; and far, far away, in the distance behind him, through the clear, cold, frosty air, he heard a noise which he too well knew the meaning of.

He then put down the window, and spoke to his servant : "The wolves, I fear, are after us ; make haste. Tell the man to

drive faster, and get your pistols ready." The postilion drove faster. But the same mournful sound which the child had heard approached nearer and nearer. It was quite clear that a pack of wolves had scented them out. The nobleman tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child.

At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard. So he said to his servant, "When they come up with us, do you single out one, and fire, and I will single out another; and while the rest are devouring them, we shall get on." As soon as he put down the window he saw the pack in full cry behind, the large dog-wolf at their head. Two shots were fired, and two of the wolves fell. The others instantly set upon them, and devoured them; and meanwhile the carriage gained ground.

But the taste of blood only made them more furious, and they were soon up with the carriage again. Again two shots were fired; and two more fell, and were devoured. But the carriage was speedily overtaken, and the post house was yet far distant.

The nobleman then ordered the postilion to loose one of his leaders, that they might gain a little time. This was done, and the poor horse plunged frantically into the forest, the wolves after him, and was soon torn to pieces. Then another horse was sent off, and shared the same fate. The

carriage laboured on as fast as it could with the two remaining horses; but the post house was still distant.

At length the servant said to his master, "I have served you ever since I was a child; I love you as my own self. Nothing now can save you but *one* thing. Let *me* save you. I ask you only to look after my wife and my little ones." The nobleman remonstrated, but in vain. When the wolves next came up, the faithful servant threw himself amongst them. The two panting horses galloped on with the carriage, and the gates of the post-house just closed in upon it as the fearful pack were on the point of making the last and fatal attack. But the travellers were *safe*.

The next morning they went out, and saw the place where the faithful servant had been pulled down by the wolves. His bones only were there. And on that spot the nobleman erected a wooden pillar, on which is written, "*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*"

"I HAVE NOT DONE ENOUGH FOR JESUS."

A young girl was rapidly sinking, rapidly dying. Only a few months before, had she, like the prodigal son, come to herself, discovering her sinfulness and her danger. By

the grace of God she was led to seek forgiveness, and to find peace in Jesus. Soon after this, her health failed her, she grew worse and worse, and it was clear that she would shortly die. At her request I went to see her, and I found that one thing especially troubled her mind. I asked what it was. Her answer was, "I have not done enough for Jesus." Poor girl! she had felt the worth of a Saviour, and how much she owed to Him, and she grieved that she had done so little for His sake. This feeling showed that she loved Him. She found Him her supporter in all her pain, and she died whispering His name.

"I have not done enough for Jesus."

Now this is what the apostle Paul must have said in his heart after all his labours, all his trials in the cause of Christ. No exertion of his could repay his Saviour. A life of toil and a martyr's death were not sufficient.

"I have not done enough for Jesus."

Polycarp must have felt this, even when he was going to execution. He must have felt that eighty-six years of service and a death for Christ were no return for his love and salvation.

"I have not done enough for Jesus."

Luther, although he had wrought a work for which Christians will honour him as long as the earth endures, must have had this thought in his mind in his solitude at Wartburg. Jesus had done infinitely more for

him than he could do for Jesus, even if he worked both night and day, and took no rest.

"I have not done enough for Jesus."

Do you not think that Williams felt this after his labours for Christ in Raiatea, Rarotonga, Samoa, and the other islands of the South Seas? Do you not think that all missionaries, and all who have worked for Jesus, feel in their inmost hearts that, after all their fatigue and pains of body, all their anxieties of mind, all their separations from the nearest and dearest, they have not done enough for Him who left heaven and suffered death for them—for Him who upholds and comforts them, who is ever near and round about them, who is to them a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and who will at last receive them into heaven, into His presence, into happiness and peace for ever? Must they not feel that they have not done, they cannot do enough for Jesus?

Dear children, have you done enough for Jesus? You know what he has done for you. What have you done for Him? The poor girl of whom I have told you was unable to do anything for the Jesus she loved so much. She was weak, and faint, and ill. She was confined to her bed. She could read but little, and very seldom could speak. How different is the case with many of you! You are strong and healthy; you can walk and run about; you can read and talk. Ought you not to have the same desire as she had? And if you have the

desire, you also have the power. Must you not, then, be "up and doing?" If you know how kind a friend Jesus is, will not your kindness prompt you to tell others of Him? If you know how good a king He is, will you not wish that others might know it also? Will you not desire that those who are now ignorant of Christ should be taught of Him, should become His subjects and His friends? I feel sure you would; therefore I will show you how you may give evidence that you love Jesus—how you may do some work for Him. One of the works He best likes to see you engaged in is, *copying Him*. He likes to see you growing up holy, and just, and pure, in favour with God and man, as He did. Then He likes to see you trying to bring others to Him. Now, how can you do this? First, by praying that men may be saved. God hears prayer. God answers prayer. So you can work in this way. Secondly, by telling others of what God has done for those who knew Him not; how He has opened their eyes and led them to holiness. By asking them to pray for the heathen, and give what they can towards the carrying on of missionary work. Lastly, by giving yourself what you are able. Give, collect, and pray; and strive to persuade others to do the same. Thus you may work for Jesus. Always feel that you have not done enough for Him, and strive to do more. *He has done enough for you.—Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

A HAPPY DEATH.

I am going to tell you a story about a very little girl, probably much younger than *you* are, for she was only four years old.

She was a very dear little girl, for she loved Jesus, and Jesus loved her. Now you would like to know where she lived, would you not? She did not live in happy England, where people know so much about God, but she lived in Ireland, where so many people are Roman Catholics (that is, they pray to the Virgin Mary and to the dead). Well, this little girl's father was once a Roman Catholic, but God had touched his heart, and now he prays to Jesus, and loves Him.

This little Irish girl was one day in a gentleman's house, very near the kitchen fire, when nobody was near her, and her clothes caught fire. She ran directly to the door, but could not open it; she then tried to find some water, to throw over herself, and she ran about screaming till all her clothes were burnt, and she was in great pain.

At last some ladies who lived in the house came into the kitchen, and put out the flames. The little girl was then taken and put to bed. She bore her pain very patiently.

Her father was sent for; and when he came into the room, he fell upon his knees, and prayed that God would take his child

to heaven. The child saw him weeping, and she said to him, "Father, do not cry; I am going to my Saviour! I shall be with Him to-night; I shall be praising Him for ever! 'Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a pardon!' The children will be singing that in heaven. Oh, won't I be happy! My own dear Saviour, how I love Him! He suffered more than this for me. Mother, give the clothes which the lady promised me to my sister and brother; *now* I don't want them; *my Saviour* will give me clothes as white as snow, in heaven."

Whilst she was saying all this, her father and mother, brothers and sisters, were all standing around her bed, crying. She then asked them to bring her baby-brother to her. When it was brought, she looked at its face, and smiled, and tried to make it smile; then she kissed it, and all the others, and said, "Good bye! Do not cry; I shall be soon with my Saviour!" and then her happy spirit took its flight up to heaven, to be ever with that Saviour whom she loved, and of whom she read so often in her Bible.

She was very fond of that beautiful hymn:

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;"

and that was the last thing she said before she died.

And now, my little reader, do not stop

here, because you think the story is ended ; but ask yourself this question : “ Am I ready to die ? ” Ah, some day *you will die !* You do not know how soon. Perhaps *to-day*, perhaps *to-morrow*. Are you ready ? If you were to die *now*, this *minute*, would you be as happy at the thought of death as the little Irish girl ?

That little girl is in heaven now ; do you think you will ever meet her there ? Oh, do go and pray to Jesus to take away your naughty heart, and put His Holy Spirit into it, and make it quite new. Ask Jesus to turn Satan out, and to come and live in it Himself ; and then you will be ready to die at any moment. May you take your sins to Jesus, lay them at His feet, and cry, “ Create in me a clean heart, O God ! ”

LUCILLA.

THE BIBLE IN PRISON.

IF one could laugh at a very serious matter, I have certainly a very funny story to tell my young readers, which they can scarcely hear without a good laugh. But, indeed, as all has ended well, I do not see why I should not tell you my story, and why we should not all be very much amused with such a ridiculous scene.

But you must know that our Bible giving in Italy could not do otherwise than make a stir, and rouse the wrath of those who do

not love the Bible, and know that Popery and the Bible cannot stand together. The priests are furious, and do all they can to check the free course of God's Word; and so they work on the men in power, and compel them to issue a decree that all our Bibles should be seized. I am not going to tell you all the curious things that happened. I may, perhaps, tell you more hereafter; I must only now give you one story. In one little town, there was only one Protestant, and he a good, faithful follower of Jesus. He was well known, and so when the Bibles were all to be seized, his house was to be searched. So one morning there arrived at his door, the Judge, and his secretary, and two policemen—very fierce-looking men, with swords, and cocked hats and feathers; and, altogether, the party looked very awful.

After spending a long time in searching every part of the house, they came to a closet in which were hanging up the good man's regimentals, for he is a retired officer. Just below them was a bag full of Bibles and Testaments, which the colporteur had there to supply himself as he wanted. "Well," says my good friend, "they are doomed; our poor books have no chance of escape." But, no; over the regimentals was a shelf on which was placed a human skull! The party stared in alarm. The judge began to tremble like an aspen leaf. Mr. Secretary could look at nothing but the fear-

ful skull. The policemen sounded a retreat. The whole party scampered off as fast as they could, and left the bag of Bibles in peaceful repose.

And think you that my dear friend became more timid by such a discovery? You might have thought that he would feel himself in constant danger, perhaps of his life, especially standing alone in the town. But no. He only waxed more bold. He was strengthened by the remarkable Providence. He saw that God was with him. His eyes were more opened than ever to the evils of a church which cannot bear the light of Bible truth; and he resolved more than ever to proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus. And I soon after heard that instead of keeping back his books, and shutting his mouth, he was boldly speaking of his Saviour to any that would hear him, in the public streets. And thus it was with him as it was with the apostle Paul in his day. He says that the disciples, instead of being discouraged and silenced by his bonds, were only made the bolder by them to make known the Gospel.

W.

THE BEAVER.

THE beaver is a little animal, with a flat, scaly tail, and a thick fur of a dark colour, which is used in making beaver hats.

It inhabits the shores of the rivers in

Canada, which is in North America. It is also found on the banks of the Danube and Rhone, in Europe. Beavers are gregarious; that is, they live in companies. They are very industrious, and work very hard. They build very neat little houses, in the shape of a dome.

When they intend to build a house, the first thing that they do is to make a dam across the river, which is done by gnawing a tree till it falls; they always manage it so that it should fall into the water. The use of the dam is to make the river flow slower, so as not to sweep away their houses. Their houses measure from six to seven feet across. In these they rear their young. The house is generally the work of several beavers, and is divided into three or four rooms. When attacked by man, they dive under the water, and swim below the surface till they find some hole in which to hide.

Poetry.

GOOD FRIDAY.

“And the soldiers plaited a crown of thorns, and put it on His head.”—JOHN xix. 2.

AND did my Saviour wear for me
 This sharp and cruel thorn,
 And meekly bend in agony
 His pale and drooping form ?

Did He his diadem resign,
 His sceptre and His throne,
 To save a guilty soul like mine,
 And for its sin atone?

O precious blood ! which stain'd His brow,
 When Justice laid Him low,
 And that free grace, which bids me now
 Its healing power to know.

Jesus, assist me day by day,
 My help and safety be,
 That I may never go astray
 From following after Thee.

Oh ! I would taste the fulness, Lord,
 Of Thy exhaustless store,
 And, by obedience to Thy word,
 Be like Thee more and more.

J. H.

EASTER DAY.

JESUS CHRIST has left the grave,
 Full of might our souls to save,
 Freely did He shed his blood,
 That to the atoning flood
 We might every day repair,
 And be cleansed and pardon'd there.

Hallelujah ! hallelujah !

Christ is risen ! may His love
 Fit us for the joys above,
 That, when all His saints arise,
 We may meet Him in the skies,
 Learn the songs that angels sing,
 And be holy, like our King.

Hallelujah ! hallelujah !

J. H.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

17. Why did Joshua take twelve stones out of Jordan, and set them up in Gilgal ?

18. Who made use of the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" ?

19. Who had the name Zaphnath-paaneah given to him, as a mark of distinction ?

20. How was it that the Gibeonites became hewers of wood and drawers of water for the house of God ?

21. What woman celebrated in the Old Testament was buried near Bethlehem ?

22. Why did not the Chief Priests and Scribes answer our Lord's question, "The baptism of John, was it from heaven or of men ?"

23. In what things does God desire us "not to glory," and in what may we "glory" ?

24. What does Solomon say of a "foolish son" ?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(9.) Psa. lxi. 5. (10.) Isa. vi. 8. (11.) Haggai ii. 5.
 (12.) Jonah iv. 4. (13.) Acts xxiii. 16. (14.) Prov.
 xvii. 17. (15.) Psa. lxxviii. 5. (16.) 2 Kings iv. 26.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE POLAR BEAR.

THE polar bear sometimes measures nearly twelve feet in length, though in general not more than nine or ten feet. It is covered with long, coarse hair, of a yellowish white

E

colour. This hair is very warm and thick, so as to be a great protection against the cold of the countries in which it lives. Its ears and eyes are very small in proportion to the great size of its body. The tip of its nose and the extremities of its paws are quite black.

These animals are found in great numbers in the polar regions, among the ice and snow. They do not only live on the land, but may often be seen floating in the sea upon large pieces of ice. The food of these animals consists chiefly of seals and fish, and sometimes vegetables. Their scent is so keen that they can smell their food at the distance of several miles.

The polar bear is very much attached to its young ones. The female, when pursued, carries or pushes her cubs forwards, and the little creatures have been seen to put themselves in her path, in order that she should push them on. They are sometimes met with in Iceland, though they are not natives of that country, but are drifted over from Greenland upon blocks of ice. After taking these voyages, they are so hungry that they will attack a man; but the natives are generally able to escape from them, by throwing something in their way to amuse them, such as a glove, which they will not leave till they have turned every finger inside out.

SPARE MOMENTS.

HAVE you ever thought what might be done in the many "spare moments" of the day, which pass by unemployed, simply because, as you say, "It is not worth while to get anything to do?" Now I will tell you an anecdote of a little girl, who was the means of great usefulness, merely by filling up the corners of her time; her name was Annie B——. Little Annie's mamma once took her to a children's missionary meeting, where she listened very attentively to all that was said, especially when a missionary present began to speak of the schools in India. He told them there were many poor little boys and girls in India, who were longing to go to school, but they could not pay the necessary sum of money, and consequently were obliged to stay away. The missionary then asked the children at the meeting, if they, who had so many kind friends to take care of them, and so many opportunities of learning, would not like to help these poor little heathen. He told them it only required 3*l*. a year to educate, feed, clothe; in fact, entirely provide for a child in India: and that many of the little ones who were now enjoying the above advantages, were supported by the contributions of English children, and he entreated all present to try and aid this great work.

All this made a deep impression on little

Annie, and she was very thoughtful going home, wondering what a little girl like her could do.

Now Annie was very clever at crochet work, and she began to think whether, if she did some crochet work, she should be able to sell it; for the money could go for the education of one of those little Indians. But then she went to school every day, and when she came home she had not much time for working. This thought troubled her, and she determined to ask her mamma's advice on the subject. Mrs. B—— was much pleased that her little girl was so anxious to be useful, and determined to aid her all she could. "'Tis true, my love," she said, "you have not much spare time now you go to school; but suppose you were to make good use of what little you have, instead of spending it idly; for I think many an half hour slips by unawares which might be turned to good account. Now, for instance, how often are you downstairs in the morning some time before your papa, or me? What do you do then?" "Oh, nothing, mamma; it is never worth while to get anything out for that short time; for I am never waiting more than a quarter of an hour at the outside."

"Well, but, my child, supposing you wait a quarter of an hour for breakfast, the same for dinner, the same for tea and supper; that makes, in the course of the day, a whole hour—*wasted*. How much you might

have done in that time! Don't you remember the old proverb: 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves?' 'May we not also say, 'Take care of the moments, and the hours will take care of themselves?' Then I will tell you another way in which you may save time. Instead of taking half an hour when you are going to dress for a walk, to put on your things, do you not think, if you were quick, you could do it in a quarter of an hour, and then, if you are ready before me, take out your crochet? That is just the thing for 'Spare Moments,' because it requires so few accompaniments in the shape of work-box, etc." Little Annie thought what her mamma said very true, and determined to do what she could.

Will you be surprised to learn that, merely by filling up the corners of her time, she had, by the end of the year, earned sufficient by the sale of her crochet, to place a little Indian child at school, to her great delight? Now all children may not be able to do so much as little Annie, for all perhaps do not work so quickly, and little boys cannot work at all. But will all who read this true story think whether they have not hitherto wasted many an odd moment that might have been employed? and let us all try henceforward to gather up the *fragments* of our time that *nothing* be lost.

TURN RIGHT AT THE TURNING POINT.

It was at the beginning of the holidays when Mr. Davis, a friend of my father, came to see us, and he asked my parents to let me go with him. They consented, and I was much pleased with the thought of going out of town. The journey was delightful; and when we reached Mr. Davis's house, everything looked as if I was going to have a fine time. Fred Davis, a boy about my own age, took me cordially by the hand, and all the family soon seemed like old friends. "This is going to be a holiday worth having," I said to myself several times during the evening, as we all played games, told riddles, and laughed and chatted as merrily as could be.

At last, Mrs. Davis said it was bed time. Then I expected family prayers, but we were very soon directed to our rooms. How strange it seemed to me! for I had never before been in a household without the family altar. "Come," said Fred, "mother says you and I are going to be bed-fellows;" and I followed him up two pair of stairs to a nice little chamber, which he called his room; and he opened a drawer and showed me a box, and a boat, and knives, and powder-horn, and all his treasures, and told me a world of new things about what the boys did there. He undressed first, and jumped into bed. I was

much longer about it, for a new set of thoughts began to rise in my mind.

When my mother put my portmanteau into my hand, just before the coach started, she said tenderly, and in a low tone, "Remember, Robert, that you are a Christian boy." I knew very well what that meant, and I now had just come to a point of time when her words were to be minded. At home, I was taught the duties of a Christian child; *abroad*, I must not neglect them; and one of these was evening prayer. From a very little boy I had been in the habit of kneeling down and asking forgiveness of God, for Jesus' sake, acknowledging His mercies, and seeking for His protection and blessing.

"Why don't you come to bed, Robert?" cried Fred. "What are you sitting there for? can't you undress?" Yes, yes, I could undress; but, ah! boys, I was *afraid to pray, and afraid not to pray*. It seemed to me that I could not kneel down and pray before Fred. What would he say? Would he not laugh? The fear of Fred made me a coward. Yet I could not lie down on a prayerless bed. If I needed the protection of my heavenly Father at home, how much more abroad! I wished a thousand wishes: that I had slept alone, that Fred would go to sleep, or something else, I hardly knew what. But Fred would not go to sleep.

Perhaps struggles like these take place in the bosom of every one when he leaves

home and begins to act for himself; and on *his decision* may depend his character for time and eternity. With me the struggle was severe. At last to Fred's cry "Come, boy, come to bed," I mustered courage to say, "I will kneel down and pray first; that is always my habit." "Pray," said Fred, turning himself over on his pillow, and saying no more. His propriety of conduct made me ashamed. Here had I so long been afraid of him, and yet when he knew my wishes, he was quiet and left me to myself. How thankful I was that duty and conscience triumphed!

That settled my future course. It gave me strength for time to come. I believe that the decision of the "*Christian boy*," by God's blessing, made the *Christian man*; for in after years I was thrown amid trials and temptations which must have drawn me away from God and from virtue, had it not been for my settled habit of *secret prayer*.

Let every boy who has pious parents read and think about this. You have been trained in Christian duties and principles. When you go from home, do not leave them behind you. Carry them with you, and stand by them, and then in weakness and temptation, by God's help, they will stand by you. Take a manly stand on the side of your God and Saviour, of your mother's God and Saviour, of your father's God. It is by abandoning his Christian

birthright that so many boys go astray, and grow up to be young men, dishonouring their parents, without hope and without God in the world.

BABES AND SUCKLINGS.

THERE is a Popish convent at Broadway, in the county of Worcester. The monks are very active, and do all they can to win over unwary souls from the path of truth.

Not long since, one of the monks gave a challenge. He defied any one to prove from Scripture that it was wrong to worship the Virgin Mary. He offered to give up his religion, and forfeit everything if such a passage of Scripture could be produced.

A meeting was called, and the challenge was given. There was a long silence ; when a little boy, ten or eleven years of age, was seen very fidgetty, moving about on his seat and his eyes sparkling with intelligence, as if he had made some grand discovery which he could not contain, but longed to make known. At length the little fellow stood up, to the wonder of all, and said, " Please, sir, I have found a text." " Well, my little fellow," said the monk, " what is it?" " Please, sir, it is written, ' Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.' " The monk and his friends were confounded, and had not a

word to say : and having tried to applaud the boy for his quickness, they dispersed.

Happily the Popish school is losing ground, many are retracing their steps, and the Popish interest in Broadway is dying away.

But it was a very unfair challenge of the monk ; for on such a vital point as a poor sinner's approach to God, the great thing for him to demand was surely not Scripture proof forbidding, but Scripture proof commanding the worship of the Virgin. How shall I come and appear before God?—is about the most important question we can ask. And when the Scriptures clearly reveal the way of access, and the only way, and assure us that no man cometh to the Father but by Christ, what folly it is for any human being to say, Oh ! I will venture, poor sinner as I am, to go to God through the Virgin Mary, because it is nowhere forbidden.

Oh, what a Christ-dishonouring system is Popery ! How it puts Mary in the place of Christ ! Do you not think that they who pray to the Virgin must find it just as useless as the cry of the false prophets of old, " Oh, Baal, hear us ! Oh, Baal, hear us ! " And is it not a serious thing to miss the only way to heaven, and to find hereafter that we never get there ? W.

EARLY TRAINING.

CHILDREN, you little know the value of a pious, loving, anxious parent. You may think them too strict and particular, but they have fixed upon you an influence and an impression which I do not think you can ever quite lose. It may, indeed, revive at some future day only to reproach and disturb you when you reflect how you have despised all; but it may revive for your good, and I hope that this may be the case.

I am led to make these remarks by having come into contact the other day with a fine young soldier in a railway-carriage. There was a party of them smoking and talking loudly, and a little the worse for liquor, and I had despaired of getting a word with them, or of being able to be of any use to them. I learnt, however, my lesson. I learnt the danger of hasty conclusions. Had I followed my own impressions, I should have sat snug in my corner and tried to go to sleep, weary as indeed I was after a busy day. But after getting some important talk with a sensible, well-disposed corporal, my young soldier took his place, and we got into conversation. And a more intelligent, interesting young fellow I have rarely met with. He was a young gentleman, and his manners and mode of expression would have fitted any society. He told me his history freely. He had gone up from Scotland as a gentleman's servant in London.

His anxious father was so afraid he was getting into bad company, and taking wrong ways, that he was constantly writing to him on the subject. His pride was wounded: he could not bear the yoke of a father's fond anxiety. He resolved to be free. In an evil moment he enlisted in a regiment going to the East Indies, and there he hoped to be out of a parent's reach. But was he? Oh, no. Could he get rid of a parent's following prayers? Oh, no. Neither could he get rid of the thoughts of home, of a father's counsel, a mother's sweet words, like honey-drops distilled into his mind, and all that was so good and dear under their wing. "Sir," said he, "I have been far from what I should be, but in all the dangers I was exposed to in India—and I was often very ill and at death's door, and exposed to great danger for two and a half years—but all this time the mercy of God followed me; yes, and when tempted to grasp sin, I could not do it. I was kept back from it by the thought of what my dear mother used to say to me. How much I owe, and have done ever since I enlisted, to my dear mother." Poor fellow! I do hope and believe he will yet be given to a mother's prayers. I shall not lose sight of him.



BURIALS AT SEA.

WHEN people die on land, their bodies are put into the ground, and covered over with earth. Have you not often seen the funeral procession wind slowly to the church gates? Then the clergyman came out to meet it, and the coffin was carried into the church, and the service was read, while the poor mourners sobbed in the empty pews. And then they all moved out into the church yard, and they saw their poor dead friend put into the deep, dark grave. And then he was left. You have often seen this sad case.

But when people die at sea, they are buried in the water. The poor man is wrapped up in his hammock (or bed), which is sewed round with a sail, and

loaded with shots. Then the ship's boats are rowed round, and the chaplain and some sailors get into them, and the dead man is covered over with the ship's flag, and they all move off a little distance from the ship. Then the chaplain reads the service; and when he has got some way through it, the sailors raise the body to the side of the boat, and roll it into the water, and it sinks down fast into the depths of the dark waters. It is a very solemn scene. The hard sailors often weep.

And is this the end of people who are buried? Shall we see no more of them? Oh, no. One day soon, a loud trumpet will be heard in the heavens, and every one will start up to hear it. And there will be a grand breaking up in the churchyards. All God's people who have been buried there will burst up through the earth with beautiful new bodies. The sea, too, will foam and froth, not with wind, but with multitudes of saints rising up from the bottom of the waters. They also will have new bodies, which will want no clothes, and no food, and will have no pains nor diseases. These beautiful people will all look upward, and will see Jesus in the sky. They will spring forward to meet him, and he will take them up amongst the clouds, and on through the air to heaven, where they will be for ever with their Lord.

So you see *it does not matter where you are buried* if you are Christ's child; whe-

ther in the grave or in the sea. Jesus will be sure to find you out. And you are sure to be awakened by the archangel's trumpet. *It does not matter, either, how soon Jesus comes, if you are his child.* The sooner the better for you; for then you will be happier. And *it does not matter how unhappy, or poor, or deformed you are now.* For then Jesus will take away your sorrow, and will make you as rich as angels and as beautiful as seraphs, and will take away all pains and diseases. And, lastly, *it does not matter how hard you are fighting against sin, now;* for then Jesus will chain up the devil for ever, and take away all sin from you.

Oh, come soon, glorious day! Oh, come soon, dear Lord Jesus! And make the child who reads this one of thine own children; that when Thou comest, and callest Thy saints up to meet Thee in the air, **THIS CHILD MAY BE CALLED TO MEET THEE THERE TOO!**

THE LOST FOUND.

ONCE there was a boy in Liverpool, who went into the water to bathe, and he was carried out by the tide. Though he struggled long and hard, he was not able to swim against the ebbing tide, and he was taken far out to sea. He was picked up by a boat belonging to a vessel bound for Dublin. The poor little boy was almost lost. The sailors were all very kind to him when he

was taken into the vessel. One gave him a cap, another a jacket, another a pair of shoes, and so on.

But that evening a gentleman, who was walking near the place where the little boy had gone into the water, found his clothes lying on the shore. He searched and made inquiries; but no tidings were to be heard of the poor little boy. He found a piece of paper in the pocket of the boy's coat, by which he discovered to whom the clothes belonged. The kind man went with a sad and heavy heart to break the news to the parents. He said to the father, "I am very sorry to tell you that I found these clothes on the shore, and I could not find the lad to whom they belonged; I almost fear he has been drowned." The father could hardly speak for grief; the mother was wild with sorrow. They caused every inquiry to be made, but no account was to be had of their boy. The house was sad; the little children missed their playfellow; mourning was ordered; the mother spent her time in crying; and the father's heart was heavy. He said little, but felt much.

The lad was taken back in a vessel bound for Liverpool, and arrived on the day the mourning was to be brought home. As soon as he reached Liverpool, he set off toward his father's house. He did not like to be seen in the strange cap and jacket and shoes which he had on; so he went by the lanes, where he would not meet those whom

he knew. At last he came to the hall door. He knocked. When the servant opened it, and saw who it was, she screamed with joy, and said, "Here is Master Tom!" His father rushed out, and bursting into tears, embraced him. His mother fainted; "there was no more spirit in her." What a happy day parents and children spent! They did not want the mourning. The father could say with Jacob, "It is enough; my son is yet alive."

But what do you think will be the rejoicing in heaven, when those who are in danger of being lost for ever arrive safely on that happy shore? How will the angels rejoice, and the family of heaven be glad! Perhaps when some of you will hereafter go to heaven, your fathers and mothers, or brothers or sisters, will welcome you, and say, "I am delighted to see you safe. Welcome! welcome!" You will not go there like the boy with a cap and clothes of which he was ashamed, but in garments of salvation, white as snow, with crowns of glory that fadeth not away. And what must you do to be ready to enter heaven when you die? Think what it is; and then do it.

But remember the great multitude of heathen children, who never heard a word about heaven, and who do not know that there is any Saviour for lost men. Suppose you had seen that Liverpool boy carried out to sea by the tide. How would you have pitied him! Then suppose you would have seen

the water full of boys, all drifting out beyond the reach of human help. How would your spirits have died within you! When you should have turned away and gone home, how sad you would have felt! No "pleasant bread" could you have eaten that night. But all the children in heathen lands are drifting hopelessly onward—Can you tell whither?

ONLY BEGIN.

LITTLE Fred had a strong repugnance to early rising, though he saw very well how much time he lost by laying in bed, and often intended to cure himself of the fault; yet this intention was not carried into effect, because he had not resolution to conquer his disinclination to do right.

It was now summer, and one morning he woke about five o'clock. Suddenly his intention occurred to him, and he thought within himself, "I must once for all make a beginning."

With this thought he sprang out of bed; but a shiver ran through his whole body, so strongly did his indolence rebel against his determination.

He dressed himself quickly, but it seemed to him all the time as if he could not help lying down again. Once or twice he was on the point of it, but happily he resisted.

After he had clothed and washed himself, and offered his morning prayer, he sat down and prepared his lessons, and he observed with pleasure that everything went better with him than usual. His teacher was uncommonly well satisfied with him through the day, and his parents, who heard of this, loaded him with caresses. He was himself cheerful and happy. It seemed to him as if he had begun a new life.

Then he bethought him, "The trifling self-conquest which early rising cost me to-day has brought its own reward. I should be a fool indeed if I did not do the same other days."

So he did; and every morning it was easier to him to rise early. At last it became so much his habit, that he could not have remained in bed, and slept, even if he had wished it.

It is just so with everything that is hard to us at the outset. Right at it, young friends, and conquer the difficulty; and I'll be bound it will come easier to you every day, and at last yield you pleasure.

In connection with this, I will tell you a singular dream that a friend of mine once related to me. These are his own words:

"I dreamed once that I was walking on a narrow road, where many people were before me; but of these a large number turned back, and said to me that there was no use in going further; for in the middle

of this narrow path a rock was lying, at which I should have to turn back, because no man could possibly get beyond it. I did not, however, suffer myself to be dismayed by this, because I saw that there were others before me who did not turn back.

“As I went somewhat further, it seemed to me that I saw a small stone lying before me at some distance. But the nearer I came, the greater seemed the stone to become, and at last it was as large as a house.

“Then I was about to turn back. But some one seized me by the arm, and said, ‘Thou art on the way of duty, and this stone is the stone of disinclination to doing right. Be not alarmed at its apparent size; it is but a deception of thy sight; venture only a courageous leap, and thou art beyond it.’

“I thought, ‘I’ll try;’ I shut my eyes close, and sprang right over the terrible rock.

“Then I looked round, and, to my astonishment, saw nothing but a moderate-sized stone, which I might have stepped over without difficulty, and which only my imagination had made so enormously large. And now my feelings were as pleasant as if I had suddenly recovered from a severe illness.

“But as I looked round again, I saw numbers of people who shuddered at the

stone of disinclination, and turned back again. I called to them as loud as I could, not to let themselves be alarmed by the stone, for it was only illusion. But they would not listen to my words. That troubled me, I began to weep, and, with sadness in my heart, I awoke."

A NOBLE BOY.

A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said one of his companions, "for if your father should find out that you have taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you." "That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true my father would not touch me; yet my disobedience I know would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else." A boy who grows up with such principles, would be a man in the best sense of the word. It shows a regard for rectitude that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

Poetry.

THOMAS BROWN.

On a fine Sabbath morn, in the sweet month of May,
 When the hawthorn in blossom was seen;
 When perfumes fill'd the air, and all nature look'd gay,
 And the fields wore a livery of green:—

Thomas said to his wife, "The morning is fine,
 Then let us walk out at our leisure;
 I have work'd all the week; recreation we'll seek,
 And the fields will afford us much pleasure."

Said his wife, "All our clothes are both dirty and torn,
 Which will set decent people a-talking:
 I shall feel much ashamed, and we both shall be blamed,
 By those we may meet as we're walking."

"The birds and the cattle," says Thomas, "you know,
 Dress all days alike, void of care;
 Let us follow their plan, be as blithe as we can,
 And not make things worse than they are."

"They can't well be worse, for, at home or abroad,
 We've nothing for dinner to-day;
 Our money's all gone, and credit we've none,
 So e'en let us do as you say."

They lock'd up their house, and their children they took,
 Unhappy at home or abroad;
 And away they all went ('twas a Sabbath mis-spent)
 For the chance of the fields or the road.

Not long they had walk'd, when a neighbour they met,
 And they tried his attention to shun;
 But he saw them so plain, to escape him was vain,
 And thus to discourse he begun:

"Where have you been wand'ring about, Thomas Brown,
 In your jacket so out of repair?"
 "A rambling I've been, o'er the meadows so green,
 And I work in the jacket I wear."

"But do you not hear the church bell, Thomas Brown?
 Oh! why not the Sabbath regard!"
 "We a living must seek, and we work all the week—
 If we can't enjoy Sunday 'tis hard."

- "But what could your work do for you, Thomas Brown;
Were you not by your Maker befriended?"
- "Why, that I don't know; if to church we should go,
Perhaps matters wouldn't be mended."
- "What I say I intend for your good, Thomas Brown,
And your friend I'm desirous to be."
- "Why that I suppose, or your time you'd not lose
To discourse with a poor man like me."
- "This world is fast hasting away, Thomas Brown,
And short are the pleasures of man."
- "Then there's no time to spare, let us drive away care,
And merrily live while we can."
- "But what, when this world you shall leave, Thomas
Brown,
If your soul in dread torments should lie?"
- "Why that, to be sure, would be hard to endure;
But I cannot well help it, not I!"
- "Yet the wretch under sentence of death, Thomas
Would be glad for a pardon to run!" [Brown,
- "Why, yes: so would I, if condemn'd to die;
But I know not what harm I have done."
- "The Bible will tell you your sins, Thomas Brown,
And a Saviour will bring to your view."
- "The *learn'd* there may look, but *I* can't *read* the book;
It may, or it may not be true."
- "Hie away to the church on the hill, Thomas Brown,
For, if you can't *read*, you can *hear*."
- "The church is so grand, I shall not understand;
The *rich* and the *wise* may go there."
- "The Gospel is preach'd to the *poor*, Thomas Brown,
And would lighten *your* cares, do not doubt it."
- "You speak like a friend, but I do not intend
To trouble myself much about it."
- "Could I tell you where treasure is hid, Thomas Brown,
You would spare neither labour nor pains."
- "In that you are right—I would dig day and night,
And merrily live on my gains."
- "But what, if you gain the whole world, Thomas Brown,
And lose your own soul at the last?"
- "Why, my courage would cool; I should then prove a
And sorely repent of the past." [fool,

"Seek in time for the kingdom of God, Thomas Brown,
And your pleasures will never decay."

"I feel half inclined to become of your mind,
And I hope I shall do as you say."

"May the God of all peace give you grace, Thomas
In His fear and His favour to dwell." [Brown,

"Your wish is most kind, I shall bear it in mind,
And so for the present farewell."

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

25. Where is it written, "I will go in the strength
of the Lord"?

26. What was the name of the Persian king who
allowed the Jews to rebuild their temple?

27. Where is heaven described as "an inheritance
incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away"?

28. Who was the man of whom it was said "he
cared for none of these things"?

29. Find these words, "Watch ye, stand fast in the
faith."

30. Where is Cain spoken of as "that wicked one
who slew his brother"?

31. What was the height and breadth of Nebuchad-
nezzar's golden image?

32. Who said, and upon what occasion, "Carry him
to his mother"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(17.) Josh. iv. 20—22. (18.) Acts xx. 35. (19.) Gen.
xli. 45. (20.) Josh. ix. 22—25. (21.) Gen. xxv. 19.
(22.) Mark xi. 31, 32. (23.) Jer. ix. 23, 24. (24.) Prov.
xvii. 25.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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A MAN-TRAP.

It happened one night, not very long ago, that a travelling man arrived in a village near Lyons, in France. He brought with him a bear, which he had trained to per-

F

form many curious tricks, and by exhibiting which he gained his livelihood. The man came to the little inn of the place, and was soon provided with a room. But it was not so easy to find quarters for the bear. At last, after much contrivance, the landlord cleared out his pigsty, and let his fat pig, which was to be killed next day, run about the yard; and in the pigsty the bear was comfortably housed.

In the middle of the night the people of the house were aroused by loud cries in the yard. What was the matter? Had the bear got hold of the fat pig? No; they were the cries of a man. All the people turned out of their beds to see what was the matter. They came to the pigsty, and there was the bear just as they had left him, only he had a man in his arms. He was hugging him very closely, and the man was crying out loudly for help.

They soon released the man, and were curious to know how he had got into such a dangerous place. And how do you think it turned out to be? The man had set his eyes on the pig some days before, and thought he would like to make it his own. So he stole in to the sty that night to take it; but, instead of finding the pig, he found the bear; and, instead of catching a pig, a bear caught him. How well was the man caught in the trap! He was handed over to the police, to be tried for stealing.

This is one instance out of many of the

truth of that text, "Be sure your sin will find you out." If nothing else can keep us from sin, this thought should—that there is a great God looking on, and He may make men to find us out whenever He pleases.

DAVID.

Fanny.—I think I can repeat this Psalm now, mamma.

Mamma.—And can you tell me who wrote it?

F.—Oh, yes! mamma, it was David. He wrote all the Psalms, did he not?

M.—No, dear, not all, but as the greater part were written by him, they are generally called, "Psalms of David." He was a shepherd when young, and it is very probable that the twenty-third Psalm, which you have been learning, was written then.

F.—What does a shepherd do, mamma?

M.—He watches over his sheep by day and night, leads them to good pasture, and clear water, and protects them from wild beasts. One day a lion and a bear came to David's flock, and took away a lamb; David killed them both, thus risking his own life, to save that of the lamb.

F.—I suppose, mamma, David meant that the Lord watched over him, and fed and protected his soul, just as he did his sheep.

M.—Yes, dear. You know the Lord Jesus

not only *risked* His life, but *really gave it up* to save his sheep and lambs.

F.—I should like to know something more about David, mamma.

M.—Do you remember the name of the prophet I told you about in your last lesson?

F.—It was Samuel, mamma.

M.—Well, one day, when Samuel was an old man, God told him, that as Saul, who was then the king of Israel, had displeased Him, he must go to Bethlehem, and there anoint one of the sons of Jesse to be king instead. Jesse had eight sons, and God said He would tell Samuel when he got there, which he had chosen. Eliab was the eldest; he seems to have been tall and good-looking, and as soon as Samuel saw him, he felt sure that he was to be the king; but he did not judge rightly,—you may read what God said to him.

F.—"But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, nor on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart," 1 Sam. xvi. 7.

M.—This shows us that good people may be mistaken in the opinions they form of others, because they cannot look into the *heart*, but can only judge from outward appearance; and it teaches us that we should not be satisfied with what other people *think* us to be, but should be anxious about what

God *sees* us to be. When seven of Jesse's sons had passed before Samuel, and he found that neither of them had been chosen by God, he asked Jesse if these were *all* the children he had? and he replied, "There remaineth yet the youngest, and behold he keepeth the sheep."

F.—I suppose, mamma, that he had thought it was not worth while to call him?

M.—It appears so, dear; and this shows us how different God's thoughts are from man's thoughts, for he was the *very one* that God had chosen.

F.—Had David a good heart, mamma?

M.—David's heart by nature was sinful, like the heart of every one of us; but God had renewed it by his Spirit. By looking a little at his actions and writings, we shall see something of what was in his heart.

F.—I know one thing he did, mamma; he killed Goliath the giant.

M.—That was soon after Samuel had anointed him. You can tell me how he did it?

F.—Yes, mamma; with a sling and a stone. But why would he not wear the armour that Saul put on him?

M.—Because, dear, he felt that it was better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. He knew that it was the Lord who had delivered him out of the paw of the lion, and the bear, and he felt that He alone *could*, and he believed that he *would*,

deliver him out of the hand of the Philistine ; therefore he would rather go, trusting *only* in Him. This shows us that there was strong and simple *faith* in the heart of David. He was not afraid to *trust* God in the time of danger.

F.—Was not Saul very much pleased with David for killing the giant, mamma ?

M.—At first he was, and took him to live with him ; but when he knew that David was appointed of God to be king after his death, he hated, and tried to kill him ; but God did not let him do it. Then David fled and wandered about in the wilderness and mountains ; but Saul still pursued him. It was very *wicked* in him to try to kill David, and he was very *foolish* to suppose that he could ever change the purpose of God, if He had appointed that David should reign.

F.—And did David wish to kill Saul, mamma ?

M.—No, dear ; David had quite another spirit ; for *twice* he had it in his power to kill Saul, but he would not, though the men who were with him tried to persuade him to do it. This shows us that there was a *forgiving spirit* in the heart of David, and that he was not impatient to become king, but was willing to wait *God's time*.

About four years after this, the Philistines fought against Israel ; they killed Saul's three sons, and wounded *him* very much, so when he saw that he could not escape, he

fell upon his sword, and killed himself. David did not rejoice when he heard it, but lamented very much. P.

(To be continued.)

MISSIONARY WORK.

ONE evening, a number of years ago, a boy went into a Sunday-school in Dublin, and sat down. The teacher was going on with his class. The boy became somewhat interested in what he heard, was invited back, and came. Then he believed in Jesus, gave himself to the Lord, and became very active in His service. His teacher told me that he was very useful in gathering in wandering lambs to hear of the "Good Shepherd." He was a very zealous lad, and he showed that his religion was real, by his "patient continuance in well-doing." His teacher said he filled his school, and all the Church schools in Dublin, with Sunday scholars. Here was a manifestation of the missionary spirit; and this boy was destined to be a devoted missionary.

I have two letters before me written by him from the island world of the Pacific, where he has been preaching the Gospel among the heathen for twenty-four years. I will tell you some of the things which he writes in these letters; and perhaps, before I am done, some of the dear boys who read

them may resolve to give themselves to the Lord, and to the blessed work of "preaching among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

He went to New Zealand when it was a land of savages; and he was going about among them when they were feasting on human flesh, and drinking human blood, for several days, and "looking more like fiends than men." "In this state," he says, "I have often seen them, been amongst them, and preached to them in their own language. In former days these scenes were not unfrequent. My dear partner has been on the mission station, with the wives of other missionaries, when, on one morning, as many as eleven men have been murdered, cooked, and eaten within sight of the mission house. I was in the midst of them, alone and unarmed (yet not alone, for God was with me to protect me), while the bodies and hatchets of the murderers were still wet with the blood of these slain, and while they were preparing ovens for the bodies of their victims. They danced around me; and when they had concluded their dreadful repast, I preached to them." He continues to say, "I have heard of *thirteen children* being cooked in one large oven made of heated stones." Contrast the state of these poor children with the happy state of those in your Sunday-schools.

"Surely it was 'hoping against hope' to

preach the Gospel to such bloodthirsty savages. But 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation *to every one that believeth.*' Many of these very men are now alive, and some (as blind Solomon, and many others) are now preachers of the Gospel, and hundreds of them meet us around the Lord's table. I saw poor blind Solomon yesterday. He was leaning on his staff, instructing his Sunday-school class of old men in the truths of the Gospel. He is a leading chief; and before he became blind, and received the Gospel, he was a noted warrior.

"You do not know the blessings of a Christian land, nor the comforts of your fire-side at home, until you contrast them with the misery of a heathen country."

He adds: "I have not heard of a case of cannibalism for the last eight or nine years; and there are very few New Zealanders who do not now profess Christianity. Compare the *past* with the *present*, and the change has been most rapid, and truly wonderful."

Sir George Grey, when he was governor of New Zealand, wrote to our missionary in the most encouraging way. "It will gratify you," wrote Sir George, "to know that I receive from all quarters the most cheering accounts of your exertions, and of the wonderful progress your natives are making. I shall never forget your exertions, and feel more indebted for them to you than I can say." This is the result of diligent applica-

tion to the work given us to do. Nothing but determined perseverance can ever accomplish anything noble, great, or eminently useful.

This devoted missionary has not only taught the natives around him the Gospel of Jesus, but also the arts of civilized life. They now own many coasting vessels, and navigate them; they grow large quantities of wheat, plough their own land, and make their own flour. "These are the men," he says, "whose hands, fourteen or fifteen years ago, we saw wet with human blood, and who were feasting upon the bodies of their neighbours. They are now following the plough, driving their carts, and building houses of prayer." "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

He has built them churches and schools, and is, by the blessing of God, "turning the wilderness into a fruitful field," and making the moral wastes around Otawhao "like the garden of the Lord." Nay, more, he says, "Many are now, I believe, before the throne of God, with robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb; and many more are journeying thither, and will unite their songs with yours."

Dear young friends, will not some of you now give yourselves to the Lord, to be His devoted missionaries, and go forth to "the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty," and, by His Spirit accompanying your efforts, be the

happy instruments of "turning many to righteousness, and shine as the stars for ever and ever?"



A GOOD NAME.

MR. STORE, the captain of a fine vessel, was one day leisurely wandering on the beach at Portsmouth. His hands were in his pockets; and he anxiously watched the direction of that most famous type of human events, the wind; then with a mixture of

awe and wonder, he gazed at the majestic ocean before him, over whose vast waters he had so often travelled, yet of whose mysterious depths he still remained in such total ignorance.

Ever and anon he turned his gaze at the beautiful vessel before him, and remembered with no small pleasure, that through his own industry and exertions he had attained in it the rank of captain. Mr. Store was an honest, kind-hearted man, and I believe one who embraced and loved the truth as it is in Jesus. He was just engaged in the above contemplations, when he was touched by some one on the arm. He turned round, and saw a bright rosy-faced little boy, of about ten years of age, standing beside him.

"Please, sir," began the child, before Mr. Store had time to speak, "don't you want a cabin-boy?"

"Yes, my little fellow, I do; can you tell me of one?"

"Why, sir, I was going to ask if you would take *me*; I should be very glad, for I want a place."

"What is your name, my boy? and where do you live?"

"Please, sir, my name's Bill Jones, and I lives in Lonnon."

"Well," said Mr. Store, laughing, "that is a very plain answer, certainly. London is a large place, my little man, and Jones not a very uncommon name, so I am 'afraid I should be a long time in finding out

where you live, when I go to learn your character."

"Please, sir, I aint got no character."

"No character! oh, you are in a bad case, then." But feeling interested in the child, he beckoned for him to sit by his side on the beach, and kindly asked him what his father was.

"I aint got no father, sir, nor yet no mother; they died when I was quite little, and ever since I have lived in Lonnon with my aunt, at least at night; I goes to school all day. But aunt's getting so old, she says I must begin to work for myself now."

"Have you no brothers and sisters; and why did you come so far to seek employment?"

"No, sir, there's only me, and I comed here 'cause I always wanted to go to sea."

"But, my boy, what do you mean by saying you have no character?"

"Why, aunt can't write, and so she said she could not give me any, and my schoolmaster was out, or else he would have given me one."

"Oh! I understand; you mean you have no written character; though I suppose if I go and see your schoolmaster I can learn what sort of a boy you are; but I am afraid I have no time now, for as soon as the wind changes I am off. What have you got there?" (pointing to a book he held in his hand.)

"Please, sir, that's my prize."

Mr. Store took it from him, and saw written on the title page, "William Jones, a reward for industry and good conduct, at St. B—— school, London."

"Well," said Mr. Store, "that's capital! I see you have got a good name at school;" and, pleased with the boy's open, frank countenance and simple manners, he said, "That, at all events, is a good character. I have half a mind to take you with me, for I certainly must have some one, and I have not much time to seek for a lad, and I am not going a long voyage this time."

The boy was delighted, and promised to do his best to merit this kindness; and he afterwards fully proved that he deserved the character the schoolmaster had given him, for by his steady, good conduct he was eventually raised to the rank only next below the captain himself, thus proving the inestimable advantage of *a good name*.

Oh! none can tell the inestimable advantage in this world of *a good name*. Get it, my little friend, do all you can to get it. It will serve you well one of these days, as it did Bill Jones. It is true that *God* looks at the heart, and judges of us by *this*. But other people cannot see our hearts, and judge of us by what we say and do. You may try and get the approval of good people, as well as of God. "*A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches; and loving favour rather than silver and gold.*"

M. G.

SMALL BEGINNINGS, AND TERRIBLE ENDINGS.

ABOUT ten o'clock on Saturday evening, September 2, 1666, a fire broke out in a baker's shop, near to the spot on which the Monument of London now stands. In its commencement it was but a little fire, and every one who saw it said that it would very soon be extinguished. Notwithstanding these favourable predictions, it continued to spread. Adjoining houses were soon enveloped in the devouring flame, and by noon of the next day, John Evelyn, who was a spectator of it, writes, "All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames—the shrieking of women and children—the hurry of people—the fall of towers, houses, and churches—was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length, and one in breadth. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day." Thus it continued its awful progress for another day or two, and then it was found to have destroyed eighty-nine churches, the city gates, guildhall, several hospitals, schools, and public

libraries; a very great number of stately edifices, 13,200 dwelling-houses, and upwards of 400 streets. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Holland, as is well known, is a country a considerable part of which is lower than the sea, which surrounds it, and which is kept out by large embankments, called dykes. Many years ago it was perceived that one part of the embankment was defective, for the water had begun to ooze through, although in small quantity. A meeting of the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood was called, to take into consideration the means of remedying the defect. The meeting adjourned without deciding upon anything, because it was considered such a very little evil—nothing would hurt, they said, as the quantity of water that came through was so small; and some future time would do very well to devise means to remedy the evil. Not very many weeks after that meeting, one beautiful Sabbath's evening, when a more than usual calm serenity rested upon everything—without any further warning whatever, the sea burst through the embankment, which had been gradually weakened by the apparently insignificant evil, destroyed many large towns, seventy villages, an immense number of cattle, and more than 100,000 inhabitants. *A small beginning, but a terrible ending.*

Little reader, beware of the small beginnings of sin, for even a sinful thought in-

dulged may have a terrible ending. A single glass may prove the seed of drunkenness. An impure look may be the prelude of a ruined character! The acquisition of a penny by dishonest means may be the first step towards all sorts of crimes! Wherefore, crush your sins in the bud, and "keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

LETTER FROM A DYING BROTHER.

February, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER,—I send my kind love to you, hoping you are quite well. As I am going fast to my long home, and we shall not have the opportunity of meeting again on earth (though I trust, by the grace of God, we shall meet in heaven, and there to part no more), I should like to tell you my feelings and my prospects. I thank God that I feel happy, and resigned to His will, and that He has enabled me to look to Jesus. Jesus is my only Refuge and Rock of Salvation, in which we are alone safe. Christ has shed His love abroad in my heart, and I feel that He has forgiven all my sins, and He is about to take me to Himself, there to live with Him for ever. And therefore death seems to me to have lost its sting, and I feel happy and resigned to go as soon as Christ sees fit to call me away.

Oh, dear brother, seek salvation, now that it may be found! Nothing but religion can give you real pleasure in this life, nor support you in affliction, nor in your dying hour. The way is open to all; the Bible is full of rich promises. We are only to go to Christ just as we are, for we have no merit of our own. Only ask pardon and forgiveness, and He will surely do it. Oh, dear brother, do study the Bible, and pray for the Holy Spirit to help and to enlighten your understanding, so as to enable you to receive its precious truths! The Bible alone will teach you the way to salvation; you will find its promises many, its consolation great, and its encouragements sweet in trouble and in affliction. And never neglect prayer. Pray to God to enable you to walk in His paths, and guide you in the right way. The oftener you pray, the sweeter it will prove to you, and the more you will delight in it. And, oh, dear brother, do strive to serve God, and to love Jesus Christ your Saviour! You cannot do it of your own strength; but pray that the Holy Spirit may enable you to do it. Trust in Jesus; He will guide you safe through this life, comfort you in affliction, and support you in death; and you will be received into His courts above, and live with Him for ever. And, oh, dear brother, then we shall have a happy meeting around the throne of God, there to part no more, and to praise God for all eternity!

I give you a text: 6th chapter 2 Corinthians, 17th and 18th verses: "Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." Ever your loving brother.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

As little Annie and her brother Frank were playing in the nursery, Annie accidentally struck her brother with a ball; and he ran to his mother, and told her that she had hurt him, and was a bad girl, and ought to be punished. Then Annie came with tearful eyes, and said, "Show me where I hurt you, and I will kiss it, and make it well." But he would not hear her; so she turned away, that she might give vent to a flood of tears, for her little heart was wronged, wronged indeed. Frank did not come into the room all that day. When evening came, his mother said, "Go, find your sister, and come and get your supper." Then he ran up to the nursery, but she was not there; then he went to the garden, and down to the little brook, and there, beneath the shade of the spreading foliage upon a mossy bank, lay little Annie sleeping, and on her cheek was a bright tear. But he

could not speak to her, for his heart grew sad, and the tears started from his eyes; so he stole thoughtfully back to the house. The next morning Frank's mother called him to her, and told him Annie was quite ill, and he must not make a noise. As each day rolled on she grew worse; and, after a few mornings more, his mother took him to her room alone, where all was quiet, save the sweet notes of the early birds. There, with the bitter anguish of her heart, she told him his dear sister was dead. Oh, how he wept and wept again! How he longed that he might kiss that tear off her cheek! Alas! it was too late. Never again would those little dimpled arms be thrown around his neck; her warm lips would press his cheek no more for ever. And then when the dark night came, and he was taken to his bed, he cried and sobbed aloud, and tossed upon his pillow, for he seemed to hear a sweet-toned voice, whispering, "Show me where I hurt you, and I will kiss it, and make it well." Dear children, be ever ready to forgive. Be kind to each other. Love your brothers and sisters. Let us hear what God says: "He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death." "Whoso hateth his brother, is a murderer." Never forget that God has commanded, "Little children, love one another."

THE ELEPHANT.

THE elephant is a native of the warmest parts of Asia and Africa. It is generally about ten feet high, being the largest known animal, except the whale.

It is covered with a very thick skin, of a light brown colour, upon which hardly any hairs grow. Instead of a snout, it has a very long thick trunk, which it uses like a hand. This is so exceedingly strong, that it is able to wind it round trees, and drag them up by the roots; yet with the same trunk it could pick up a sixpence or a nut. When the elephant drinks, it fills its trunk with water, and then bends it up to its mouth, and lets the water flow down its throat.

The elephant is also furnished with two tusks, which grow from the upper jaw, on each side of the trunk. These being of the finest ivory, are considered very valuable, and the elephant is much hunted for their sake.

The elephant is a very gentle animal, but if used with cruelty will sometimes resent it, as the following anecdote will show: A tame elephant was walking down a street in an eastern city, where the shops are not like ours, but have no windows, like the stalls at a fair. He stopped before a shop where a tailor was sitting sewing. When the tailor saw him he cruelly pricked his trunk with the needle he had in his hand.

The elephant, feeling himself hurt, walked indignantly away, but soon returned with his trunk filled with muddy water, which he poured upon the tailor, as a punishment for his cruelty.

LOST AND FOUND.

SOME years ago, a boy was sent one winter day, when the murky clouds threatened an early storm, with a message to his father, a shepherd on the Cheviots. Soon after he left home the snow began to fall; blinded by it, he missed his way, wandered across a moor, and never reached the place he had been sent to. His dead body was found several miles from home, on the melting of the snow, three weeks afterwards.

Another boy was once sent on an errand, on a winter night, to a place some distance off, and, when on his way, was overtaken by a snow-storm. He was so bewildered by it, that he could not find the place he wished to reach, though he sought long and earnestly for it. At last, knowing that he was in great danger, he cried out as loud as he could, "Lost—lost—lost!" His cry was heard by a gentleman in a house not far off. He sought for him, found him, and thus saved him from death.

What a solemn thing it is to be brought to the very verge of death, and yet to escape death! What a terrible thing it is to perish

with the full knowledge that a place of safety is within sight, and almost within reach!

Dear reader! you are by nature like the boy lost in the storm. A voice is calling—do you not hear it?—"Come unto me." God's wrath for unpardoned sin is hanging over you. Perhaps you feel, in your conscience, as if the storm were already coming on. Flee to Christ, who is the refuge from that storm. What will ye do when the door is shut, and the night comes—the blackness of darkness for ever?

Psalm.

TRUTHFULNESS.

"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are His delight."

LORD, if ere I dare to speak
Words of falsehood, check my tongue,
Lest I sin against thy law,
By committing what is wrong.

Plainly doth Thy word declare,
Thou the wicked dost despise,
Who, with base and sland'rous lips,
Utter fearful oaths and lies.

Why, if I have dared commit
What is evil in Thy sight,
Should I seek by an untruth
To conceal it from the light

Rather let me own my fault,
That forgiveness I may win,
Than increase it by a lie,
Adding thus a sin to sin.

Idle words and foolish jests
Are not seemly, Lord, to thee,
Who requirest in the heart
Fearless truth and purity.

Teach me then, O Lord, to shun
Evil speaking in my youth ;
So shall I in after days
Hope to walk with Thee in truth.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

33. What place is called in Scripture "The City of Palm Trees"?
34. In whose "days was the earth divided"?
35. By what river was Ezekiel, when he saw his vision?
36. What king "loved husbandry"?
37. Of whom is it said, that "He made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death"?
38. For how many pieces of silver was Joseph sold to the Ishmaelites?
39. What was the name of the prophetess that fought against Sisera?
40. Whose is the first, and whose is the last name mentioned in the Bible?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

- (25.) Psa. lxxi. 16. (26.) Ezra i. 1, 2. (27.) 1 Pet. i. 4. (28.) Acts xviii. 17. (29.) 1 Cor. xvi. 13. (30.) 1 John iii. 12. (31.) Dan. iii. 1. (32.) 2 Kings iv. 19.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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LIEUTENANT BELLOT.

PERHAPS my young reader has never heard of such a man. But his name is well known in England; and there are many who have mourned over his sad end. He was a

G

young Frenchman, of great bravery, and very clever, and ready for any great undertaking; and, hearing of the expedition which was sailing from England to the North Seas in search of Sir John Franklin, (who, it was feared, was lost in his explorings in the Arctic regions), he begged permission of the French Government to accompany them. This was at once granted, and off he went.

But now mark the hand of God. He left Paris as a gay, high-spirited young sailor, quick and intelligent about everything but the one thing needful. He was acquainted with several languages as well as his own, and his abilities were of a very high order. But in religion, though nominally a Roman Catholic, he was an infidel, if not worse, if indeed worse can be. But it was his lot to find himself on board a vessel where the captain, though behind none in all that was valiant and manly, was a devoted Christian; a man whose every day walk and conduct were regulated by Christian principle. It was soon observed that a decided change was taking place in the young Lieutenant. He began to read his Bible and to become a serious inquirer after truth. In a little time he was not ashamed to show that he was anxious to impart that spiritual good to others which he had found for himself. Captain K—— told me that when he was obliged to be absent, young Bellot was found supplying his place in

conducting morning and evening worship amongst the sailors. In fact there was every reason to feel assured that he had become a new creature in Christ Jesus, and learnt those lessons on board a ship which the gay city of Paris had failed to convey to him.

And having found Jesus as the only way, and truth, and life, his Saviour thought it best and safest for him to be early housed from all the dangers that would assault the soul in after life, and he shortly came to what we are inclined to call a sad end.

The party were out one day on the ice, exploring, and about to get on a higher elevation on an iceberg, when Bellot, wishing to get up first, took a shorter and more difficult course, and alas! his foot slipped, and down he fell into a crevice in the ice, no one knows what depth, and was heard of no more! The tidings filled France and England with warm sympathy, for he was well known as a brave and most promising young officer. The Emperor fixed an annuity on his poor widowed mother, and a subscription was raised for her in England. All this was well, and as it should be; but the blessed thought is, that to one thus prepared by God's grace and the Holy Spirit's teaching, sudden death was sudden glory.

W.

DAVID.

(Continued from page 103.)

Fanny.—And did David become king after the death of Saul, mamma?

Mamma.—At first he reigned only over the house of Judah. It was seven years and a half before he was made king over the *whole* nation.

F.—Mamma, did not David love the word of God very much?

M.—Yes, dear, that was another thing that was in the *heart* of David. In Psa. xix. he speaks of it as more precious than gold, and sweeter than honey; and in Psa. cxix. he said again and again how much he loved it, and how he delighted to think it over by day and night, and to hide it in his heart that he might not sin against God. David had also a spirit of *prayer*. You may read what he says in Psa. lv. 17.

F.—“Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray, and cry aloud, and He shall hear my voice.”

M.—We find him constantly inquiring of God, before he set about anything, whether he should do it or not; and God always guided him right. But, on one occasion, instead of doing this, he consulted with the great men, and then he did wrong.

F.—What did he do, mamma, that was wrong?

M.—The ark of God had been at Kirjath-jearim a very long time, ever since the

Philistines sent it back, and David wanted to take it up to Jerusalem. It was a *right thing* for him to do, but he did it in a *wrong way*. God had appointed that when the ark was removed, it should only be carried by the Levites. Instead of doing this, David put it in a new cart, drawn by oxen, and when they stumbled and shook it, Uzza, who was driving the cart, took hold of the ark, and God struck him dead, because he ought not to have touched it.

F.—What did David do then, mamma?

M.—He felt angry, and afraid to have anything more to do with it; so he left it at the house of a man called Obed-Edom, and there it remained three months. Then David remembered that he had done it in a wrong way, and made God angry; so he had it carried up to Jerusalem by the Levites on their shoulders.

F.—But, mamma, the Philistines sent it back in a new cart, and God was not angry with them, was He?

M.—No, dear; but the Philistines had not the law of God, and did not know what He had commanded; and this reminds us that God will judge people for not *doing* His will according to the opportunities they have of *knowing* it. He will punish those who have the Bible, and do not attend to what it teaches, or obey its precepts, far more than He will the heathen who never heard His name or read His word. If you refer to Luke xii. 47, 48, you will see what I mean.

F.—"And that servant which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes; for unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more."

M.—We must not forget to notice the spirit of *thankfulness* and *praise* which David shows. He says, "At *midnight* I will rise to give thanks unto Thee," Psa. cxix. 62; and in the 164th verse of the same psalm, he says, "*Seven times* a day will I praise Thee." He not only delighted to praise God himself, but called upon others to praise Him too; and in the last verse of the Psalms, he exclaims, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!" David felt it to be a pleasure, as well as a duty; and if we have been taught of God to feel that we deserve nothing from Him, we, too, shall love to thank Him, even for His smallest mercies, for the least are far more than we deserve.

F.—And did David never do anything that was sinful, mamma?

M.—Oh, yes! dear. David sinned very greatly. One day, he saw a very beautiful woman, and he thought he should like her to be his wife; but when he inquired about her, he found that she had a husband, called Uriah. The people of Israel were then

fighting against the children of Ammon ; so David sent a letter to his nephew, Joab, who was captain of the host, telling him to put Uriah in the fore front of the hottest of the battle that he might be killed. Joab did as he was commanded ; and when David knew that Uriah was dead, he took his wife. God was very much displeased with David, and sent a prophet to him to tell him that He would punish him because he had killed Uriah. And so He did, by giving him a great deal of trouble in his own family. David sincerely repented of his sin, and the Lord forgave him. It was at that time he wrote the 51st Psalm.

F.—But, mamma, he did not kill Uriah *himself*.

M.—Though he did not kill him with his *own hand*, yet in the sight of God the sin was exactly the same as if he had done it. If we cause others to sin, we may be sure that God will place it to our account. Now, some children will tempt those who are younger than themselves to lie, steal, or disobey, because they feel afraid to do it themselves lest they should be found out ; and perhaps they think they are not sinning ; but God will look upon it as a *double sin*, because they are causing others to offend.

F.—I should never have thought, mamma, that a good man like David would have done such a wicked thing.

M.—The Bible tells us, dear, that “there is not a just man upon earth that doeth

good, and sinneth not." And the sins of David and other good men teach us the same lesson, and warn us not to trust in our own hearts, but to "watch and pray," lest we too enter into temptation, and fall as they did.

F.—Did David live to be very old, mamma?

M.—He was about seventy when he died, and Solomon, his son, reigned in his stead. Perhaps, another day, I may be able to tell you a little about him.

WHAT LITTLE FOLKS MAY DO.

I was one day driving to the town of D——. As I approached it I saw a large number of persons all running in the same direction, and soon I perceived clouds of smoke, and flames of fire issuing from some houses in the outskirts of the town. The fire-engines were hard at work, and numerous soldiers were busy handing, and running backwards and forwards with buckets of water, to endeavour to put out the flames. I stopped to see what was going on, and to inquire what had occasioned the fire. "Oh! ma'am," said one poor woman, who seemed to be in great distress, "a little boy has done all this mischief, and nearly broken his mother's heart." "How?" said I. "He got hold of a box of lucifer matches, lighted them, and then set fire to a hay-stack near

which he was playing." Whilst I was talking to the woman, I heard shouts and cries, and soon perceived that the fire was advancing, and had just caught another out-house. Ah! thought I, how much mischief one little pair of hands may do! The fire was not extinguished for many hours, hundreds of pounds' worth of damage had been done, many poor people much frightened and inconvenienced, and all this through the carelessness of a little boy, six years old. This child had been warned, as most children are, not to meddle with fire or matches, but he had paid no attention to what had been told him, and during his mother's absence from home he had by his disobedience brought all this trouble upon her and others.

Here we have, then, one instance of the *mischief* little folks may do!

Now we will turn to a brighter side of the picture, and see what *good* they can do. In a cottage in the village of S—— you might have seen, some little time since, a child seven years of age, lying on a small bed. He was pale and thin, but he looked very happy. This dear boy loved the Lord Jesus Christ. He was one of the lambs in His fold; the Holy Spirit had changed his heart, and soon he would die, and go to be with Jesus. He had a mother who was very kind to him, but who knew and cared nothing about his dear Saviour. He used continually to pray for her, as he was lying on his sick bed, "Lord, give thy Spirit to

my dear mother, and make her to love Jesus." He was never tired of praying this prayer, and at length it was answered. The mother used to sit with her work by her little son's side, and he used to talk to her and tell her about Jesus, and repeat sweet hymns which he had learned at the Sunday-school and texts of Scripture to her. And God did not forget the good child's prayer, but sent His Spirit into her heart, and she began to love Jesus, and strive to follow Him as her little Willy did. You may think how glad Willy was when he saw this, and how he thanked God for answering his prayer.

Soon after this Willy died.

Now Willy's father was a bad man: he used to go to the public-house, and then come home tipsy, and curse and swear, and behave cruelly to his wife and children. So the poor wife, who had now learned to love Jesus, and read her Bible, used to pray often for *him*, as Willy had done for *her*, and after many attempts, she got him to go to church with her. He went Sunday after Sunday, and God blessed what he heard there; he left off going to the public-house, he became steady, quiet, and industrious, slowly but effectually; the Holy Spirit led him to that Saviour who never casts out one who comes to Him in penitence and faith. Thus, dear readers, you see that little Willy was the means of leading both his dear parents to love and serve God. And, oh! what a happy meeting there will be between them

in heaven ! Do not think that because you are young you can do no good ; remember Willy's case—pray God to give you such a *heart* as he had, and then you will be able to do the *work* that he did. M. M.



THE RHINOCEROS.

THE rhinoceros is about twelve feet long, from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail, being the next largest animal to the elephant. The skin is quite naked, and is folded into plaits at several parts of its body, and looks like rough leather. It is

so thick, that leaden bullets are often flattened against it without going through, and therefore iron ones are always used in order to kill it.

The rhinoceros has either one or two horns on its nose, which are fixed to the skin, and not to the bone of the skull. The eyes are small and half-closed, and have a sleepy look. The upper lip is rather large, and it uses it to take up its food. Its voice is something like the bleating of a calf.

There are two kinds of rhinoceroses, the one-horned, or common rhinoceros, and the two-horned rhinoceros, which has another small horn above the large one. Both are found in hot countries, and live near marshes or rivers, in which they like to swim or wallow.

The rhinoceros will not attack another animal except in self-defence, but when it does fight, it is most ferocious, and often beats the tiger. Its food consists of the coarsest vegetables, and it is very fond of the prickly branches of trees, the prickles not seeming to hurt its mouth.

This animal has a very acute hearing, and can run very fast, though its sight is not very good. When it runs through a forest, it will not get out of the way of anything, but breaks down all the bushes and shrubs, so that its path can be very easily traced.

There is a bird called the rhinoceros bird,

which always goes about with this animal, and lives by eating the insects which it finds on its skin. When the rhinoceros sleeps, the little bird sits on his back, or near him, and when anything comes to attack him, the bird chirps and wakes him, so that he can either fight, or get out of the way of danger.

SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS.

"MAMMA," said little Henry S——, one Sunday evening, "what shall we talk about to-night?"

"I know that you are very fond of emblems, dear child," said his mother; "so you and Laura shall find with me what God's book is compared to."

"Oh, how nice," cried he energetically, while he seated himself on a stool, with his school Bible in his hand.

Laura was reading her favourite book, "Pilgrim's Progress," that wonderful story of the dreamer. "Mamma," she said, "do just wait till I get my good Christian past the lions, and lodged safely for the night in the beautiful house at the top of the hill." So mamma consented, and Henry learned a little lesson of patience.

After a pause, he said, "Mamma, I have found one."

"Very well, Henry, we are all ready."

The little boy read 1 Peter ii. 2: "As new-born babes, desire the sincere *milk* of the word, that you may grow thereby."

Laura had selected Psa. xix. 10: "Sweeter also than *honey* and the honey-comb."

"Milk and honey were promised in Canaan," said Mrs. S——; "but the Bible promises are better, for they feed and refresh the soul."

"The Christian is a *soldier*," suggested mamma, "so he must have a weapon."

"Oh, I know what passage you mean," said Laura: "Eph. vi. 17: 'And the *sword* of the Spirit, which is the word of God.' In another place it is called 'sharper than a two-edged *sword*,' because it destroys the power of sin in the soul."

"You remember the story, dear children, of Alexander the Great at the temple of Jupiter Ammon."

"Yes, mamma," said Laura; "he went there to consult the oracles."

"These heathen oracles were ignorant, and deceiving; but in Rom. iii. 2 we read of the Bible as an *oracle* that cannot fail. We shall find a beautiful simile in the 119th Psalm, at the 24th verse. David, both as a saint and a king, wanted guidance; so he found in the Scripture a '*counsellor*' in perplexity."

"Now, Henry, think, when night comes on, what do we need?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," said the little boy—"a *lantern*, to be sure."

“So we find in Prov. vi. 23: ‘For the commandment is a lamp.’ Many people go far away to dig gold, and endure many hardships to win a little of it; but David said, in that lovely 119th Psalm, at the 72nd verse, ‘The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of *gold* and *silver*.’ And God’s statutes in the books of Moses, instead of being a burden to him, were his songs (verse 54th) on his pilgrimage to heaven. St. Paul speaks of it being an inmate of the breast, Col. iii. 16: ‘Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.’ The prophet Jeremiah (xxiii. 29) compares it to a *fire* and a *hammer*; it is so powerful on the conscience, when the Spirit applies it. Isaiah likens it (lv. 10) to *rain* and *snow*, which water and protect the earth. St. James uses a remarkable figure (i. 23, 25), looking into a mirror, which reflects ourselves, and also shows us the image of God. The Bible, too, is like a telescope, which brings Christ and heaven near.”

“Do let us have some more emblems, dear mamma, next Sunday!” said both the children in one breath.

“With pleasure,” said Mrs. S——. “And now, my dear children, let us notice how gracious our heavenly Father is, thus to attract us to His blessed book—to wreathe it, as it were, with flowers. And through this week, let us ask God for grace, that we may not be forgetful hearers, but doers of the word.”

F. M. M.

"COME QUICKLY."

"FANNY, I am going to leave you for a short time," said a pleasant-looking gentleman to his little girl, who had just entered the breakfast-room.

"Going away, papa? Oh! I am so sorry; when will you come back again? The house is so dull when you are away, and I have no one to walk and talk with me. When will you come back again?"

"I cannot answer your question decidedly, dear," said her father; "for I am not sure how long my business may detain me. But, Fanny, will you promise me one thing?"

"Oh, yes, papa! anything you wish. What is it?"

"Will you be very good during my absence, and be quite ready for my return; your lessons learned, your two drawings finished, and your last piece of music learned?"

"Oh, yes, papa! that I will—at least," said Fanny, with a blush, whilst she lowered her voice, "*I will try.*"

"That is all I want you to promise, dear. Now bring me my hat and coat, for I must be going."

Affectionately kissing his little girl, Mr. R—— got into his carriage, and was soon far out of her sight. Fanny did not forget her promise. She loved her father dearly, and her wish was to do everything he had

requested of her. So she set to work immediately to perfect her lessons.

Three days had passed, and still no papa returned. It was the evening of the fourth day. Fanny was sitting in the drawing-room. "Oh, dear! when will papa come back?" said she, to herself. "How I *wish* he would come!" Presently the rumbling of wheels was heard. Fanny darted to the window. "Ah! here's papa, at last! how glad I am he is coming!"

Fanny was soon in her father's arms.

"Well, Fanny, have you kept your promise?"

"Yes, papa, I have tried to do so, and I think I know all my lessons and my piece of music. My drawings also are finished."

"Well, Fanny, this does make me happy."

"Oh, papa! I am so glad to have you back again!"

"Yes, dear; but would you not have felt very differently if you had not been ready to meet me?"

"Oh, yes, papa! that I should."

Now, dear children, I want you to learn a lesson from this little story. Can you guess what I mean? A Friend you all have, who has left you for a short time. This Friend is *the Lord Jesus Christ*. He has told you He will come again, but nobody knows either the day or the hour when He will return, Matt. xxiv. 36. During His absence, He has told you to be doing

something for Him: He has told you to be getting ready for Him by increasing in holiness, by striving to correct whatever is wrong in you. If you have naughty tempers, or proud hearts, or disobedient wills, He wishes you to watch and pray against them. Above all, He wishes you to be loving Him very much, and longing for Him to come back again. Dear children, are you doing all these things? Are you loving Christ now?—"If ye love me," he says, "keep my commandments." Are you watching and praying now?—Matt. xxix. 42. Are you seeking now to do what you know will please Him? If so, you will be ready to meet Him when He returns to this world, and you will be able to say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"—Rev. xxii. 20. M. M.

THE PRAYING COLLECTOR.

Two little girls, sisters, were collectors for a missionary society; and, at the end of the year, they brought to their mother more than £6, which they asked her to send to the treasurer of the society. She was a pious woman, and pitied the poor heathen, and wished above all things that her dear children should be trained up in the way of wisdom and usefulness. You may suppose, therefore, how pleased she must have been at the success of her two girls. But there

was something which pleased her even more than the large sum of money which they had collected. It was a conversation she overheard between them, which was as follows :

“ You have got much more money than I have,” said Helen to her elder sister ; “ but that is not very wonderful, because you are older than I am.” “ That is quite true, Helen,” answered the sister, “ but you *might* have collected quite as much as I did, if you had done all that you ought.” “ How is that, Jane,” said she ; “ for I am sure I took quite as much trouble as you took, and asked as many people ?” “ Very likely ; but there is one thing, Helen, which you neglected. You did not pray to God before you asked your friends for their money.” “ Pray ! no, I did not. I never saw the good of that. God could incline their hearts to give without our asking Him to do so.” “ Very true,” said Jane, “ but God likes us to ask Him, and He often touches people’s hearts in answer to our prayers. If you will read Nehemiah, chap. i. and ii., you will there see how that good man asked God to influence the heart of king Artaxerxes ; and surely this is mentioned to encourage us to do the same.” “ You are right, Jane,” said Helen, “ I wish I had thought of this before I asked Mrs. D—— to give me something for my box, and then, perhaps, she would not have refused. However, I will do this the next time I set to work to collect, and then, perhaps, I shall get more.” Dear children !

remember that God likes to hear his people's prayers—never think anything *too trifling* to tell to God. He has said, "In ALL thy ways acknowledge Him;" and then the promise is, "He shall direct thy paths."

PRIZE YOUR BIBLE.

RATHER more than a year ago, a gentleman was travelling in Ireland, on one of the cars, as they call the conveyances which people go about in there. The part of the country where he was going was very hilly, and as the driver of the car was a humane man, he often stopped at the bottom of one hill before he went up the next, so that his horses might have time to get breath, as drawing a heavy load up hill is very tiring. Dear children, you are better taught than this poor man was; have you yet learned the great law of kindness he had?

Well! at one of these places, where he stopped, was a tiny little mud house, which the Irish call *a cabin*, and in it lived a poor woman, and a little boy, who was eight years old. The gentleman, who liked to talk to children, and particularly about Jesus, whom he loved very much, spoke of Him to the little boy, who answered him, saying, "Och, sir! and I'd like to see the book for myself." By the book he meant the Bible; poor little boy! he had never read it, for his mother was what is called a

Roman Catholic, and her priest would not allow her to look into a Bible. But her child went to school, and there he had heard a little of God's precious word from his companions, which made him long to know more about it. The gentleman had not a Bible in his pocket, and had no time to get one out of his carpet bag, so all he could do was to tell the child a few good things; but he could not say much, for when the boy's mother heard that he was talking about the Bible, she called him away.

Dear children! if this little boy thought so much of the little he had heard, how grateful should you be—who can read the whole Bible yourselves; and should you not give what you can to help to send it to those who have it not, and yet wish for it? At all events you can pray for them. Oh! give them your prayers if you have nothing else to give, and thank God every day that you live in a land where you can read His blessed Book when you please. A. F.

CONTENTMENT.

PERHAPS some of my little readers have been to Malvern, in Worcestershire. You will remember its grand ridge of hills, its abbey, and its peaceful vale, with the river Severn winding like a silver thread in the distance. No doubt, you used to rise early

there, and get a walk before breakfast. It was a great pleasure to me to do this. In one of my morning walks, I met a little girl, about eight years of age; and, though so very young, this dear child taught me a lesson, which we may all learn from her. She was neatly dressed, in her gingham bonnet, print pinafore and frock, woollen stockings, and shoes well blacked and shining. She carried a small basket on her arm; and as she came up to me, I said, "Where are you going, my little girl?" "To school, if you please, ma'am," she replied, dropping a curtsey. "And how far do you go?" "Above two miles, ma'am." "What have you got in your basket?" "My dinner, please, ma'am," dropping another curtsey. "And may I ask what you take to school for dinner?" "Bread and dripping, ma'am." "Do you always take bread and dripping?" "No, ma'am; sometimes I have lard for a change." "When do you have meat?" "Only of a Sunday, ma'am." All this was said with such a perfect tone and manner of *contentment*, that I could not help thinking what a lesson in this respect she taught many who, in wealthier circumstances, are often dissatisfied and discontented with the abundance God has given them. It is sad when we see children enjoying every luxury, and indulged in every wish, yet grumbling and unhappy! I trust, if any such read this little story, they will think of the little

Worcestershire girl, and her bread-and-dripping dinner, the next time they feel inclined to complain at what is placed before them ; and remember that

“ Not more than others they *deserve*.
Yet God hath given them more.”

A contented child is sure to be a happy child ; for “ godliness, with contentment, is great gain,” 1 Tim. vi. 6. M. A.

POETRY.

HEAVEN.

- “ MOTHER, I hear you talk of Heaven—
Where is that happy place ?
Are *children*, mother, found in Heaven ?
Do *they* see Jesu's face !”
- “ Know, darling boy, that happy place
Is far above the sky ;
There, thro' God's love and Jesu's grace,
Go *children* when they die.
- “ No naughty passions enter in,
No angry looks are there ;
Bright angels, ever on the wing,
Before their God appear.
- “ No disobedient wills are seen,
No fretful words are heard ;
From sinful thoughts each heart is clean,
And wash'd in Jesu's blood.

"In Heaven they need no sunshine, dear,
Nor moon to give them light,
For Jesus is the brightness there,
There never comes the night."

"Oh! mother, tell me, when I die
May *I* to Heaven ascend?
May *I* with saints and angels fly
Where pleasures never end?"

"Yes, darling, if you love the Lord,
And early seek His face,
In Heaven (He's promised in his word)
He'll find for you a place."

M. M.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

41. What was the name of the aunt of Jesus?
42. In how many caves did Obadiah hide the Lord's prophets?
43. Who said, "Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day, witnessing both to small and great"?
44. How many kings reigned in Israel before David?
45. Find these words, "The Son of man is come to save that which was lost."
46. How many knives and forks did the children of Israel bring back to Jerusalem from Babylon?
47. Where is it written, "Thy word is very pure"?
48. What youth had a pious mother and grandmother?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

- (33.) Deut. xxxiv. 3. (34.) 1 Chron. i. 19. (35.) Ezek. i. 1. (36.) 2 Chron. xxvi. 9, 10. (37.) Isaiah liii. 9. (38.) Gen. xxxvii. 28. (39.) Judges iv. 4—9. (40.) Gen. i. 1, and Rev. xxi. 21.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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“NEDDIE AND ME;”

OR, HOW CHILDREN CAN HELP ON THE
MISSIONARY WORK.

I wish to speak a word to the little readers
of the CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

I dare say some of you are saying,

H

"Neddie and me! what can this have to do with missionary work?" wait awhile, dear children, and you shall hear.

You all like a story, I know, and you shall have one.

I think I hear some of you saying, "How can I help on the missionary work? What can I do? I am too young."

Oh, no, dear children! you are not too little; it is true you may not be able to leave your happy homes and cross the seas; but you can be *home missionaries*; you can be *closet missionaries*. Think of this, dear children. Do you know what it is to be a closet missionary? I will tell you. It is to remember other missionaries at the throne of grace.

But there are other ways in which you can help them; you can try and collect money from your neighbours and friends, and I will tell you how you can do this.

And now for our story, which I heard related by a clergyman, at a missionary meeting some time ago, in the neighbourhood in which I lived. It was about a little boy who once attended a missionary meeting. He was an attentive listener; he did not look about the room, as some little boys and girls do, I fear; he heard about the little black children, and came home and told his mother he must do something for the missionaries—he must give something, to buy Bibles for the heathen. But what could he give? he was so very poor.

At last he thought of a nice plan. He had a favourite donkey—he was resolved that he should do something in the work; so what do you think he did? He put a saddle on him, and panniers, and then went from door to door, calling out, “Do you want any door-stones?”

How much do you think he raised in this way? I think it was nearly £3.

The speaker told us that after a few days had passed, a knock was heard at his door, and a little boy stood before him, and put a packet into his hand, saying, “Please, Sir, give this to the missionaries.” “Oh,” said the clergyman, “but my little man, I must have a name to acknowledge it.” On seeing him hesitate, he repeated, “You must tell me your name.”

“Oh! well, then, Sir, please to put down, ‘*Neddie and Me* ;’ that will do, Sir, won’t it?”

Perhaps some of my little readers may be saying, “I should like to do the same, but I have no donkey.”

Still, dear children, you can do something. A friend of mine, on hearing this anecdote related, procured a Dutch toy, which she dressed up, and placed it on her drawing-room table. The first-fruits of it were £5. What do you say to this?

Now, dear children, let me ask you a solemn question—“Have you given *yourselves* to the Lord?” Remember who has said, “My son—my daughter—give *me* thy

heart." Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Believe me, dear children, your affectionate friend,
IOTA.

SOLOMON.

Fanny.—Did you not promise, mamma, to give me the history of Solomon to-day?

Mamma.—Not his *history*, dear; I do not in these conversations intend to give you the *history* of the different individuals we talk about, as there is much more said about them than I tell you; and I hope when you are a little older you will find pleasure in reading it all for yourself. I only choose such points in their characters or conduct as seem to contain instruction suitable for a child. But I did promise to tell you something about Solomon.

F.—How old was he, mamma, when David died?

M.—About eighteen, dear. He was very young to be king over such a great nation as the twelve tribes of Israel; but one night, soon after he began to reign, God appeared to him in a dream, and said, "Ask what I shall give thee." It was a very tempting offer, and many young people would have felt inclined to choose riches, or honours, or long life; but Solomon did not choose any of these. He said he was but a

little child to govern such a great nation, and he asked God to give him a wise and an understanding heart, that he might do what was right.

F.—And did God give it to him, mamma?

M.—Yes, dear; God was much pleased with him for asking this, and said that He would give him wisdom such as no one had ever had before, or ever should have; and He would also give him what he had not asked for, both riches and honour.

F.—It was a good thing that Solomon thought of asking for that, was it not, mamma?

M.—He would not have thought of asking for it, dear, if God had not taught him to do so; for *all* by nature desire earthly things. Do you remember the little verse you learnt a short time since?

F.—Yes, mamma; it was this:

“If Solomon for wisdom pray’d,
The Lord before had made him wise;
Else he another choice had made,
And ask’d for what the world would prize.”

I wish, mamma, that God would speak to *me*, and tell me to ask Him for anything I should like to have.

M.—And so He does, dear. Look at what He says in Matt. vii. 7, 8.

F.—“Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall

be opened." But, mamma, this is not spoken to *me* in particular. I mean that. I should like Him to say, "Fanny, ask me for anything you wish for."

M.—But even if you did see your own name in the Bible, telling you to ask for whatever you would like, you might say, "There are many Fannys in the world, and perhaps this may not be meant for *me*;" but when He says, "*Every one* that asketh receiveth," you need not fear but that you are included, and it does not matter whether your name be Fanny or Mary, Ellen or Bessy.

F.—And may I ask God for *anything*, mamma?

M.—For anything, dear, that is "according to His will."

F.—But, mamma, how can I know what is "according to God's will?"

M.—The Bible, my dear, teaches us what is the will of God; and whatever we find He has there promised to give us, that we may with confidence ask Him for, and may feel sure, too, that it will be good for us. Now you might wish for something which, if you had it, would do you a great deal of harm; but whatever God promises is good.

F. Did not some queen come from a great distance to see Solomon, mamma?

M.—Yes, dear; the queen of Sheba. She had heard the report of his great wisdom, for it was talked of in all parts of the world; but she could not believe that it was so great

as people said it was, so she determined to go and see for herself. She came, thinking to puzzle him with hard questions; but he was able to answer *everything* she asked him.

F.—I should like to have lived then, mamma, and heard his wisdom.

M.—Great and wise as Solomon was, my dear, yet we are privileged above this queen, inasmuch as we may be taught by One who is far greater and wiser than Solomon, even the Lord Jesus, the Son of God. And He says Himself that the queen of the south will rise up in the judgment, and condemn those who do not believe in Him, and obey Him.

F.—Did the queen of Sheba believe about Solomon after she had heard and seen him, mamma?

M.—Yes, dear; she was quite overcome, and owned that, much as people had said about his wisdom and grandeur, even the *half* had not been told her. And this is something like the confession of every one of the children of God. Before they are brought to know Him, when they are told by ministers and friends of the peace, and happiness, and joy, that are to be found in the love of God, they do not believe it; they think the pleasures of the world are far greater; but when they have come to the Lord Jesus, and tasted His grace for themselves, they readily own that it far exceeds all that was ever told them. Indeed, no

words ever can express the joy of the Lord's people, for it is "unspeakable," and those who have tasted it themselves cannot help wishing for others to taste it too.

F.—Did not Solomon build the temple, mamma?

M.—Yes, dear. It was finished before the queen of Sheba came, and a very magnificent building it was. We find after this that Solomon displeased the Lord very much, by marrying wives who were idolaters, and they turned away his heart from the Lord. If we *choose* the company of those who do not fear God, we shall soon find that our own souls are injured by it.

F.—And did God punish him for it, mamma?

M.—He raised him up enemies, who did him harm in his lifetime; and He also told him that in his son's days He would take away a great part of the kingdom from him, and so He did. P.

BUTTERFLY MEMOIRS.

ON a lovely morning in July little Eliza came running in from the dewy garden, and jumping on her papa's knee, exclaimed, "I'd be a butterfly!"

"I'd rather be a little girl, that had a nice papa," said he, quietly.

"But oh, papa, the butterflies look so happy to-day that they can't help dancing.

Only think of living in a world of flowers, of having breakfasts and dinners all made of honey, and to have no horrid lessons, and no governess crying, "Miss Eliza, keep down your shoulder!"

"But, does my little girl not know," said Mr. S——, "that the gay butterflies have difficulties and troubles too, in their youth?"

"Oh, papa! let us have a little talk on butterflies, till mamma comes down stairs."

So Mr. S—— laid the newspaper aside, and commenced the pleasant task.

"Well, papa, have butterflies wings when they're babies?"

"No, dear, you would not think then that they could ever fly about? They are soft, crawling things at first, and you would fancy them cousins to the earth worms which the gardener cuts with his spade. Their dwelling is among the green leaves, and they are so voracious that they sometimes devour in one day double their own weight."

"Oh, the greedy little monsters!" cried Eliza. "Papa," she continued, "you don't mean that those cold, green things that ate our vegetables last summer would ever grow into butterflies?"

"Yes, dear; the large, brilliant, white creatures flying about like pale rose leaves, which have charmed you this morning, are

the very same caterpillars which John used to kill with smoke."

"Oh, papa! what made them to change so?"

"Have patience, and I will tell you. After those creatures have feasted sumptuously for a month or two, they completely change their mode of life. They retire to the sheltered corner of a wall, and after remaining there quite still for some days (which you would not like at all), they wind themselves up into a shining skin covering. In this state they are called *chrysalides*, or *pupæ*, which means babies. They remain in these comfortable little cradles during the winter, till on some beautiful day in early summer the little case bursts, and out flies a perfect butterfly."

"Oh, thank you, papa! but please tell me, how did Charley and I catch a lovely brown butterfly on his birthday, which is the 20th of March?"

"It had been lazy, my dear, in quitting its winter house, and only appeared as a butterfly last autumn. The cold nights of September frightened it into some crevice, where it remained till the early primroses invited it into the wood. When you are older, we shall read together some beautiful books on butterflies, which I have in the library."

"And now, does my little girl know any-

thing that is like the history of the butterfly?"

The child paused to think, and then an idea came.

"Oh, yes, papa! when I went with you to see the Duke of H——'s mausoleum,* there was a stone butterfly cut out over the third head, which you called 'Immortality'—so I suppose it teaches us that our bodies will live again after death?"

"Yes, dear child, that is it. Even the ancient heathens, who had no Bibles, chose their images as they hoped for a resurrection. The mummies at the British Museum always remind me of chrysalides. Even these poor hard things will live again. Paul tells Timothy in one of his letters, that Jesus hath brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel. He rose from the grave as the first-fruits of them that sleep. And when the trumpet of God shall sound, if we are Christ's, we shall have a glorious resurrection; we shall die no more, but be for ever like the angels.

"And now let me read you two pretty verses :

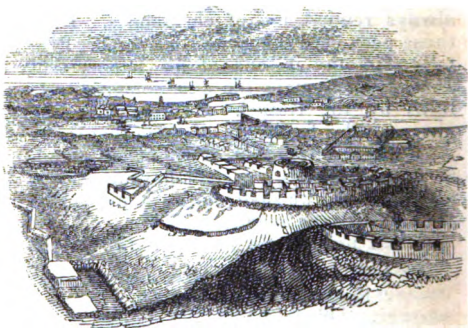
"Its little hour of sunshine o'er,
It passes from the view,
To breathe the breath of life no more;
It is not so with you;

"Yourself shall from the tomb arise,
In beautiful array,
To dwell for aye in Paradise,
And everlasting day."

* Burying-place.

PEACE AND WAR.

God has once more given us *peace*; the *war* is over! We have had two years of war; and it has been a dreadful time. How many thousand men have been killed, how many women have been made widows, and childless; how many poor children have become orphans; how many millions of pounds have been spent; how many painful and ghastly wounds have been made, and limbs lost, during these two years!



[Sebastopol.]

We shall not soon forget *Sebastopol*. When my little readers have grown up to be old men or old women (if God spares life), they will perhaps then tell other little

children of the great two years' war, in which the French and English fought against the Russians. How the big steamers carried our soldiers to the Crimea so swiftly. How we fixed our guns, and fired so many millions of iron balls against the Russian towers and ramparts; and how bravely all fought.

Then, perhaps, people will say, What a pity it was that they fought at all! Why could not they have been friends, and exchanged their tallow and cotton; and have done all the good they could amongst their own people at home, instead of firing guns at each other?

However, we may learn many things from this war, which may be very useful. We may learn what sad things *bad passions* are. For it was nothing but the temper of the late Russian Emperor which brought the war on. We may learn, too, how *the greatest of men's affairs are in God's hands*. For he sent frost and pestilence amongst our finest troops; and fierce winds, which sunk our noblest ships; and we could not help ourselves! And we may learn, how *God has his servants everywhere*. For there have been many officers and private soldiers who have feared God; indeed, more than have been known in the army for many, many years. And many careless, ungodly men have gone out to the Crimea, and have seen so many fearful sights there, that they have come home changed and humble men, ready to serve and please their Saviour.

In order to help our readers to remember these things, we give them a picture of *Sebastopol*, and also of the *Battle of the Tchernaya*—one of the bloodiest battles which was fought in the Crimea. It was there that the Russians, coming on by thousands, climbed up a hill, on the top of which our men were standing, and thought they had gained the day. But God was pleased to give our soldiers such courage and strength, that they drove the Russians all down again, and many of them were drowned in the river.



[Battle of the Tchernaya.]

PROCRASTINATION ;

OR, I WILL DO IT TO-MORROW.

PERHAPS you think this is a very long word, but I hope you will find, before the end of the story, what it means.

Ellen Taylor was a girl of twelve years old; she lived with her father and mother, and four brothers and sisters. John was the eldest; Ellen was the second; then came Willie, and last of all Margaret and Susan.

One morning after breakfast, when William and Margaret had gone to school, Ellen said, "Mother, may I take Susan a walk in the field?—I'll do my work when we come in." "Very well," said her mother, "but I think you had better do your work now." "Oh, mother! I had so much rather walk now, for I think it is going to rain." So saying, she ran off to put on her bonnet, and they went into the fields. When she came back, she got out her work. "Now," said her mother, "you must finish that before dinner." "Oh, I shall certainly have it done; I've only the hem to do now." "But before you begin, Ellen, put those pretty flowers in water, or they will all spoil." "Oh, they can wait a little; I'll do it when I've finished this."

When she had worked some time, she looked at the clock, and it was a quarter to twelve, and time to lay the cloth for dinner.

"I must finish this," said she to herself. However her mother called her, telling her at the same time, that she must not dine till she had finished her work. She was obliged then to get up, and lay the cloth.

Before she had finished, her father and the others came in, and she went to her own room to finish her work, while they dined. "Oh," said she to herself, "I wish I had not put off working till so late; it has not rained after all." When they had done dinner, she went down with her finished work in her hand, and she found the dinner was all cleared away, and none left for her. "Look," said her mother, "at those nice flowers, all spoiled, because of your putting off; don't you remember all your teacher said on Sunday about *Procrastination*? What did she tell you it meant? She said it meant putting off doing a thing till some other time, when you ought to do it at once. I am sure I wish you would remember; then it would save a great deal of trouble to yourself and every one else."

About a month passed by after this, and one day a lady and a little girl entered the room, where Ellen was trying to put little Susan to sleep, who was just recovering from an illness, which had made her very low. The lady asked Mrs. Taylor, if her daughter wished to get a place in a family. Her mother said she had wished some time for one, but had not yet heard of any. "Well," said the lady, "if she will

come to-morrow to the hall, I shall see whether she would do to be nurse to my little children." So saying, she left the house. "Oh," said Ellen, "I shall be so glad; you know I am so fond of children."

The next day came. "You had better go, Ellen," said her mother, "before dinner, for grand people always go out in the afternoon." Ellen sat down to mend Susan's frock; there was a very large tear, and it took a long time to do. At last her mother told her, that the hour was come for her to go. "Oh, I can't go now, I must go after dinner." Dinner came very quickly; when she had finished, she said, "Now I'll go." And she went off: but while she was going she saw the carriage belonging to the hall, and was afraid the lady was in it. She was right; the lady was going a long way, and was not to come back till eleven o'clock in the evening. Ellen came back, saying, "I'll do it to-morrow; I'll go to-morrow." The next day she went again, but the lady told her that she had engaged another servant, because Ellen had not come the right day.

Poor Ellen! she lost a good place, because of putting off. And now, children, do you understand what procrastination means?—putting off to another time what ought to be done at once. E. F. W.

GOD'S HAND IN THE SEA.

UNCLE William had sailed far, and seen much. Now, old and an invalid, he delighted to unfold the wonders of the deep to his sister's children.

One winter's evening, when the rain was dashing against the cottage windows, little Harry mounted on his uncle's knee with this question :

"Why don't the pretty icicles stay longer, uncle?"

"The warm south-west wind has chased them all away, Harry."

"Do, please, tell us, dear uncle, about this naughty, mischievous wind."

"Well, Harry, you must promise not to interrupt me."

And, so saying, the old gentleman settled himself comfortably in his rocking-chair, and Rose and Albert having joined the group, he thus began :

"First, then, no winds are *naughty*; for it is God who sends them, as Rose will find in Exodus xv. 10. Albert, what English queen wrote this on a medal?"

"Queen Elizabeth, uncle, when the storms had wrecked the Spanish Armada."

"I must show you now," continued Uncle William, "how this raging wind is a blessing from God to this country, preventing us from being frozen up all the winter, as they are in Canada. You all know where the Gulf of Mexico lies, between North and

South America, and how uncomfortably hot it is there, especially during the summer. The sea shares the heat of the shore, and would almost boil the poor fishes, if the water were not constantly being changed. But God has so arranged it, that a broad, deep stream shall constantly flow out of it, along the coasts of the United States towards Newfoundland, and then from that across to this country; so that it is a great sea stove to keep us warm in winter, and the south-west wind, like the stove-pipes, brings the heat from the Gulf Stream to us.

“You know that the Crimea is much further south than we are, but being far removed from the warm influence of the Gulf Stream, our soldiers have suffered terribly from the cold; and while some of the harbours on the Black Sea are blocked up with ice during the winter, ours are open all the year round. While ships are freely moving down the river Mersey at Liverpool, sailing is completely stopped till May or June at St. John's, Newfoundland, though about the same parallel of latitude with ourselves.*

“In the history of the Moravian missionaries in Greenland, I have read of another benefit connected with this wondrous current. The gigantic streams of America float down trees from its mighty forests; these, floating on the surface of the Gulf

* That is, the same distance from the North Pole.

Stream northwards, are driven by storms on the bare coast of Greenland, where only stunted bushes grow. Thus, the devoted missionaries were supplied with fuel for the winter by God's providential care.

"It is now Harry's bed time, but Albert shall read us two verses from the Psalms about the winds, God's messengers."

Albert then read Psa. cxlvii. 17, 18, and Psa. cxlviii. 8.

The children thanked their kind uncle for his entertaining relation, and begged that on some other evening they might hear more of "God's hand in the sea."

J. M. M.

THE GARDEN SPIDER.

THE spider has several amusing traits, which she exhibits to those who study her work.

If, in issuing from her cave in the morning, she finds her web loaded with dew-drops, she goes to the centre, and laying hold of the web with all her feet, gives her body three or four convulsive jerks, which instantly shakes off the dew. If a spider of the same, or another species, ventures upon her web, she endeavours to entrap or drive off the intruder; and if the stranger runs to the lower end of the web to escape by suspending itself by a line as usual, the

owner follows and instantly cuts the line by which the stranger swings, who falls to the ground. Sometimes, instead of cutting the fugitive's line, she will endeavour to pull up the culprit, "hand over hand," with great adroitness, but seldom succeeds in this. If the web has been torn by the capture of a fly, the owner tries to repair it; but this is never neatly done, showing that she is a much better maker than a mender. If, however, a principal stay of the web be broken, she will quickly replace it with another.

M. G.

THE LION.

THE Lion is about six or seven feet long, without the tail, which alone measures sometimes more than four feet. It has a large shaggy mane, which gives its face a fierce and majestic appearance; and because of this and its great strength, it is justly called the king of beasts.

Its colour is light brown, except on the belly, where it is nearly white. At the end of its tail, there is a tuft of dark hairs, within which there is a sharp prickle.

The lion is a beast of prey, and eats the flesh of the animals which it kills. It always hunts in the night, and sleeps in its den during the day. When the lion intends to seize

his prey, he crouches on the ground and glides along noiselessly till he is near it; then he makes a sudden spring upon it, throws it down, and rips it open with his sharp claws; then he devours as much as satisfies him, and leaves the remains of the carcass to the hyænas and jackalls, which always pick the bones of any dead animals that they find.

The strength of the lion is very great; with one stroke of his powerful paw he is able to break the back of any animal of his own size, and there are few beasts which have any chance of success when fighting with him.

The lioness differs from the lion, in having no mane, and in being much smaller. The young ones are born blind, and at first mew like kittens, and do not roar till they are about a year and a half old. The lioness is very fond of them when they are young, and will rather suffer herself to be killed, than allow any one to take them away. Lions are found in Asia and Africa, and there do much mischief to the flocks and folds by night.

Poetry.

THE INFANT SCHOLARS' ADDRESS
TO THE QUEEN.

VICTORIA ! Victoria !
We hail thy gentle rule ;
Victoria, the patroness
Of every infant school !
The kings of old their people led
To battles fierce and wild ;
'Tis nobler far, with fost'ring care,
To train each little child.

When Spring returns with primroses,
And violets fill the green,
We'll weave the pretty flowers, to make
A chaplet for our Queen.
When summer brings the lovely rose
Again to deck the bowers,
We'll think of thee, when we behold
That fairest queen of flowers.

In Autumn, when the yellow crops
Beneath the sickle bend,
We'll pray that peace and plenty may
Victoria's reign attend.
And when the winter's wind and snow
Beat cold against the door,
We'll think of her, whose laws protect
The firesides of the poor.

We little children scarce can tell
What others mean by care,
But we are told 'tis sorely felt
By those a crown who wear.

Then when thy heart with sorrow swells,
 Whate'er thy troubles be,
 Cast all thy care on Him who wore
 A thorny crown for thee.

May God our Sovereign Lady grant
 Long o'er this land to rule,
 And children's children bless her name
 In this our infant school !
 If here we ne'er should see thy face,
 May we hereafter meet,
 Where thou wilt meekly cast thy crown
 At our Redeemer's feet.

By the late Mrs. Ridley Herschell.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

49. How long did Noah remain in the ark ?
50. Find these words: "God maketh my heart soft."
51. What was the number of spectators who beheld the miracle of Elijah's dividing the river Jordan ?
52. Where is it written, "Occupy till I come" ?
53. Who was the good man who got up into a tree to see Jesus pass by ?
54. Where did God say to the Jews, "I will be thy King" ?
55. Who were Oreb and Zeeb, Zebah and Zalmunna, who are mentioned in Psalm lxxxiii. ?
56. Where is the injunction given to "little children," that they "sin not" ? and what are they to do if they sin ?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

- (41.) John xix. 25. (42.) In two caves: 1 Kings xviii. 4. (43.) Acts xxvi. 22. (44.) 1 Sam. ix. 27, and x. 1, 24. (45.) Matt. xviii. 11. (46.) Ezra i. 9. (47.) Psal. cxix. 140. (48.) 2 Tim. i. 5.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE UNEXPECTED REWARD.

THERE had been a great battle one day in the land of Israel. Many men had fallen, and there they lay on the field, pale, cold, and stiff. There you would have seen sol-

diers and horses, spears and swords, and chariots. After the battle had been fought, a young man was walking over the field; he heard the groans of the dying, and saw the ghastly faces of the dead; it was a dreadful sight!

Presently he stops. What is he looking at? Is it the body of a friend he has come to seek? See that man who lies there; he could not have been a common soldier, for his clothes are richer than any of theirs; a crown is on his head, and a bracelet is on his arm (though he cares nothing about them now); they glitter in the sun. It is the body of Saul, king of Israel. Near him lie the three princes, his sons, bathed in blood, for they too had been slain by the Philistines.

This young man knew, that when Saul was alive, he had treated David (whom God had made king in his stead) very cruelly, and had tried, over and over again, to kill him; and he thought to himself, "Now David will be glad to hear that his old enemy is dead, and can never trouble him again; he will be sure to reward the man who brings him the news; I'll go and tell him; nobody knows who killed Saul; I'll say *I* did, and then I shall have a larger reward."

So he took the crown from the head of the dead king, and the bracelet from his arm, and set off to find king David, who had been driven from mountain to mountain, and from cave to cave, by Saul, and

at last had taken refuge with the Philistines, who treated him very kindly, and gave him a city to live in. He saw the young man coming towards him, with his clothes torn, and earth upon his head; so he knew that he was bringing bad tidings. As soon as the man came up, he fell down before David, who said to him, "Where have you come from?" "From the field of battle." "And how did it end?" "The Israelites lost the day; many of them ran away, and many were killed, and amongst the killed were Saul and Jonathan."

When David asked how he knew that Saul and Jonathan were dead, the young man told him that Saul had been sorely wounded in the battle, and, looking round, saw *him* standing by, and asked him to slay him, that his sufferings might be ended, and that he had done it.

David rent his clothes when the story was finished, and wept for Saul, and for his sons, and for the people of the Lord who were slain.

But the messenger had not yet his reward; David had something more to say to him. He asked, "Were you not *afraid* to stretch out your hand to kill the king, whom the Lord had appointed? As you say *you* killed the king, so you shall be put to death." Then David's soldier drew his sword, and the young man fell dead at his feet. What was he so dreadfully punished for? *He had not killed Saul, but told a lie*

hoping to be rewarded; and so he *had* a reward that he little looked for.

It is always safer to speak truth; it is always dangerous to tell lies; you are in danger of being discovered, in danger of losing friends, for no one loves the girl or boy who does not speak truth; and you are in danger of losing heaven. Speaking the truth will not take you to heaven, but *not* speaking the truth will keep you out of heaven. Each untruth you tell is like a nail driven into the door, which shuts out from heaven. Some have driven many of these nails in, but they must all come out before the door can be opened; these sins must be forgiven before the shining gates will be opened for you to enter. You must ask Jesus Christ to wash away your sins in His precious blood. You must love Him for His love; you must think of Him, and you must pray to Him to teach you by His Holy Spirit. M.

REHOBAM.

Fanny.—Who was king over Israel, mamma, after the death of Solomon?

Mamma.—His son Rehoboam, dear. I think we may learn something from the account that is given us of him. We find that directly after the death of Solomon, the people of Israel came to him with a petition,

that he would lessen the burdens that his father had laid upon them, and make their service easier. He told them to go away, and come to him again in three days. Meanwhile he consulted with the old men who had stood before his father, as to what answer he should return them.

F.—I should think, mamma, that was the best thing he could do, because they had heard Solomon's wisdom, and would be able to give him good advice.

M.—He certainly did right in doing this, dear; and the young would do well always to seek the advice of those friends who, being older than themselves, have had more experience, and are wiser than they are. But good advice is of no use to us unless we follow it, and this Rehoboam did not do.

F.—What advice did they give him, mamma?

M.—They told him to speak kindly to the people, and be willing to meet their wishes. But this did not please Rehoboam. I suppose he did not like the idea of submitting to the people. So he consulted with the young men who had been his companions, and they advised him to speak harshly to them, and say that he would deal much worse with them than his father had done. He followed *their* advice, and ten of the tribes directly revolted from him, and followed Jeroboam, who became their king.

F.—Rehoboam acted very foolishly, did he not, mamma?

M.—Yes, dear, very foolishly ; but his is not a solitary case, for hundreds of young people continually forsake the sober advice of their parents, or other kind friends, and follow that of their young and giddy companions, who are as unwise as themselves ; and sooner or later, like Rehoboam, they find cause to repent it.

F.—And did the people *never* return to Rehoboam, mamma ?

M.—Never, dear. From that time Judah and Israel became two separate kingdoms. Rehoboam assembled the people together once, intending to fight against the ten tribes ; but God sent a prophet to tell him that he must not do it. After this they went on very well for three years, obeying the commandments of God, and keeping His ordinances ; and many out of all the tribes of Israel joined him, and made him strong. If you turn to 2 Chron. xii. 1, you will see what he did then.

F.—“ And it came to pass, when Rehoboam had established the kingdom, and had strengthened himself, he forsook the law of the Lord, and all Israel with him.”

M.—This shows us the force of example. We rarely sin alone, but generally draw some others after us. Rehoboam was in a high place, and therefore drew *many* astray ; and if we are placed in any way above others, we need to be doubly watchful over our actions. The head child in a class or school, or the eldest in a family, will gene-

rally have great influence over the rest, either for good or evil. We are told in the 14th verse of the chapter you referred to just now what was the *cause* of his going astray.

F.—"And he did evil, because he prepared not his heart to seek the Lord."

M.—If our hearts are not prepared, or, as the margin says, "*fixed*," on seeking the Lord, we shall never be steadfast in His service. Rehoboam had perhaps from his childhood been accustomed to attend to the outward services of religion, and so from *habit* he continued them, and not from *love to God*; just as many children, who have been brought up by pious and watchful parents, will attend to the outward forms of religion, for a time, after they leave their care; but, if their hearts are not set on God, they will soon be drawn aside by temptation.

F.—I think, mamma, there is a great deal said in the Bible about the *heart*.

M.—There is, dear, because the love and the service of the heart is the only thing that the Lord values. Our outward services cannot profit Him, and are even displeasing in His sight, unless, they proceed from love to His name; but if our *hearts* are given up to Him, no service we can render will be a burden, and we shall always feel that we can never do enough in His cause.

P.

“NOT MORE THAN OTHERS I DESERVE, YET GOD HAS GIVEN ME MORE.”

THOSE of my young friends who are acquainted with London, though strangers to many scenes of misery and want which are so frequent in that great city, are, however, well aware of the numberless objects of pity which almost at every step meet the eye. Amongst these unhappy creatures I always pity the wretched appearance of those poor little Italian boys, who are hired by some severe master, and sent out with an organ or a marmot to earn what they can, by exciting the compassion of the passers-by, with their miserable appearance, or by the importunity of their demands. As many as six of these boys are often hired by the same master. Their earnings are taken by him for his own use, and in return he undertakes to clothe and feed them; their food generally consisting of a mouldy crust; and should the gains of the boys not equal the expectations of their cruel master, he too often deprives them of their usual food.

It was one day in the month of January, when the ground was covered with snow, and the cold north wind blew in gusts, which almost froze me, and made me regret (even well clad as I was) that I had left a warm fireside to go out of doors—it was on such a day, as I was returning from

visiting a friend, that suddenly I became aware that some one was following me, by the sound of a step close behind me, and at the same time a most piteous voice exclaimed, "Signora, signora (lady, lady), give me a penny, I am starving, I am starving." This was said half in English, and half in Italian; and on turning round, I saw one of the most miserable-looking creatures I think I ever saw. His tattered and worn-out garments afforded him scarcely any protection from the weather, and his naked feet were cut and bleeding from excessive cold. As I happened to understand Italian, I spoke to the poor boy in that language. For a moment he appeared to have forgotten his sufferings, his joy at again hearing his native tongue was so great. He told me it was the first time he had heard a kind word since he left his "Bella Italia"—his beautiful Italy.

I talked with him for some time. He told me that he had been a year in England, that he accompanied his parents to this country, and that soon after their arrival in London both had died; that since their death he had been with the same master. In reply to my question, where he slept at night, he said that he usually found a resting-place upon some door-step.

When I spoke to him on religion, he told me his parents were Roman Catholics, and that when he felt hungry or unhappy he prayed to the "Good Lady," meaning the

Virgin Mary. The poor little fellow seemed scarcely to have heard anything of God, or the Lord Jesus Christ. After talking a little about the necessity of praying to Jesus, and not to the Virgin, who could not help him, and giving him a few pence, which was the money I had with me, I continued my way home, and was soon comfortably seated by a warm fire, with time to reflect on the poor little boy that I had met in my walk.

And now, my young friends, do you know what lesson I want you to learn from this little story? I want you to *learn to be thankful*; to be thankful to God for the many mercies He has bestowed upon you. As I sat that morning in my comfortable arm-chair, I could not help contrasting the forlorn situation of that poor boy with my own happier lot; and, as I contrasted it, I began to fear that I was not half grateful enough to that kind God who gives us everything that we possess.

Have you ever thought of this, my dear young friends? or have you day by day gone on enjoying your many mercies without once rendering your thanks to the great Giver of them all? Have you never yet thanked God as you ought? Oh! thank Him at once. Remember that all the blessings He bestows on you are undeserved; that you can never repay them. Has not God taken care of you till now, and given you kind friends, food, and raiment? How, can you expect Him to continue His care

for you, if you never thank Him for His goodness? Perhaps some of you are sometimes apt to repine, and to desire things you do not possess. If you are ever so inclined, then, let me entreat you to consider how great are your mercies above those enjoyed by so many poorer people; and that you can never be sufficiently thankful to God for all He has done for you.—
Florence D——.

THE END OF SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

It is a sad time when the holidays are over, and you must go back to school again! They seem to have passed by so quickly, as if it were only the other day that they began. And now all at home must be left! You must sleep for the last time, to-night, in your little bed; you took your last leave yesterday of the pond where you fished, and swam your boat; you must say good-bye to your sisters and mother to-morrow morning; and when you give your little dog his last parting pat, and the carriage drives off—you will hardly be able to keep up against all your trouble.

Well, these things *must* be so. The wisest thing is to make the *best* of them. You have had your holidays, and you cannot have them all the year through. All play and no work, would never do. Now, you must go with fresh courage back to

school, determined to study harder than ever you did before. If you set yourself well to work, you will soon be happy again, and never think of home, till once more the Christmas holidays come round; and then you will enjoy yourself as much as ever.



I well remember how unhappy I used to be when I went to school. But I look back now, and see how foolish it was. It really is not worth while giving oneself so much grief.

I wish that every boy who goes to school this next half year, would try a little more *to think of God*. This would make you so

happy, and would keep you from so much mischief. You would then not forget your prayers, night and morning; you would fear to do bad things which other boys ask you to do; and you would try to please God in everything, which would make you happy.

I know it would require some courage. But then, whom had you rather please—wicked boys, or God?

When I was at school, there were three or four boys who loved and feared God; and there were a great many who did all the wicked things that they could do. I believe, from what I hear, that it is not so difficult for a boy at school to be a disciple of Jesus, as it used to be in my days. Then, a good boy was persecuted, and often injured very much.

Well, whatever people think, God looks down upon boys and girls, as well as upon older men and women. He will reward them and punish them, all alike. If a boy would go to heaven when he dies, he must now have Jesus for a Friend and Saviour, and must have His Holy Spirit in his heart, making him holy and good.

THE DOOR OF HEAVEN.

AMY MIDDLETON was the only child of very fond, indulgent parents. By this, I do not mean that they in any way spoiled her, for that would have been both foolish and wrong; and Amy's parents loved and feared God, and it was their most earnest wish that their little girl should do so too. But still little Amy was the darling of the household; she carried sunshine wherever she went, and was so good and gentle that all who knew her loved her.

Would you like to know how it was that this little girl was so good and tractable? for she was a *very* little girl; at the time I write she had just passed her fifth birthday. The secret was, that she had learnt to love Jesus; so that whatever she did through the day, she did as well as she possibly could to please Him. But, then, she never forgot to ask Jesus to help her, for she knew that unless He helped her, she *never* could do what was right.

Amy, from having no companion of her own age, was often alone; but she did not seem to mind this, for she would wander for hours through her father's extensive grounds, gathering wild flowers, which grew most plentifully there. And when she was tired of running about, she would sit in her favourite little bower, surrounded by trees, and busy herself with making wreaths and garlands with her pretty flowers.

One evening, when she had been amusing herself in this way, she chanced to look up, and through the trees she could see the sun just setting in great splendour. The child was struck with the sight, and her face lighted up, as if a bright thought had just entered her mind; but she sat gazing with fixed attention till the sun had quite disappeared, and then jumping up, she bounded down the garden to her mamma, whom she saw coming towards her from the house, and as soon as she reached her she exclaimed, "Oh, dear mamma, I have found out what the sun is!"

"Have you, my child? well, what is it?" asked Mrs. Middleton, as she printed a kiss on that happy face.

"Why, mamma, it is so very beautiful, I think it must be the gate of heaven; and the reason it goes all round the world is, to show everybody where the gate is, that all the people may know the way in."

"Not quite right, my darling; but come and sit here a little while, and let us talk about it." And as she spoke, she drew her little girl to the bower which she had just left. But Amy looked very puzzled when her mamma tried to explain to her that the sun did not go round the earth, but the earth round the sun.

"However," said Mrs. Middleton, "we won't talk of that now, you will understand more about it when you are older. I want to see if you can tell me which is really the gate

of heaven; for although heaven is such a large place there is only *one* door; can't you think what that door is? for I hope my little girl has found it."

Poor little Amy, who all this time had been looking very sorrowful, to think that her bright little thought was wrong, now looked up with a face full of love and beaming with smiles, and answered, "Oh, mamma, it *must* be Jesus!"

"Yes, my love, Jesus is the gate of heaven, and everybody who wants to go to that beautiful place, must go in that way. You know when you want to go into papa's field you must go through the gate, because there are high hedges all round; so, all who want to go to heaven must learn to love, and serve, and believe in Jesus, as it is only through Him we gain admittance there."

"But then, mamma, does everybody know that?"

"All *may* know it, my child, because God has given us the Bible to point out the way to the Door. The Bible is our guide to Jesus, and Jesus is our guide to heaven. Let us pray, dear, that all the people in the world may *learn* the way, and not only so, but may *walk* in it."

"I am the door: by me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and he shall go in and out, and find pasture."

M. G.

GLORIOUS REVENGE.

"I will never forgive him, that I won't!" exclaimed Basil Lee, bursting into the room where his eldest sister was quietly seated at her work; "I will never forgive him."

"Never forgive whom, Basil? My dear boy, how angry and excited you look! Who has offended you?"

"Why, Charles West, Alice," replied Basil, as he put his books away in their place.

"And what has Charles West done to offend you? Come and sit by me; there. Now tell me all about it."

"Well," said Basil, "Mr. Raymond, who is a friend of Mr. Matthews, and is staying with him, came into the school-room to-day; he is a very kind gentleman, and so he offered a half-crown to the boy who first did a sum he should set us. Five boys beside me took up their slates; he set us all the same sum, and then we all set to work. Charles West came and sat next to me, and I saw him copy down every figure as fast as I did it. When I had only one figure to do, Mr. Matthews left the room. I looked to see who went out, and when I turned to my slate again every figure was rubbed out. I knew Charles did it, because he coloured so. In a minute he had finished his sum, and carried it up; it was first done, and correct; so he had the half-crown. I was so angry; the bell rang to go home, and I

ran off directly ; but I am determined to have a glorious revenge on him. Was it not provoking, Alice ? ”

“ Yes, dear, very ; and what is your revenge to be ? ”

“ Oh, I know ; I will tell you ; he just deserves it. Mr. Matthews has said that he will turn away any boy out of the school who uses the Key to the Grammar Exercises. Well, I saw Charles using one yesterday, and I will tell of him, I am determined.”

“ Listen to me a moment, Basil. Charles is only at school for one more year. At the end of that time, a gentleman has promised, if he behaves well, to place him in a situation where, in a few years, he will be able to support his widowed mother. Do you think the gentleman will give him his situation if he is turned in disgrace from school ? And what would be the disappointment of his aged mother, to think that her son, who, she hoped, would support and comfort her latter days, had disgraced himself ! Surely he would bring down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.”

“ Oh, Alice ! ” exclaimed Basil, with tears in his eyes, “ I never thought of all that : no, I would not ruin poor Charley for the world.”

“ This would be glorious revenge, my dear boy,” said Alice, quietly.

“ Oh, no, no, dear Alice ! I never, never could be so wicked as that, though Charles

did make me very angry at the time; but you know I should like to punish him a little for it."

"Well, Basil, I know a way to punish him, and to have a really glorious revenge."

"Alice, dear, pray tell me," said Basil.

"Well, do you remember the text, 'Be not overcome with evil,'—what comes next?"

"Why, 'but overcome evil with good,' to be sure, Alice. I know what you mean now."

"Well, then, think over what a glorious revenge you can have by obeying the command in that text, my dear;" and Alice left the room.

Basil did not sit thinking long before he decided what he would do. With Alice's permission, on the following day he invited Charles West to tea. He was much surprised on receiving the invitation, but accepted it. They had a very pleasant evening together. The principal amusement consisted in sailing Basil's ships on a pond in the garden; for the finest, Charles expressed great admiration; but the time for his return to school came. Basil took him up to his play room—"Charley," said he, "you admired the Hero most of all my vessels, so I will make you a present of it."

"Oh, no," cried Charles, stepping back, "I could not think of such a thing."

"Oh, but, Charley, you must have it.

Alice lets me do what I like with my ships, and I can make myself another just like it ; and papa says if Mr. Matthews will allow you, you can come up on Saturday and sail it with mine, and I will teach you how to make ships too."

Charles turned away his head to hide his tears.

"Basil," he exclaimed, as they bid each other good night, "I will never try to injure you again, as I did yesterday ; no, I never will. Good night, dear Basil."

From that day Charles and Basil were firm friends. Charles was easily persuaded never to use the key to the exercises again ; he always after tried to imitate his friend's example, and he gained the esteem of his master, and the love of his schoolfellows. My young readers, was not Basil Lee's a glorious revenge?

"BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

KATIE BLAKE was the daughter of pious people, who lived in a small cottage, about half a mile from the town of N——. She had one sister a little younger than herself. They went to school at N——, and had a very kind mistress, who taught them many nice verses from the Bible, besides writing, arithmetic, reading, and sewing.

They had two gardens, one in front of the house, full of flowers, where Katie worked in the evenings; and another at the back, which was full of vegetables and fruit. Her father used to sell the plants and flowers at the market.

One day in the middle of July, when Mrs. Blake had gone to market, Katie and Margaret were left by themselves at home. They had been told that they might work in their flower garden, and then go and see little Mary Brown, a friend of theirs; but that they must not go into the fruit garden at all.

After playing in the garden for some time, they went to see their friend, but they found she had gone out with her mother; so they came home, and Katie took her book and read a story to Margaret, and then learned her task for the next day. After this was done, she had nothing to do, so she went into the house, and there was Maggie fast asleep on the floor. So she went out again, and as she passed along, she saw the back-garden door open, and she was tempted to go in; but then she remembered that little verse, "*Children, obey your parents in all things,*" Col. iii. 20. But then again, she thought, they will never know—and so she went in.

The first thing next the door was a large bed of strawberry plants, covered with the red ripe fruit. She picked a good many, and ate them, and then she went to a rasp-

berry bush, and was just putting some berries into her mouth, when she heard Maggie calling her, and then she ran out as fast as she could. Her father and mother had come home; but they did not know where she had come from, nor did they question her. So she thought herself very lucky.

But do you think she was happy? Oh, no! She knew that God had seen her, and that He had written her sin down. So that evening, when she went to bed, she prayed to Him to forgive her, and she felt happier; still her parents did not know it, and she wished she could tell them, but she was afraid. Then she got into bed.

Very soon after, her mother came to her: "Here," said she, "is one of your handkerchiefs; it was found in the back garden, how did it get there?" Katie was almost going to say she did not know; but she thought how grieved her parents would be when they found her out, for she had been taught that verse, "Be sure your sin will find you out." So she confessed it all to her mother, who said she was very glad she had been saved from the sin of a lie, and was sorry for her disobedience; so after asking God to bless and forgive her, and keep her from temptation, she left her for the night.

I hope, dear little readers, that when you are tempted to do wrong, you will remember that verse, "Be sure your sin will find you out," Numb. xxxii. 23.

HELENA.

Prayer. ---

**"I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME, AND
THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL
FIND ME."**

JESUS loves you, little children,
Loved you ever, loves you now,
Loves to hear the prayers you offer,
When before His throne you bow.

Little can you do to serve Him,
But that little will He heed,
Ever pouring out a blessing
On each gentle, kindly deed.

Small are all your little troubles,
But large enough for His dear love,
Large enough for Him to carry,
Him to soothe from heaven above.

Slight are all your little pleasures,
Yet He deigns to take a share,
Deigns to smile when you are happy,
In each joy Himself is there.

'Twas for you His spirit tasted
Such a bitter cup of woe;
And he lived an earthly infant,
That you might a Saviour know.

When upon the cross so freely
Jesus shed His precious blood,
'Twas that lambs, as well as elders,
Might be reconciled to God.

Now He's still in glory living,
Lives a Man, and yet a King—
Lives, that He all little children
Might to God the Father bring.

For He loves the tender blossom
Fondly as the full-blown rose,
And He smiles when, pure and spotless,
Bright in heaven it fully blows.

Come then, children, to this Saviour,
Lift your little hands to Him;
You have a Lord who longs to cleanse you
From the guilt and power of sin.

W. E. E.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

57. FIND these words, "The answer of the tongue is from the Lord."

58. To whom did Jesus first appear after His resurrection?

59. How was it made known to Zacharias that he should have a son?

60. Where is it written, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning"?

61. Upon what island was Paul shipwrecked on his way to Rome?

62. Who "beheld the transgressors, and was grieved because they kept not God's law"?

63. Where is it written, "There shall Jerusalem be holy, and there shall no strangers pass through her any more"?

64. Who were the people who "gladly received Jesus, for they were all waiting for Him"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(49.) Gen. vii. 24. (50.) Job xxiii. 16. (51.) 2 Kings ii. 7, 8. (52.) Luke xix. 13. (53.) Luke xix. 2—4. (54.) Hos. xiii. 10. (55.) Judges vii. 25, and viii. 12—21. (56.) 1 John ii. 1.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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A SISTER'S LOVE.

MARY VANE, a native of a small town in the south of France, was left an orphan at the early age of fourteen, with one little brother, just seven years old, to take care

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of. She had to depend entirely upon her own exertions for both her support and that of her poor afflicted brother, who had been dumb from his infancy. But Mary was exceedingly fond of "her boy," (as she used to call him,) and though so young, acted quite a mother's part towards him. She employed her time in making lace, in which occupation she was greatly skilled, and managed, by great industry and attention, to earn sufficient for their daily need. But I am sorry to tell you that Mary had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and in that religion she was educating her little brother.

One day, when returning home from church, she met two girls who had evidently been on a pilgrimage somewhere. Mary stopped one of them, and asked where she had been. The girl replied, that they had just returned from the great well of St. O——, where they had been to pray that their mother might be cured of an illness under which she had been suffering some time, and they hoped to find her quite well when they got home.

Now, dear children, I must tell you, that some of the common people amongst the Roman Catholics are very superstitious, and these poor people thought the well of St. O—— was sacred, because, in a time of persecution, some of their greatest men had been killed, and their bodies had been thrown down this well; and many miracles

were supposed to be wrought there, so that it was the general resort of all who had any particular wish which they wanted gratified. They thought that if they offered up prayers to the departed saints, who had met with their deaths on that spot, they should be sure to be answered.

As soon as Mary had learnt all this, the thought struck her, "I wonder if I was to walk there and pray, whether the saints would make my poor brother speak."

Now Mary was a girl who wished to do what was right; she acted up to what she believed to be her duty; and she no sooner heard of this wonderful well, than she thought she ought to try what it would do in her brother's case. The boy was most unhappy at the idea of parting with his sister, but nothing could now deter her from going. So, after making necessary arrangements for the comfort of her little brother, she took a small bundle in her hand, and set off on her weary pilgrimage. Many, many weary miles did this affectionate sister walk; now over rough, uneven paths till her feet were aching with pain; now climbing mountains, with nothing but a little handkerchief to protect her from the broiling sun. On, on she went, sleeping under hedges, or in old barns, and buoyed up through all, with the hope that her journey would be crowned with success.

At last she gained the wished-for spot, and, kneeling down, implored most ear-

nestly that the saints would have pity on her brother.

While kneeling here, an English clergyman, who was travelling through the country, chanced to visit the place, and, coming up to her, noticed her weary, anxious look, and as soon as her prayer was ended, he spoke to her, saying,

“You look weary, my good girl; have you travelled many miles?”

“Yes, very many,” answered Mary; and, looking up in the stranger’s face, felt encouraged by its kind expression, to tell him her story.

Mr. G—— was much pleased with the girl’s modest manner, and was interested in her simple tale, and he felt very sorry that she should be in such error. So he talked to her about Jesus; he tried to show her that the saints to whom she prayed had no power to answer her, and that it is the name of Jesus *alone* that unlocks the blessings of heaven. After talking for some time here, they parted.

But as Mary remained to rest near the well for a day or two, she often saw the clergyman; and the word spoken, by God’s blessing, found its way into her heart, and she arose to go home, convinced of the error of her religion, and determined henceforth to seek God *alone*, through Christ.

A few days’ brisk travelling brought Mary again in sight of her little home, and many were her hopes and fears about her little

brother. But what was her consternation, when she approached nearer, to see her house burned to the ground! She turned pale with fear and horror, and began to think it was a judgment on her for having forsaken her own religion; but this sudden doubt soon gave place to joyous smiles and heartfelt gratitude, when she saw her dear little brother, whom she had given up for lost, come bounding towards her, exclaiming, in broken accents, "Sister! sister!" She could scarcely believe her senses, and it was not till she had learned from the neighbours the cause of this glad surprise, that she was able at all to believe it.

It appeared that through some accident a fire had broken out in the night, and the fright had unloosened the strings of the boy's tongue. The neighbours were not in time to save the house, for being made of wood, it burned rapidly; but they were able to rescue the poor child, and finding what the fire had done for his speech, they tried to teach him to talk, and the first word he was taught to lisp was, "Sister!"

Here is an instance of a loving sister, who was well rewarded for her love, by finding a true religion instead of a false one, and a speaking, instead of a dumb brother.

M. G.

MRS. ALLISON AND HER GRAND-CHILDREN.

IN a quiet little village in Yorkshire lived old Mrs. Allison and her four grandchildren. She was a very pious old woman, and loved her little charges very dearly. Emma, the eldest, was a very good child; she was always ready to give up to her little brothers and cousins; and she never enjoyed anything which they could not have. She was ten years old. Her cousin Fanny was very different: she was selfish, and ill-natured, and did not take half as much care of her grandmother as Emma did. She was of the same age as Emma. Her little brother Frank was five; he was very strong, and active, and obedient, and very fond of his grandmother and Emma; but he was rather idle, and did not like going to school. Robert, the youngest, was two years old; he was Fanny's cousin, and a very good child.

One day Mrs. Allison was not very well; she did not come down to breakfast. As it was Saturday, and a holiday, the children were all going into some woods near home to have a scramble.

"Emma," said Fanny, "one of us must stay at home to-day to take care of grandmother."

"Yes," said Emma, "I will stay at home."

So Emma stayed at home very willingly,

though she felt sorry not to go into the woods. At ten o'clock they set out, taking their dinners with them. Robert was very cross, and gave Emma a great deal of trouble, and once or twice she wished she had gone to the woods; but then she remembered that she was doing her duty, and that thought made her happy. She took her Bible, and read a chapter to her grandmother, who explained it very nicely to her; and she then said her tasks to her for her Sunday-school. After dinner her grandmother was much better, so Emma took her work and went to sit under an old tree, on the bank of a pleasant stream. Here she said her lesson to herself while she worked; it was the 34th Psalm: "I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall continually be in my mouth."

"How much cause have I to bless the Lord," thought she, "for the nice cottage we live in, for our dear grandmother to teach us, and for a school to go to; but, more than all, that He sent His own Son to die for me; and that He who is so powerful and good should come to be a man and a servant, and go through so much pain and trouble, and then be nailed to a cross!"

While she was sitting here, she heard some one come up beside her; she looked up, and saw Mrs. Stuart, who lived in a large house called the Grange, a little way off. This lady showed Emma some wild

flowers, which she wished to have some more of; and she asked Emma to look for some about the woods, and to bring them to the Grange. Emma said she should be very glad to do it, and went to see if her grandmother wanted anything. Mrs. Allison said that as Fanny would be back directly, she might go.

Emma found it very hard work to find the flowers, for she did not know the least where they grew. She heard the church clock strike four, and began to feel very hungry; so she looked into her flower-basket, and found a little parcel in it, which contained some nice little sandwiches and a cup.

"Oh! kind, dear grandmother! to put this for me," said she; for those who are kind to others always feel kindness most themselves. At last she found a bed of the flowers she was seeking, and she picked them all.

When she got home she was very tired, so she asked Fanny if she would take the basket to the Grange.

"I had much rather not," said Fanny.

"Oh! let me take it for you," said Frank.

"If grandmother will let you, you shall come with me, Frank," said Emma.

Mrs. Allison had no objection; so they both went. Mrs. Stuart was very much pleased with them, and she gave them each half-a-crown, to their great delight.

Emma spent her present in a pair of spectacles for grandmother, and a Prayer-book for Fanny. Frank bought a nice silver thimble for Emma, and a little play horse for Robert, and another for himself.

After this, Emma grew up to be a very nice young woman, and went on in the same way that she had done before, always thinking of the pleasure it was to please; and "that it is more blessed to give than to receive." I hope, dear reader, that you will remember this story, and think, when you are tempted to be selfish, of Emma and Fanny.

CLARA.

BAD TEMPER.

GEORGE B—— lives in the town of S——. This little boy used to be a source of much trouble to his friends, on account of a bad temper, which would take fire at the most trifling causes. But lately, he seems to have overcome his temper, in a great measure, and is now anxious to endear himself to his parents and friends.

I will tell my little readers what George did to get mastery of his wicked passions.

A young lady, who is very much attached to good children, and who always makes them as happy as possible, when she is with them, spent a few weeks in George's family. He would, no doubt, have been her favourite, had he only been able to govern his

temper while she was at his father's; but he had not learned to restrain himself, even before his kind friend. She was often sadly grieved by his conduct.

Just before she left, this kind lady resolved to talk to little George, to show him the evil of giving way so much to his wicked passions, and endeavour to persuade him to make an effort to govern that temper, which was causing himself and his friends so much trouble. So she took him aside, and with all the tenderness and faithfulness of a sister, told him of his fault, and how he might overcome it. She told him how wicked it was in the sight of God for him to indulge his wicked anger; showed him how unhappy it made himself and his friends, and how certainly he would be punished with the wicked for ever, unless he broke away from this naughty spirit.

She then left him, and returned to her home, no doubt remembering him often in her prayers, that God would forgive him, and make him a better and a happier boy.

George could not forget the conversation of his pious friend. He was convinced of his fault, and determined at once to change his conduct. A few weeks after the lady left, he requested a sister to write to her, while he sat down by his sister's side, and told her what he wished written. I will give a short sentence from the letter.

"To-day is my birth-day, and I have resolved to follow your advice, and never

more, if I can help it, indulge in anger. I mean always to *fight* against my wicked temper, which makes me very unhappy—displeases my parents and kind friends, and makes God my enemy.”

Now, when George thought of God being angry with him, he prayed to Him to forgive him, and enable him to overcome his wicked passions—for the lady who talked with him, and made him resolve to be a better boy, was a very pious lady, and knew that he could not do anything without God's help.

The mother of this little boy told me, a few months after he made this resolution, that he had almost wholly kept his resolution, and, when he forgot it for a moment, he showed his sorrow by trying harder afterward to forget it no more.

Now, will not my little friends who are made unhappy by wicked tempers imitate George? He said, “*I will fight against my temper;*” and now he is much more happy than ever he was before, and is beloved by all who know him. Will not you follow him in so noble a resolution, and pray God to help you to drive away from your hearts such a dreadful enemy to your happiness? Remember, you *must break* your unkind and evil habits, or they will make you more and more unhappy while you live, and at last will make you miserable for ever. If, while young, you let angry feelings have their own way, they will grow worse and worse every year—will make you and your

friends very unhappy; and, what is far worse, will, if not overcome, and forgiven, shut you out for ever from the happiness of heaven.

If you want to know what the Bible says about the wickedness of indulging angry feelings, read Matthew v. 21—24; 2 Kings v. 11, 12, and the story of Cain, and ask your parents or teachers to explain them.

THE HARVEST FIELD.

WHEN there had been many very hot days, and the sun had shone without a cloud, till the earth was quite dry and thirsty, then the corn began to ripen fast, and became a golden brown. Then the farmer told his men to prepare for their harvest work. So they finished all their other jobs, and the women got their clothes ready; and the village school broke up, and the children came out to join in the general work.

It was a glorious sight, this harvest time. How busy they all were! The men cut, the women bound up the sheaves, the children made the bands. Much hard work was done, for the corn was thick, and the sun was hot. And much money was earned, *for the labourer is worthy of his hire*; and harvest wages go far to clear off old debts, and to pay rent, and buy shoes and clothes for the winter.

Then the people, as they worked, looked at the corn, and thought how the good crop would bring cheap bread. And some of them thanked God for all his kindness, and resolved to serve and to love him better. Some, I am sorry to say, forgot all about Him, and used bad words, and drank too much drink. This was not the way to return his kindness!

The dogs ran about, and caught many young birds and mice in the field, till they were quite tired; and laid down panting, with their tongues hanging out.



The children became tired much sooner than the men and women, who worked on till long after the sun had set. Two of them did a very ingenious thing. They made a little bower of the sheaves, and crept into it; and there they went fast to

sleep, well shaded from the sun, till the evening came on, and the dew fell. Then they walked home, and after saying their prayers, threw themselves on their little beds till the morning.

There is one thing I always think of in a harvest-field. It is this. How many of these people will be alive another harvest time? How many of them will be lying silent and quiet under the ground in the churchyard, instead of busily working in the field, the next year? I hope they sometimes think of this, and are preparing for death and another world, by seeking the Saviour to pardon them, and the Holy Spirit to make them holy.

THE ROSE-COLOURED SPECTACLES.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I am going to tell you how you may encourage a contented spirit, if you have not that blessing already.

First, you must pray to God to help you in your efforts; and then you must try yourself, by looking brightly and cheerfully at everything about you. Think how much you have to be thankful and grateful to God for. Think of the kind friends and comforts He has surrounded you with. The poorest, lowliest child who reads this has reason to be grateful for something—for health, or a home, or kind parents, or

friends, or food, or raiment, or instruction which you receive.

I will tell you a story which will help you to remember what I say. A little girl one day went with her mamma to Richmond. On the hill (from which there is a beautiful view) there was a man who had several glasses, and these he offered to people to look through, for which they gave him money. They were coloured glasses—blue, yellow, rose-colour, etc. Mary looked through them at the landscape—first, through the yellow glass. “Oh, I don’t like that, mamma; it is not at all pretty.” The blue glass did not please her either. “Oh, that is so cold-looking, and so dark and ugly.” Then the rose-coloured was tried; upon which she exclaimed, “Mamma, do look! this is lovely! I wish I could always see through that glass; it would be always like summer, so bright and warm.” Her mamma smiled as she said, “Well, dear, you have the power within yourself of making everything look bright. It is the state your mind and feelings are in which makes the same thing look bright or dark. Sometimes a child is good and contented; and then her toys, her books, her work, her friends, all seem to look bright and cheerful, and nothing comes amiss. Sometimes she is cross and discontented, and then everything looks dark and dismal.” “Oh, mamma,” said Mary, “I will try to think of that when I

feel unhappy at any disappointment. I will look through the rose-coloured glass, and then all will seem bright, and '*for the best,*' as you tell me things are intended to be, if we can only think so." It is wrong and wicked to be discontented and complaining, when all around us ought to make us just the reverse.

I will tell you about two brothers who were once on a visit to their uncle in the country. Their uncle sent them one morning to take a walk, while he was busy in his library. He told them to be away about two hours, and directed them where to go. Harry was the first to appear before his uncle on their return, who said, "Well, my boy, your walk has done you good; how healthy you look!" "Oh, uncle, we have had such a delightful walk!"—and he began to describe all he had seen with much glee. Presently Edward walked slowly in. "Why, what is the matter, Ned?" said his uncle. "Oh, I am so tired! that walk was so long, I thought we should never get back again. It was so dull and stupid; we never met a creature, but some children going to school, and a woman coming from market." I shall not repeat any more this little boy said. He certainly did not see the rose-coloured spectacles, or he would have enjoyed his walk, and seen all as brightly as his brother did. I hope all who read this will try and look cheerfully on everything;

and, by being happy themselves, they contribute to the happiness and comfort of those around them.

"If I am right, oh! teach my heart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, Thy grace impart,
To find that better way.

"Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness sent."

M. A.

"I AM FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE."

PSA. CXXXIX. 40.

THE Psalm from which these words are taken is full of David's feelings regarding the power and wisdom of God. He saw God in *everything*. He could trace God's hand in every plant that grew, in everything that breathed. And surely no thoughtful child can look upon all the beauties and wonders which surround him in every walk he takes, without feeling something of the power and wisdom of God. Every blade of grass, every simple flower that grows, every tiny insect that creeps on the earth, may lead us to say with Watts:

"Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn my eyes,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the skies."

My dear little friends, do you not often pass by without heeding many of God's small, though beautiful, works?

A great English poet tells us that we may find

“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

David in this psalm was thinking of the wonderful way in which he himself was made, and I want you for a short time to do the same. Do you ever think what a wonderful piece of machinery is your own *body*? You know, of course, that it is composed of various members, eyes, hands, feet, etc., etc.; but did you ever think of the different parts of which each member is composed, and how surprising it is that we can bend and move them as we will? Now let us take the *hand*, and examine it a little.

In the wrist are eight bones; they are so closely connected that they form a sort of ball, which moves on the ends of the bones of the fore arms. Beyond these, and towards the fingers, is another row of bones, which give support to the bones of the fingers; and in the hand altogether there are twenty-nine bones, including those in the wrist, which give strength, and the power of moving the hand. Then in each finger there are three joints, which enable you to bend it about. Then over all these bones is a kind of net-work of veins and muscles; the former filled with blood, the latter giving

strength ; and these again are covered with a beautiful silky covering, called skin.

Now this is but a very short and imperfect account of the formation of your hand, and yet I am sure it is enough to show us what wisdom and care God has taken in making even this one small member of our body. There are other parts of your body which are more wonderful in their construction than this ; and, perhaps, some day we may be able to notice them. Meanwhile, may we not well join David in his hearty exclamation, and say, " I will praise Thee, O God, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made ; marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well ! " E.

A SEA-SIDE WALK.

" COME, children, now for a walk," said Mrs. Wyatt to her little boy and girl, who were seated near her. " Ellen, run to nurse, and ask her to put on your hat and scarf ; and you, Freddy, put away that map, and we will go and take a stroll on the beach this lovely evening. Make haste, for the sun will soon sink behind the hill."

Ellen and Freddy obeyed, and were soon ready to accompany their mamma in her sea-side walk.

" Look at that beautiful vessel," said Mrs. Wyatt, " how swiftly she is gliding

on! All her sails are unfurled, that she may catch every passing breeze. Perhaps she is freighted with a precious cargo, or perhaps she is a missionary ship, with those on board who are leaving their native shores to preach the Gospel to the heathen. Well, may God speed the noble ship, and bring her safely to the desired haven! But think to how many dangers that vessel and her crew will be exposed during the voyage. The shoals and quicksands must be guarded against, and the compass must be consulted if all is to go on well. Now, dear children, you are like that vessel. In your voyage through life you will be exposed to many temptations and trials; your little bark will be tossed about with many of this world's storms. But God in His mercy has given *you* a *compass*, which will enable you to steer your course safely, and that compass is *the Bible*. Take your Bible, consult it continually and prayerfully, and it will be a sure guide for you to the port of heaven."

"Oh! mamma," said Ellen, "I do not think I shall ever look at my Bible now without thinking of that ship, and this lovely evening walk."

"Freddy, look at those pretty shells. Why, they are limpets: how closely they stick to the rocks! Ah! you cannot pull them off. Those little limpets teach us a lesson; they teach us that we should cling closely to Jesus; and as they find safety on that rock, so when storms and tempests

come upon us, we shall find our best safety in Jesus, the Rock of Ages!

"Now, just take up a handful of that sand. Can you number the grains? No, I think not. Neither can you number all the mercies with which God has blessed you both; they are more than the sands on the sea-shore. Ellen, dear, do you think you could repeat those pretty lines Aunt Jane taught you the other day?"

"I will try, dear mamma:

"In every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee;
Firm as the rocks Thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an overflowing tide.

"In every object here I see
Something, my heart, that points to thee;
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And like the tides in constant motion."

"Thank you, my love; we must now return home, as it is getting late, and papa will be waiting tea." IOTA.

THE SEAL.

THE seal is a curious animal, which can live both on land and water, but is generally found in the latter, though, of course, it must come to the surface to breathe. In shape, its body resembles a fish; and its

feet are rather like fins, and are better fitted for swimming than for walking, for when it is on land it crawls along in a very awkward way. It is about five feet long, and is covered with smooth, thick hair, of a colour inclining to black. Seals live upon fish, in catching which they are very clever. They often come on shore, and lay on the sands while they suckle their young.

Seals are found on the northern coasts of Europe and America, and are often caught on the shores of Scotland. They are hunted for their skins, as they are useful in making warm clothes, which are of great service to the people of the cold countries, where seals are found.

Ships are sent out for the purpose of obtaining these animals, and they are killed by either shooting them, or by knocking them down with clubs.

Seals are easily tamed, and may be made to become quite familiar; and one in the Frith of Forth, near Edinburgh, was accustomed always to follow his master's boat, and would snatch a stick from his hand like a dog.

There is a curious kind of seal, called the elephant seal; so named because it has a long snout, which is thought somewhat to resemble an elephant's trunk. This sort is found in the seas towards the South Pole.

Prayer. ---

HYMN FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

WHERE is the holy Jesus?
 He lives in heaven above;
 He looks upon good children
 With tenderness and love.

Where is the holy Jesus?
 His home is everywhere;
 He loves that little children
 Should speak to Him in prayer.

Once He came down from Heaven,
 And became a little child;
 He was so good and dutiful,
 Obedient, meek, and mild.

He had no naughty temper,
 He said no angry word,
 And all good little children
 Should be like Christ their Lord.

And He will make them holy,
 And teachable, and mild,
 And will send His blessed Spirit
 To every Christian child.

Then every night and morning,
 When I kneel down to pray,
 I will ask the holy Jesus
 To bless me day by day.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

65. Who were reminded, "Your eyes have seen all the great acts of the Lord"?

66. By which of the prophets does God say, "I will not keep anger for ever"?

67. Who are they that "shall be denied before the angels of God"?

68. What good king refused to have his ships manned with the sailors of a bad king?

69. Who had this warning given to them: "See that ye fall not out by the way"?

70. If you "wait on the Lord, and be of good courage," what will follow?

71. Who speaks of God as having "covered himself with a cloud, so that prayer should not pass through"?

72. Who said of himself, "Serving the Lord with all humility, and with many tears"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(57.) Prov. xvi. 1. (58.) Mark xvi. 9. (59.) Luke i. 13. (60.) Psa. xxx. 5. (61.) Acts xxviii. 1. (62.) Psa. cxix. 158. (63.) Joel iii. 17. (64.) Luke viii. 40.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY
THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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“THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.”

“Oh, papa, do look at these beautiful large pears!” said Johnny Lane, a boy, of about seven years old, to his father, as they walked round the garden, one fine summer afternoon.

L

"Yes, my little fellow; do you want one?" kindly asked Mr. Lane, as he patted little Johnny affectionately on the cheek.

"Oh! papa, may I really have one?" As Mr. Lane felt them, he answered, "Not just yet, my boy; they are scarcely ripe; wait a few days, and then they will be fit to eat. You see, there are only three; that is, one for mamma, one for papa, and one for little Johnny."

But this little boy had not a very large stock of patience, and he could not help thinking of the nice large pear, and wishing he had not to wait two or three days for it. It was one of Mr. Lane's rules, that Johnny should never touch any fruit in the garden, without either his own or his mamma's permission.

Now Johnny was generally very obedient, but this time he felt very much inclined to disobey his kind parent. But though he looked with very longing eyes at the pear-tree, he had not an opportunity of carrying out his wish at once, for Mr. and Mrs. Lane stayed at home, and did not go out to dinner that day till after Johnny was in bed.

It was a lovely, moonlight night, and the stars were shining very brightly; and as little Johnny lay awake in his little bed, his thoughts were still of the pear, and how much he should like it; so, after a little while, he jumped up, and peeped through the blind, to see if he could see the tree.

Yes, there he could see it, standing on the lawn, with the three large pears hanging from it; and, as he looked, he thought to himself, "Well, I don't think there could be any harm in my taking *my* pear, for papa said I might have it; I don't care about mine being so ripe." And the next thought was, "I will go and get it!" So he dressed himself as quickly as possible, and ran down into the garden.

As he approached the pear-tree, he began to feel very uneasy, for his conscience was whispering to him to turn back; but he heeded it not. However, on putting up his hand to take the pear, he brushed aside some leaves close by, and there shone brightly, through the opening made, a beautiful little star; and as he gazed at it, he thought it was God's eye. This thought troubled him much; he could not bear to think that God knew what he was doing, for his conscience told him he was doing wrong, and that all his excuses were foolish. So Johnny left the pear untouched on the tree, and walked quietly up to his little room, buried his face in his pillow, sobbing violently, and did not go to sleep that night, till he had asked his heavenly Father to forgive him for having been so naughty.

Dear little reader, will you try and remember, whenever you are tempted to do anything wrong, that God is looking at you? Little Johnny was, of course, wrong in

thinking the star was God's eye, but he was not wrong in thinking that God was looking at him. Though his papa and mamma were away, and the servants were busy in the kitchen, there was one who was with him, who is with us all, at all times, by night and day,—who sees not only all we do, and hears all we say, but knows what we *think* about. And that Being is our kind heavenly Father. Will you not fear to grieve Him? Oh! try to love Him, as He deserves to be loved, for all His goodness to you; and then when you are tempted to do anything that is not quite right, just say to yourself, "My Father is close by me, looking at me; if I do it, He will see it, and it will grieve Him; I will not do it." And is that all? will that keep you from doing wrong? No, dear children; you are too weak to be able to resist temptation only by saying that; you must add, "*Help* me, heavenly Father, to withstand this;" or, "help me to do that;" and then you need not fear; as He is looking at you, He must know what you want, and will be quite sure to give it you. Since you never can go anywhere where God's eye is not, try always so to think, and speak, and act, that you may be always looking at it; so shall your Father "guide you with His eye," instead of driving you with His hand.

M. G.

GOD'S HAND IN THE SEA.

(Continued from page 164.)

THE sultry breeze of August gently stirred the venetian blinds of Uncle William's parlour. There sat the old gentleman, arrayed in cool attire, trying to read. Even the rocking chair seemed to share in the general laziness, for it stood almost motionless. The voices of the three children, Rose, Albert, and Harry, were heard in the garden. Uncle William could not distinguish the words, but he marked that the tones were rather sad. Presently a light tapping came to the parlour door, and in walked Harry, his step less bounding than usual. Uncle William looked up from his old brown volumes to welcome his little friend.

Harry immediately began, "I never saw anything so provoking in all my life, uncle; my pretty petunia is withering away, and I am sure it will soon die."

The speech closed with a small sob. Uncle William knew what so many grown people forget, that children's trials, though apparently slight, are great burdens to them. He drew the little fellow to him, and said, "Cheer up, Harry, we will give it an extra draught of water to-night, and it will be all right to-morrow, I dare say. The poor thing is feverish with thirst, and no wonder; but Harry must not catch a fever too; so sit down quietly by me:" and so saying, he took the little hot hand in his.

Harry's tears were soon dried, and looking up in that dear, kind, old face, he said, coaxingly, "Uncle, you promised to tell me something more about the sea."

"Well, what about it, Harry?"

The little boy stared at a chart of the world which hung on the wall, and then said,

"I want to know, uncle, why there is so little land, and so much sea?"

"I suppose if you had made the world," said uncle, laughing, "that you would only have had a strip of water large enough for a few ships to sail along; then where would the rain have come from to refresh the earth?"

"Does the rain come from the sea, uncle? I thought it came from the clouds."

"And how are these clouds made, Harry?"

"Oh, I thought they just came out of the sky, uncle."

"I'll read you something about it here," said the old gentleman, adjusting his spectacles; Solomon tells us in Eccles. i. 7, 'All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full: unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.' Now you see, Harry, all the rivers don't make the sea any fuller, because the clouds draw up from it as much as the rivers pour in."

"But, uncle, what forces the water up into the clouds?"

“The sun and the winds, Harry. You have noticed that when clothes are drying, the sun and wind take all the moisture out of them? The air is very fond of moisture, and the warmer it is, the more moisture it can hold without your seeing it. It has been discovered lately that there are constant currents of wind going round the world. For example, we will fancy ourselves travelling with some air just now at the South Pole. It is so cold there that the air has no moisture in it at all. It comes gradually north, till, as it gets near the Equator, it gets warmer, and more loaded with moisture. (You remember that the Equator is a band round the earth’s waist, like yours.) We cross this Equator with one portion of air. Arriving at the tropic of Cancer (a band round the earth further north), the air comes down, and forms our south-west winds. These are like a sponge, very full of damp; and as they go north, the cold makes them less able to hold that moisture, so clouds are formed, and down comes the rain. Farther north, they send down snow, as in Lapland; then they get completely dried, whirl round the pole, and come back again. So you see, Harry, God has made this great machinery that our fields may be watered by those damp winds as they go north, and dried up by the north winds as they come south.”

Rose and Albert had entered during the explanation.

"Now, Rose," said uncle, "give me a Bible verse about the wind."

Rose repeated, "Awake, O north wind, and come thou south; blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out," Cant. iv. 16. And Albert chose John iii. 8, "The wind bloweth where it listeth," etc. Uncle read Eccles. i. 6, to the children; and the children returned to the garden.

LITTLE ABIJAH.

Mamma.—I think I told you that Jeroboam became king over the ten tribes of Israel. I want now to tell you something about his little boy, whose name was Abijah.

Fanny.—What does that name mean, mamma?

M.—It means, "The Lord, my Father." I do not suppose that Jeroboam thought much about the meaning of the name when he gave it to him, since he was a very wicked man, and is repeatedly spoken of as having "made Israel to sin."

F.—How did he make Israel to sin, mamma?

M.—By setting up two golden calves, and telling the people to worship them, instead of serving the Lord.

F.—Why did he do that, mamma?

M.—Because Rehoboam lived at Jerusalem; and he was afraid that if the people went there to worship the Lord, they would

leave him, and join Rehoboam again. But he was very foolish to suppose that he would prosper by *disobeying* God. Besides, He had sent an especial message to him by a prophet, telling him that, if he would *obey* His voice, and walk in His ways, He would give Israel to him, and his children should reign after him.

F.—He would have been much wiser if he had done *just what God told him to do*, would he not, mamma?

M.—He would, dear; and we may always be sure, that no worldly good which we get by *sinning* will profit us in the end; and though we may sometimes get into difficulties by obeying God, yet it is best to go *straight on*, and we may be sure that all will come right at last.

F.—What were you going to tell me about Jeroboam's little boy, mamma?

M.—He was taken very ill, and Jeroboam wished to know whether he would recover; so he told his wife to go to the prophet, who had told him that he should be king, and to ask him whether the child would die, or get well again. But as he knew that the prophet would not approve of his wicked conduct, he told his wife not to say who she was, but to pretend to be somebody else. He thought that as the prophet was blind, and could not see her, he would not know.

F.—That was very foolish, mamma, because, if he was able to tell whether the

child would recover or not, of course he would know *whose* child he was.

M.—And so he did; for the Lord told him before she came, and gave him a message for her, saying how angry He was with Jeroboam, and that He would punish him for his wickedness; also, that Abijah should die, and be buried, and mourned over, because in him there was found “some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel.” But He said that all his other children should be killed, and be devoured by dogs, or birds of prey.

F.—I suppose, mamma, that God loved Abijah because he was a good child?

M.—Rather, my dear, we should say, that because God loved him, He made him good; that is, He washed away his sins, and gave him a new heart. We must never for a moment suppose that there is anything good in us to draw the favour of God, for there is nothing good in any one by nature. God loves His dear Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and for *His sake* He loves every poor sinner who believes in Him, and looks to *Him alone* for salvation.

F.—I wonder, mamma, who taught him what was good? I should not think his father did.

M.—We should have thought it impossible for Abijah, situated as he was, to serve the Lord; but “the things which are impossible with men are possible with God.”

We are not told what means the Lord used, or whether He used any; perhaps He taught him Himself. And this is an encouragement to every child who desires to follow the Lord, but is amongst those who do not fear or love Him; for what He did for little Abijah *then*, He can do for them *now*.

F.—But still, mamma, it is a good thing to have friends to teach us; is it not?

M.—Oh, yes, dear! and those who have pious friends should thank God every day for them, and remember that He will expect more from them than He will from those children who have no one to guide them aright.

F.—I should think, mamma, that after Abijah began to love God, he must have felt very sorry to see the people worshipping the golden calves.

M.—I have no doubt it gave him pain. Those who love the Lord always feel grieved to see others despising Him; and we are told that the priests and Levites, and all those who set their hearts to seek the Lord, left the places over which Jeroboam reigned, and went to Jerusalem, where they could serve the Lord aright.

F.—And did poor little Abijah die, mamma?

M.—He did, my dear; but we may be sure that the Lord did not forget him while he lay sick on his bed; but His eye was on Him, and He comforted him, as He does now every poor sick child who loves His

name. And it was a happy day for him when he was taken away from sin, and sickness, and pain, to live with the Lord, and be happy for ever. But though the day of death is a joyful time to *all* whose sins are blotted out, yet it is a sad and gloomy day to those who have never sought God's forgiveness, for it is the beginning of endless misery.

F.—I dare say his father and mother were sorry when he died.

M.—Not only his parents, but we are told that *all Israel* mourned for him. Though he was only a little boy, they could see that he feared the Lord; for the Bible says, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right," Prov. xx. 11. And perhaps God's people looked forward to his being a good king some day; but he was far happier to live with God in heaven, than to be a king on earth.

F.—Do you think, mamma, that it is better to die young than it is to live to be old?

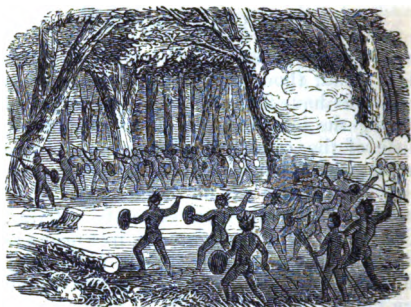
M.—It is best, dear, to have no wish about it, but leave it to the Lord to choose for us. Our desire should be, that *all* our life, whether it be *long* or *short*, should be spent to the glory of God. If our hearts are *wholly* given up to Him, we shall be willing to stay on earth as long as He has anything for us to do here, and rejoice to go whenever He calls us.

P.

AUSTRALIAN BATTLE.

AUSTRALIA, you know, is a very vast continent ; and, though hundreds of thousands of people have flocked into it from England during the last few years, yet they know little of the country, and there are large tracts which have still to be discovered. However, there is no doubt that there are many tribes of natives in the interior. They used often to come and live near the coast, but they have been driven inland by the white men. I am glad to say that they are not so ill treated as the poor Indians of America are, and used to be ; but are always protected, and kindly dealt with. But they are very shy people, and keep away from us as much as possible.

The worst thing about them is their sad heathenism. They know nothing of the true God, nor of Jesus, and worship idols of wood and stone ; and, as is the case with most heathen, they have very angry and cruel passions. It is a very usual thing for two tribes to quarrel with each other ; then they meet together, on opposite sides ; the women stand behind, uttering shrieks and cries ; the men stand in front, making loud yells of defiance, and waving their spears over their heads. Suddenly they hurl their spears at each other, and then they seize their clubs, and, falling to, commence a deadly combat. They seldom separate till the greater number of them are killed.



People say it is likely that, in the course of time, these poor creatures will have killed each other entirely off the country, so that they will cease to exist.

How sad all this is! and how earnestly should we pray that God will help the good missionaries who are so hard at work trying to teach these poor creatures the true and the right way.

LITTLE "HOME" MISSIONARIES.

Most of my little readers have heard of the good men called *missionaries*, who go far away to teach and preach to the poor heathen in a distant land. Many children give their pence, to help in the good work; this is right, for God has commanded it.

There are many persons, however, who

cannot go over sea and land, because their duty lies at home; but they can still be missionaries, ministers of good, wherever they are. All may work; young and old, rich and poor, for *all* have the opportunity, and the power, in some degree, if they have but the will. It is not necessary to be idle in God's cause, *because* you are not an appointed minister, and cannot preach in a pulpit, nor because you cannot go far away to do good.

Now I will tell you of a class of people at home in our own land, who are much in need of missionary labours—I mean servants, English servants. I am sorry to say it, but the truth must be told, that they are often as far from God as the poor heathen abroad. Now little masters and misses might be of much use to their servants, if they chose. They might say a good word to them now and then, and tell them if they see them do anything wrong, and might set a good example of kindness, and gentleness, and truth.

So my *little* reader you can be a missionary, and in your *family* too, amongst your own brothers and sisters; in your *neighbourhood*, to your companions and friends. Never lose an opportunity (and many will offer) of saying a kind word, and doing a kind action, and reproving what is wrong. Example has a great effect upon others, for good or ill; then let your example be blameless. Pray to God to put you in the right

way, that you may do His work gladly with all your heart, and "serve Him truly all the days of your life." M. A.

MARTIN AND MARY.

A sunny temper is one of the best things in the world, and a repining spirit the worst. Young reader! beware which habit you get into. There is as great a difference between them as between summer and winter, sugar and vinegar, a wreath of roses and a thorny bramble.

Martin and Mary are brother and sister, but you would never suppose so by their looks, for Mary is all smiles and sweetness, and Martin is all frowns and fretfulness. Where Mary goes a welcome awaits her. Her schoolmates are always glad to see her come and join their happy games, and they run to meet her, clinging to her and crying, "Here's Mary! here's Mary!" But when Martin shows himself the boys begin to shrug their shoulders and plainly give him to understand that "his room is better than his company." The small ones evade his presence, as though they expected to get a flogging, and do not return to play until he "clears out."

Mary loves to be sent on errands of mercy among the poor people in the village, who never see her without blessing her. They stop from their work when she goes by, to

say a pleasant word to her, and to ask her where she is going. Martin would much rather go and play, than go among the poor folks. He says he don't like them; and I really think he does not, for as like as anything he will fling a stone at them as soon as their backs are turned. He does not seem to have any kindness in his heart; and how it is that his sister bears with him, and gives way to him, I cannot imagine.

Mary has a beautiful canary bird; and, if we may judge by the kindness she shows it, it must be one of the happiest birds ever brought up in a cage. Martin has a little terrier, and if the dog used him as ill as he uses the dog, he would carry home some very ugly marks about him.

Mary had a little present for her mother on her birth-day, and made her happy by her good behaviour; but Martin, on that day, gave a pang to his mother's heart, by his ill conduct.

Mary is attentive to her books. She brings home I dare not tell how many "merits," for fear you would not believe me. She keeps them put away nicely, to look at some future time. She is growing wiser and wiser every day, while her brother always was, and there is reason to fear, always will be, negligent in his lessons.

Mary is full of forgiveness if any one does her an injury, and bears no malice. She is mild and agreeable in her conduct, and I never knew her to speak evil of any one.

Her brother is always in mischief, and has a good word for nobody ; the evil he does is much, but the good wrought by him is very little. He is bitter and unrelenting in his disposition. For one so young his passions are very strong. Look at your sister, Martin ! Love her and learn from her.

My readers may wish to know where these children live. They may wish to associate with Mary, and try to be good like her ; and they may wish to shun Martin, and be as unlike him as possible. And so it is reasonable enough that you should know who they are. Well, as I have told you, their names are Mary and Martin, and they live in — ; but perhaps I had better not tell you. You can look around in your neighbourhood, among your schoolmates ; and if you find a boy and girl answering this description, you may reasonably conclude that they are the ones I mean.

A dozen of such girls as Mary in a village or town, are a blessing of great value. She is not without her faults, but she is willing to be taught, and she tries to amend what is wrong. Martin is wilful, yet he has some good qualities ; but like the good grain choked by weeds, they are hidden by his bad spirit. Half a dozen such boys in a village are a calamity.

If Martin should happen to cast his eyes upon these pages—I don't know that he will, for he "don't think much of books and study," but perhaps he may ; I say if he

does, I hope he will take my advice and strive to live more like his sweet sister. If he could look ahead a dozen years, I think it would stimulate him to make an exertion to mend his ways.

STOP IN TIME, WHILE YOU CAN.

A little boy, named Frank, was standing in the yard, when his father called him.

"Frank!"

"Sir," said Frank; and started full speed and ran into the street.

His father called him back, and asked him if he did not hear his first call.

"Yes, sir," said Frank.

"Well, then," said his father, "what made you run into the street?"

"Oh!" said Frank, "I got a-going, and couldn't stop."

This is the way that a great many boys get into difficulties; they get a-going, and cannot stop. The boy that tells lies began first to stretch the truth a little to tell a large story, or relate an anecdote with a very little variation, till he got a-going, and couldn't stop till he came out a full-grown liar.

The boy that was brought before the police, and sent to the House of Correction for stealing, began by taking little things from his mother,—by stealing sweetmeats and other nice things that were put away.

Next he began to take things from his companions at school. He got a-going, and couldn't stop till he got into gaol.

Those two boys that you see fighting out on the green began by bantering each other in fun. At length they began to get angry and dispute, and call each other names, till they got a-going, and couldn't stop. They will separate with black eyes and bloody noses.

There is a young man sitting late with his companions at the gaming table. He has flushed cheeks, an anxious look, a despairing countenance. He has lost many pounds. He began by playing marbles in the street, but got a-going, and couldn't stop.

See that young man with a dark lantern, stealing from his master's drawer. He is a merchant's clerk. He came from the country a promising boy. But the rest of the clerks went to the theatre, and he thought he must go too. He began thinking he would only go once, just to say that he had been to the theatre. But he got a-going, and couldn't stop. He has used up his wages, and wants more money. He cannot resist the temptation when he knows there is money in the drawer. He has got a-going—he will stop in prison.

Hark! do you hear that horrid oath? it comes from the foul mouth of a little boy in the street. He began by saying by-words; but he got a-going, and cannot stop.

Fifty young men were some years ago in the habit of meeting together in a room at a public house, to enjoy themselves in social hilarity, where the wine-cup passed freely around. One of them, as he was going there one evening, began to think there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself, "Right about, face!" He turned on his heel, went back to his room, and never was seen at the public house again. He has become rich, and the first block of buildings which he erected was built directly in front of the place where he stood when he made that exclamation. Six of the young men followed his example: the remaining forty-three got a-going, and couldn't stop till they landed in the ditch, and most of them in a drunkard's grave.

Beware, then, boys, how you get a-going. Be sure before you start that you are in the right way; for when you are sliding down hill it is hard to stop.

THE CAMEL.

THE camel is an animal inhabiting hot countries, and is of great service to man. There are two kinds of camels: the Arabian and the Bactrian; the former is found in Arabia, the latter in the central parts of Asia. The difference between them is, that the Arabian camel is smaller, and has only one hump on its back; while the Bactrian

is larger, and has two humps. They are both covered with rough hair. Their knees are very hard, and their feet are very large and flat, and have cloven hoofs.

The camel is called the "ship of the desert," because without it, travelling in the great deserts would be quite impossible, for no other animal would be able to go so long without rest or refreshment. The camel can remain for a very long time without drinking any water, which is one of the reasons why it is so well fitted for journeys in the desert. The reason of this is, that there are cells in its stomach in which it keeps the water which it drinks, till it is very thirsty; then it is able to bring as much of it as it likes into its mouth, which refreshes it very much.

Camels also are said to derive nourishment when in great want of food, from the humps on their backs, which consist of fat, for when they have been long without eating, the humps have gradually become less.

Camels live entirely upon vegetable food, and chew the cud like many other animals, as the sheep, the cow, the deer, etc. Chewing the cud is performed by bringing food from the stomach back into the mouth, and chewing it again. When the camel is being loaded, it kneels down before its master very submissively, and receives its burden. Riding on camels is not at all pleasant, as they walk with a jolting motion, though it is the only way of crossing the desert.

Poetry.

GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

GOD is in heaven ; can He hear
 A little prayer like mine ?
 Yes, thoughtful child, thou need'st not fear,
 He listens unto thine.

God is in heaven ; can He see
 When I am doing wrong ?
 Yes, that He can ; He looks at thee
 All day, and all night long.

God is in heaven ; would He know
 If I should tell a lie ?
 Yes, though thou saidst it very low,
 He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven ; does He care,
 Or has He love for me ?
 Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear,
 'Tis God that gives it thee.

God is in heaven ; can I go
 To thank Him for His care ?
 Not yet ; but serve Him here below,
 Serve Him with love and fear.

God is in heaven ; may I pray
 To go there when I die ?
 Yes ; seek His grace, and then, one day,
 He'll call thee to the sky. A. G.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

73. **WHERE** is Jesus called, "the Great Shepherd of the sheep"?

74. What was John the Baptist filled with?

75. Where are these words: "There is no respect of persons with God"?

76. Who asked this question: "What is truth"?

77. Find these words: "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me into glory"?

78. Where are we told to honour God with "the first fruits of all our increase"?

79. Who advises us to "commune with our own hearts"?

80. Who was once offered water when he was very thirsty, but refused to drink it, and poured it out unto the Lord?



*[The Answers to Texts and Questions for September
will be supplied next Month.]*

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY
THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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A CHILD'S PRAYER.

I wonder whether all the little children who read this really know what prayer is. I dare say many do; but in case there should be one who does not quite understand, I will explain it before I begin my story.

M

Prayer is asking earnestly for what we want. Suppose you have been working very hard at your lessons all the week ; you go to your teacher and ask her to give you a holiday, and you wish very much she will grant your request. This is *praying* to your teacher for a holiday. So when God tells you to *pray* to Him, He means that you are to ask Him earnestly, for what you want Him to give, or do for you.

But now shall I tell you the difference between asking your *teacher* for what you want, and asking *God*?

When you ask your teacher for a holiday, you are not *quite sure* you will have it. No ; you hope so, and you *expect* so, for perhaps your teacher may have promised you one ; but a number of unforeseen events may occur to prevent her fulfilling her promise, so that you can never be *quite sure*. But when you ask God for anything, you *can be certain* He will give it you ; for He has not only made this promise, "Ask, and ye *shall* have," but, as He knows everything that is going to happen just as well as what has occurred, He knows that nothing can prevent His giving you what you wish. So that when you ask God to make you good, obedient, and gentle, you have nothing to do but expect an answer. You must never say, "Oh ! I wonder whether God will make me good and kind ;" but you must feel so certain that He will, because He has promised, that you must be always looking

out for the answer. Just as when you have written a letter, every time the postman comes, you expect there is an answer for you ; and though you may be disappointed sometimes, still, if it is any one you know loves you very much, you are quite sure they will write, and you go on expecting ; so when you ask God for anything, you must go on expecting the answer, and never get tired of waiting for it, for your heavenly Father may not see fit to answer you directly ; but you must feel quite sure He will do so.

There is only one kind of prayer that God sometimes refuses to answer, even if it is asked aright ; and that is, prayer for temporal mercies. As, for instance, suppose a friend we dearly love is very ill, and we ask God to make her well again. Sometimes He answers our prayer, and restores her to health ; but sometimes, perhaps, He sees fit to take her to Himself. In such cases we do not know always what is good for us, but our kind Father does, and so He refuses our request. This should not *prevent* us from asking God for temporal mercies ; only we should add some such little sentence as this at the end of our prayers, "Not as *I* will, but as *Thou* wilt ;" and then whether He answers us or not, we should feel quite sure, that He knows better than ourselves what is for our good ; and this should make us *always* thankful. But now for my story. It is about a little boy,

who prayed for a temporal mercy, and *did* receive an answer.

George A—— was the son of a soldier, who had gone many, many miles away to fight our battles for us, and had taken with him his wife and infant child. Little George was placed under the care of his grandmother, during his parents' absence. He was only four years old at the time his mother went away, and he felt her loss very much; but he soon got quite at home with his "granny" (as he used to call her), for she was very fond of him, and kind to him. George was a very gentle, quiet little boy. He did not care much for playing with other children, but took great delight in sitting on a low stool by his grandmother, threading her needles for her while she worked, and listening while she talked to him of Jesus.

Scarcely a year had passed in this way, when Mr. and Mrs. A—— unexpectedly returned home, on account of the serious illness of the former; and the first thing they did was to send for their boy.

Little George was very sorry when he was told he was to leave his good, kind grandmother; but what seemed to distress him most was the thought, that she would have no one to thread her needles for her, and she could not see to thread them herself.

One evening, just before little George was going away, his grandmother missed

him. She was just going to call him, when she heard a little voice at the other end of the room saying, "Please, God, send some one to take care of granny!" His voice was nearly drowned with sobs. She went round the room, and there she saw little George kneeling in a corner, praying. She tried to comfort him, and told him, God would be sure and answer his prayer if He saw it was good for her.

And God *did* grant the child's request; for not very long after George had left, the good old woman lost a married daughter, who died, leaving one little girl. And this poor child, who had previously lost her father, was taken to her grandmother's, where she continued to live till the death of the good old woman, and was to her everything, that her little cousin could have wished.

M. G.

A LESSON FROM THE GARDEN.

EDITH was a little girl who lived at W——, a village in one of the prettiest parts of Cornwall. She had two sisters, who were older than herself, and one little brother, who was younger. She was blessed with affectionate and pious parents, who endeavoured to train up their children in the way that they should go. Although Edith was generally an amiable and good-natured little girl, yet, I am sorry to say, she some-

times made herself very troublesome and disagreeable to those about her, by her pride. Now, nothing can be more shocking in any one than pride, but especially in a child. Edith could not bear reproof, and she could never be convinced that she had been in fault, for her pride would not allow her to believe that she had done wrong.

One day, when Edith was about ten years old, as she was sitting at breakfast with her father and mother, and her two elder sisters, a letter arrived, requesting her mother to set off immediately, to visit a friend who was ill. As soon as her mother had read the letter, she said, "I am afraid, my dears, I shall be obliged to leave you for a few days. I am sure you will all try to be good children during my absence, and give your dear father no trouble, will you not?" They all at once promised to be very good. So, after talking to them a little longer, their mamma said, "Now, my dears, you may come and help me to pack up." The children, though sorry to lose their kind mamma, were pleased to be employed, and the two elder girls made themselves very useful. But Edith, on the contrary, was very troublesome; she bustled about, first knocking down one thing, and then another, so that at last her mamma became quite angry, and desired her to leave the room. Edith was not at all disposed to be obedient, and remained quite still; but her eldest sister took her by the hand, and led her to the nursery,

and said to the nurse (who was just going out with little Thomas, Edith's brother), "Please take Edith for a walk with baby, for she is so naughty, mamma has sent her away."

The baby was already dressed, so the nurse desired Edith to fetch her bonnet and cloak; but she was now in such a naughty temper, and her pride so hurt by being scolded, that she did not offer to move, but said she did not wish to walk. Nurse said, "Oh, fie, miss Edith! I am sure you do not love your mamma, or wish to be useful to her, or you would go out when she wishes it; but it is pride which makes you unwilling to walk, and you are angry that you have been scolded by your sister." Edith did not reply to what her nurse had said, neither did she move to fetch her bonnet. "Now do be a good girl, miss Edith," said nurse, "and come out, and I will teach you a pretty lesson from the trees."

So, at last, Edith went for her bonnet, and was soon ready; and when they were in the garden, she said, "Now, nurse, for your lesson; what are the trees to teach me?" "A very pretty lesson," said the nurse, "if you will only learn it. Pray, tell me the names of the trees growing in that border." "Oh!" answered Edith, pertly; "I can soon tell you that, for I know as well as you do—that tall tree is a cedar of Lebanon; then there is a larch; the next is a mountain ash; and the next, a lilac."

"Very well," said nurse; "but these are all tall trees; are there none lower?" "Yes, there is a laurel, a jessamine, and a rose tree." "But what is still lower, almost on the ground?" "Oh! there is a crocus, a pink, and a daisy." "Well, you see," said nurse, "all these different trees, and shrubs, and flowers, live pleasantly together; none says to the other, 'I am better than you;' none is discontented with its lot."

"Oh!" said little Thomas, "I think I know what you mean. You mean that the cedar does not wish to be a jessamine, or the crocus envy the mountain ash." "But," interrupted Edith, "the cedar is the tallest tree; if I were a tree, I would be a cedar of Lebanon." "That is just what I say, miss Edith," said nurse; "it is because you are of a discontented disposition, and are proud, and wish to be treated like your elder sisters. Your pride makes not only yourself uncomfortable, but all those who are around you. If you would only be contented, like one of those lowly flowers, you would be much happier."

Edith made no reply, but looked grave, and appeared to be thinking of what her nurse had said. After they had walked all round the garden, and had just reached the place where the cedar grew, she said: "Nurse, I do not wish to be a cedar now; which of all these flowers shall I be?" "I will show you," said nurse, leading her to a mossy bank. "What are those pretty leaves grow-

ing under the hedge?" "Oh!" said Edith, "they are the leaves of the pretty violet, which smells so sweetly, even after the flower is withered and dead." "Well, then, you shall be a violet, miss Edith, humble and lowly." "Yes," said little Edith, "*I will* be a violet." "You must remember, whenever you see a violet, that it tells you to be humble and contented with what God has given you. St. Paul tells us, in the fourth chapter of the Philippians, and the fourth verse, that we ought to be contented in whatever station God has seen fit to place us."

Little Edith then gathered some of the violets for her mamma; and she said, as she ran into the house, "Thank you, pretty violet, for the lesson you have taught me; I mean to be a violet too, and try to be useful in a humble way; for I know God does not like proud children, but He giveth grace to the humble."

Have you ever thought of this, my dear young friends, when you have seen a violet; or is little Edith's lesson from trees quite new to you? Try not to forget it; but remember, that God loves those who are of a humble and contrite spirit. IOTA.

A CHAPTER FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

I have often heard people talk of "brave boys," and after listening attentively (for I take great interest in youth), I find that

the bravery they speak of is merely that which proceeds from absence of fear in the hour of danger, and a sort of venturesome daring, which we know boys are so apt to manifest. Now all this is very well so far as it goes, and I am sure every one must like to see a boy fearless and courageous, and especially so, when he shows it off to advantage.

But there is another kind, of which I wish to speak, called "moral courage;" and this is what I regret to say few boys care to know so much about. By "moral courage" I mean that principle which will induce a boy to act from a higher feeling than mere personal bravery. For instance, a boy is tempted by his school-fellows to do something which *he feels* to be wrong, or to join with them in doing it; but resolutely refuses, heedless of their jeers and sneers, and will strive by his example and an occasional gentle reproof to convince them of their wrong. Oh! that boys generally would try to understand what this kind of courage is, and not only so, but to practise it; for though they may have a struggle at first, still time will prove the good effects of it, and the morally courageous boy will be respected more by his school-mates eventually than if he possessed merely physical courage. And believe me, "dear boys," this does not at all make personal bravery less, but adds to it very much.

I know what boys are, having several

under my care, and this principle I always strive to inculcate into them, and I do not despair of seeing it carried out among them, by God's blessing resting upon the means; and I do so wish that tutors generally would encourage this as much as possible amongst those committed to their charge. The boy who is possessed of "moral courage" will fear to do *one thing* which his companions (who do not think as he does) will not fear to do, and that is, he will be afraid to *tell a lie*. Oh! what a laudable fear! He will sooner go through any punishment, than commit the sin of falsehood. This is, I grieve to say, with its accompanying evil, *deception*, one of the chief sins of school-boys. Oh! if they could only know how it takes away the interest that all right-minded persons must feel in a boy, when he is given to this fearful crime. But the most dreadful thing to be thought of is the displeasure of their Heavenly Father, who "hates liars," and has most fearfully denounced His heaviest judgments upon them. For example, we only need refer to the sad deaths of Ananias and Sapphira, who were struck dead, the one for attempting to deceive, and the other for actually telling the lie. And has not God said, "*All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone*"?

Even supposing it were possible to leave religion out of the question, there is something so mean and ungentlemanly in a lie.

We read of a Grecian general who was such a lover of truth, that he would not deceive, even in a jest. Then how much more should we, born in a Christian land, scorn to do that which even a heathen would not.

One thing which I have often observed is, how *lamentably afraid* many really brave boys are of being laughed at by their school-fellows, and those of their own age. But though it is not at all pleasant to be laughed at, still how much happier, really happier, will that boy be, who will listen to the faithful monitor *conscience*, and obey her dictates; and, fearless of the opinion of his thoughtless comrades, will implore by prayer that strength from above to resist all temptation to sin, which, if he humbly and earnestly asks for, will be granted him by the "Friend of youth."

Think, then, of this, "dear boys," and receive it as from one who loves and takes an especial interest in boys. I have written this in the hope that some of my young friends may read this, and that boys generally, and girls too (it applies as much to them), may understand what true courage consists of, and not only so, but may practise it also.

J. W. N. J.

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.

Fanny.—Will you please, mamma, to tell me how it happened that Elijah was fed by ravens?



Mamma.—Elijah, my dear, lived at a time when a very wicked king, called Ahab, reigned over Israel. The whole nation following him, had gone very far astray from God ; therefore, to punish them for their sins, He said, that He would give them no rain for a long time. Elijah was sent by God with this message, which made the king very angry with him and he would have killed him if he could ; but God told Elijah to go and hide himself by a brook called Cherith, where he would have water to drink ; and God said that He would send him food by ravens. And you know, that they brought him bread and flesh every morning, and every evening.

F.—But, mamma, I thought that ravens were birds of prey.

M.—So they are, dear; and I believe the most greedy and voracious of any; but God who made them, could cause them to do what was quite contrary to their nature; and He does now often supply the wants of His children, when they are in distress, in ways quite as strange and unexpected as being fed by ravens. And those who, like Elijah, do just what God commands them, leaving the results with Him, may feel quite sure that He will supply all their need.

F.—Did he stay there a long time, mamma?

M.—He remained until the brook dried up. God then told him to go to Zarephath, where He had commanded a widow woman to sustain him.

F.—I suppose, mamma, that she was a rich widow?

M.—No, dear; she appears to have been in the deepest poverty. When Elijah met her, she was gathering a few sticks to light her fire. He asked her to fetch him a little water to drink; she seems to have been willing to show kindness to others, for she went immediately. Many persons think that because they can do *but little* to help others, it is not worth while to do *anything*. They fancy they would do a great deal, if they had large means; but if we are not inclined to improve *little* opportunities of doing good, it is very unlikely that we

should be disposed to do great things if we had it in our power. You know what the Lord Jesus said about a cup of water.

F.—Yes, mamma. “For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because you belong to Christ, verily, I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward,” Mark ix. 41.

M.—This teaches us not to despise opportunities of doing good in *little things*; and if we are diligent in improving them, we do not know, but God may soon put greater opportunities in our way; and this, the poor widow found.

F.—How was that, mamma?

M.—As she was going to fetch the water, he called to her and asked her to bring him a morsel of bread in her hand; she then told him how poor she was, that she had but a handful of meal and a little oil left, and was gathering a few sticks that she might dress it for herself and her son; expecting after that to die, as she could get no more food. Elijah told her not to fear, but to go and make him a little cake first, and after to make for herself and her son; for God had said that the barrel of meal should not waste, nor the oil fail, until He sent rain again. She believed the word of God, went and did as Elijah told her to do, and found his word come to pass.

F.—How happy she must have felt mamma, when she saw her barrel full of meal again.

M.—Perhaps, dear, the barrel did not get full. We are not told that the meal *increased*; it is only said that it *wasted not*, or *did not get less*. Most likely there was only enough there for each day, that they might feel their dependence on God continually. We are taught to pray for *daily bread*, and God provides in that way for many of His dear children, giving them only a little at a time, that they may be kept always waiting on Him.

F.—I dare say she felt glad afterwards, that she had not been afraid to do as Elijah told her.

M.—No doubt she did, for not only was she herself, and her son fed, as long as the famine lasted, but she had the happiness of being able to help one of the Lord's servants; and this, if she loved Him, must have given her great pleasure. We should never keep back from helping others, because we are poor, and fear we may want it ourselves; for God never gives any one work to do for Him, without giving them the means to do it. P.

THE HONEST AND DISHONEST CHILDREN.

“SEE, see, Susan! what I have found on the ground near the school? I don't know what it is, but it is all shining, red, and green, and white.”

"Oh! do let me look, Nelly; oh, mother, see! it's a beautiful brooch, made of gold and bright stones; some grand lady must have lost it."

"You're a lucky girl, Nelly; if you sell that to Mr. Gilbert, the jeweller, he'll give you plenty of money for it," said her brother Charlie.

"Oh, yes," said Susan, "that would be a good plan."

"But it is not my own. How can I sell it? I only found it. Mother, would it be right to sell this pretty brooch?" said little Nelly.

"Oh, no! not at all right; you must try to find out whom it belongs to, and give it to them," said her mother.

But it is time to give an account of this little family. At the time our story begins, there were a father and mother, and three children: Charlie, the eldest, who was ten; Susan, who was eight; and Nelly (or Ellen), who was four years old. They lived three miles from school, and they went to it every day regularly. Nelly was the best little girl in the school. She was learning to read, but what she wished most of all, was to learn to do sums, like Charlie and Susan. It was Friday evening, and on her return from school, that Nelly found the brooch.

The next day, their father went in search of the person to whom it belonged. After searching some time, he went to the policeman to ask what he had better do. The policeman took the brooch, and promised to

take care of it till the owner was found. On his return home, he was questioned often as to what he had been doing, so he gave an account of everything.

"Susan," said her mother, "go to the shop for a quarter of a pound of tea, and a parcel of sugar; here is the money, mind you take care of it; there are two shillings; you will have to bring back some change, I think."

"May I go too?" said Nelly. "Yes, you may;" so they set off.

When they got to the shop, after buying the tea, they saw a lump of white sugar lying on the counter; so Susan took it up, and put it into her mouth.

"What are you doing, Susan?" said Nelly; "that is not your sugar; you ought to have asked Mrs. Williams, and I am sure she would have given it to you."

"What does it matter?" said Susan; "one lump will never be missed."

"Here's the tea and sugar," said Mrs. Williams; "and here, Nelly, is a parcel of raisins as a reward for not taking the sugar. I saw Susan take it. Ah, Susan! you forget God's commandment, I'm afraid. Can you tell me the Eighth Commandment, Nelly?"

"Yes; it is, '*Thou shalt not steal.*'"

"Very well; now go home, and remember, Susan, what I've said; you'll never find these dishonest tricks do you any good."

So giving her sixpence of the change,

and a small parcel to Nelly, they left the shop.

Now Susan was very anxious to buy some cakes which she saw in a shop window ; but as she had no money of her own, she determined to use her mother's change. So she told Nelly to go on, because she wanted to get something ; so Nelly went on, and Susan went into the shop. After buying the cakes, which cost the whole sixpence, she saw some comfits, which she also took, and told the woman that she would pay her when she got home.

She told her mother that there was no change. She was able to pay the cake woman very soon, fortunately for her ; but at last she was found out, and her mother never trusted her again, but always sent either Nelly, or went herself to the shop.

Susan was now one of the most miserable of children, for all her little companions knew of her sin, and she was called a *dishonest child*, all through the little town. Besides, what was worse, though she was not very old, still she had a something inside her, which told her she had been doing wrong ; this was her conscience. I dare say my little readers have often felt their consciences telling them that they have done wrong, even when no one knows it. But you will be anxious to know something about Nelly and the brooch. One day a cousin of theirs, who was at service, came to see them, and Nelly told her all about

the brooch ; when she went home, she described it to her mistress, and her mistress said it must be the one she had lost. So she came over herself to see, and she found that it was the same, so she gave Nelly a beautiful large Bible as a reward for being so honest. Encouraged by this, she soon learned to read quite as well as either Susan or Charlie. And she loved her Bible, and attended to all it told her, praying for God's help ; and she was always called an *honest child* through the town. ELLEN.

QUEER TOM.

TOM FLOSS was the queerest boy I ever knew. I do not think he ever cried ; I never saw him. If Flora found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried, as little girls will, Tom was sure to come around the corner whistling, and say :

"What makes you cry, my child ? can you cry tulips ? do you think every sob makes a root, or blossom ? Here ! let us try and right them !"

So he would pluck up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time ; make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Flora off to look at a pretty bird, or to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped its string, and flew away far out of

sight. Tom stood still one moment, and then turned round to come home, whistling all the time.

"Why, Tom," said I, "are you not sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes; but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad; 'sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tom!" cried Flora, "you can't play any mo-o-o-re!"

"I'm not poor, my child. You cry for me; I don't cry for myself; I have a splendid time for making boats. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table, for I say it over till it makes me sleepy, every time my leg aches."

Tom Floss was queer, certainly; but I wish a great many more people were queer in the same way.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF KATE CARELESS.

WE will give one day in the life of Miss Careless, which will be a fair sample of the rest.

She is lying awake, but not thinking of rising, although the bell rang ten or fifteen minutes ago. After she has taken a short rest, as she calls it, she manages to get up,

and going around, begins to hunt for her clothes ; and, after finding one piece on one chair, and some on another, she commences to dress, but finds, to her utmost dismay, that her hair ribbons are missing, though she is perfectly sure she put them on the table last evening. " Oh, never mind," she says to herself, " I think somebody must have taken them down stairs, and I'll get them when I go down." But no ; Bridget does not know anything about them, nor does any one else. So, after getting a new pair, and taking half an hour to get her hair up, and not well done at that, she goes down, without ever thanking her heavenly Father for all the mercies bestowed upon her. She reaches the table, but her mother and sisters are all done, and poor Kate must sit down to her breakfast without any one to speak to. The first thing of importance she does, is to spill coffee on the clean table cloth ; and to Bridget's inquiry who did it, she answered, " Oh, I could not help it ;" or, " It was not my fault." After breakfast, she has her books to look for, and that takes her so long, that she comes late to school, and, after a tedious day, as she terms it, is dismissed. When she reaches home, she teases her mother and sisters with the questions, " Where is my tumbler ?" or " Do tell me where my pencils are." After getting her tea, she sits down, and grumbles that she cannot find anything that she wants, because she did not put her things

n the right place the last time she had
 hem. Lastly, she goes to bed, without ever
 once thinking that there is a God above
 who made, watches, and preserves her.
 Such is Miss Kate Careless.

Poetry.

CONSCIENCE.

THY heart keeps knocking all the day;
 What does it mean, what does it say?
 Thy heart keeps knocking all the night;
 Child, hast thou thought of this aright?
 So long has it knocked, now loud, now low;
 Hast asked what it means by knocking so?

My child, 'tis a lively little bell,
 The dear God's gift, who loves thee well;
 In the door of thy soul by Him 'twas hung,
 And by His hand it still is rung;
 And He stands without, to wait and see
 Whether within He shall welcome be;
 And stands without, and hopes to win
 The welcome answer, "Come in, come in."

So knocks the heart, now day by day,
 But at length the last stroke will die away,
 And when its knockings on earth are o'er,
 It will knock itself at Heaven's door,
 And stand without, and wait to see
 Whether within it shall welcome be,
 And stand without, and hope to win
 The Father's welcome, "Come in, come in."

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

81. FIND these words: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

82. What mountain are we told the feet of Jesus shall touch when He comes again?

83. Where is it written, "The inhabitants shall not say, I am sick"?

84. Who is said to be "a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him"?

85. To whom did Moses give this charge: "Be strong, and of a good courage"?

86. Where is this prayer: "Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts"?

87. Who said, "I cried with my whole heart; hear me, O Lord: I will keep Thy statutes"?

88. To what king did God say, "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle; set yourselves; stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

(65.) Deut. xi. 7. (66.) Jer. iii. 12. (67.) Luke xii. 9. (68.) 1 Kings xxli. 47. (69.) Gen. xlv. 24. (70.) Psal. xxvii. 41. (71.) Lam. iii. 44. (72.) Acts xx. 19.

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(73.) Heb. xiii. 20. (74.) Luke i. 15. (75.) Rom. ii. 11. (76.) John xviii. 38. (77.) Psal. lxxiii. 24. (78.) Prov. iii. 9. (79.) Psal. iv. 4. (80.) 2 Sam. xxiii. 16.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY
THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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CHILDREN'S INFLUENCE.

“Oh! I am so happy!” said little Clara B——, as she tripped gaily along the road, one bright sunny afternoon, on her way home from a walk with her nurse.

“Take care, little Miss,” said Susan, as

she watched the young lady's gambols, "or you will splash that pretty white dress, that your mamma worked so nicely for you; for you must remember, it has not been so fine all day, and the ground is still wet with this morning's rain."

Just then there came along the same path a great, rough-looking boy, with his hands in his pockets, and a large basket swinging on his arm. His head was upturned to the people at their windows, while he screamed at the pitch of his voice, "Any muffins or crumpets to-night?"

Little Clara, who had still been skipping lightly along, with very little regard to the mud, just as the boy came up, darted across the path; and he, striding along carelessly, without heeding her, pushed her with his basket, and down she went into the mud! Poor Susan's indignation was very great against the "great rude boy" (as she called him), who had dared to throw down her young mistress; so, without paying much attention to little Clara, except to raise her on her feet, she seized hold of the boy, and began to threaten him with numerous punishments: "She would call the policeman; she would tell master, that she would!"

All this while the unfortunate boy stood stupified, looking first at Susan, then at the child, who was covered with mud. Presently running up to her maid, she said, "Oh, Susan! please don't scold him; it was all my fault for jumping about so."

"No, Miss, it wasn't your fault," said the enraged but indulgent Susan; "it's this great, rude fellow, and I'll never forgive him for spoiling your best frock. I tell ye I'll never forgive ye," she added, addressing the poor boy, as she gave the arm that she had held all this time a jerk.

"Oh, Susan, dear Susan!" said the child, "don't say you won't forgive him; I am sure *I* forgive him, for I know he did not mean to do it; and besides, if he did, mamma says," and this she added in a lower tone, "that if we don't forgive others, God won't forgive us; and then what should we do?"

This appeal Susan could not resist, for she was by no means an unkind girl, though sometimes overcome by ungovernable passion. So she released the lad without another word, who ran away muttering to himself, "I am sure I would walk many a mile afore I'd hurt a hair of that dear little lady's head."

A gentleman, unnoticed by the busy actors of this little scene, had stood near all the time, watching the proceedings; and now, as the little party dispersed, he walked slowly away, his eyes bent on the ground, as if in deep thought. Had you known where he lived, you would have noticed, that instead of walking towards his residence (as he was doing before he encountered that group), he had turned, and was

slowly retracing his steps to a cottage he had just left.

But what was the cause of this alteration? I will tell you. The inhabitant of that little cottage had been in the employ of this gentleman, and had been placed in a position of great trust and responsibility, and treated by Mr. H—— with the greatest kindness. Upon looking over his accounts, Mr. H—— had been shocked to find that this supposed faithful servant had robbed him of very considerable sums of money, and in many other ways behaved extremely ill. Mr. H——, however, not wishing to expose him before he had heard what he had to say, had gone down to his cottage that afternoon, to talk to him about this sad business. Mr. H—— not only found that all was true which he had feared, but was excessively annoyed at the manner and conversation of the offender, so much so, that high words ensued. Mr. H—— left the house threatening to go directly to the police station, to have him apprehended; and furthermore, he declared he would not give a penny to his wife or children, that they might starve for all he cared, for “*he would never forgive him.*” With these words he slammed the door, and set off on his way home, before going to the police station. Attracted by the confusion occasioned by little Clara’s fall, he had stood still to watch the proceedings. When he heard little Clara say, “If we don’t forgive others, God won’t

forgive us; and then what *should* we do?" it seemed as if an arrow had smitten his heart; he began to think of all the evil passions he was then indulging, and he called to mind his last words on leaving the cottage—"I'll never forgive you." "Ah!" thought he, "what, if God should call me before His judgment-seat now, with my sins unpardoned! what should I do?" The dear child's gentle and kind forgiving spirit had touched his, and he walked slowly back, praying that he might have grace to forgive, as he hoped to be forgiven.

He lifted the latch of the cottage door, and seeing George standing at the other end, trembling violently, while his wife sat sobbing in her chair, he walked across the room, and holding out his hand to the former, exclaimed, "George, may you ever be enabled to pardon others as freely as I now pardon you!" And without waiting for the thanks of the dumb-stricken couple, he walked from the cottage with a light heart, and blessing most sincerely the dear child whose influence and example had been so blest to him. I need only add, that George was so won by the kindness of his employer, and so deeply grateful to him, that from that day forth he altered his course of life, and became one of the most truly faithful servants of Mr. H——'s household.

Dear children, whoever of you may read this story, say not that you are so young you can do nothing for the God whom you

love. See what little Clara did. Every little action of your life is an example to some one, and *must* influence some one. Oh! take care that, like Clara, you influence for *good*. Oh! watch every little thought, lest it should betray itself in some unkind word or naughty action. For always remember, it is not only to *yourself* you do the harm; some one may see that action, or hear that word, who perhaps may be led into much sin by it, and may lead others wrong also; and who can say where the mischief shall end?

But then, ah! how happy the thought, that your kind Father should be pleased to employ such little instruments as you to promote His glory!—that one word or one action of yours may be the means of placing many jewels in the crown of your blessed Saviour! Never forget, that though you may never know the evil or the good you do by your example, still it is, it *must* be there. It is only in heaven we shall know of how much use we may have been to some soul; and it is only in hell that we shall find out fully how much misery one single action of ours may have caused. M. G.

A SAD MEMORY.

WHAT would I not give if it were possible to take back one hour—one single hour of my childhood, over whose memory many

bitter tears have flowed, and many vain regrets been wasted !

It was years and years ago, yet the scene is fresh before me. We were out, and under the fragrant blossoming trees. Hattie, her brother Frank, and I,—the happiest trio of playmates to be found anywhere.

We little girls had our dolls, of course, and so we played visit back and forth, from one apple tree to another. And Frank was a dealer in china ware, principally cups and saucers, under the old oak in the lane, and we bought unheard-of quantities, at the most extravagant prices. But Frank soon tired, as boys always do, of such quiet amusement, and presently began to make himself merry with our grave sayings, and mock dignity, and finally dared to pronounce it "all a sham." It was only in the mischievous overflow of his childish glee, and a sportive answer and a merry laugh would have set all right again.

But I was quick-tempered, and a very hot flush came to my face, and an angry retort to my lips. "Now, Frank Hale," I said, "you have spoiled all our fun, and I will never speak to you again as long as I live !"

Alas ! for that rash word was kept. But Frank did not mind it ; he only broke the blossoms off a low spray, and began to snowball us, as he said.

Oh ! how plainly I see him still ! The bright, slant sunbeams lit up his fair brow

and golden hair, and his blue eyes were brimming with frolic. But the little soft white balls roused a wicked and revengeful spirit in my heart, and, catching up a stone, I threw it full at Frankie. It struck his forehead, and putting up his hand, his lips quivering with pain, he only looked at me reproachfully, and turned slowly homeward.

Oh ! what a guilty, guilty heart was mine ! How I longed to run after him, and ask him to come back again and forgive me ; but I was too proud. And so I only watched him silently until he passed out of sight, with his hand pressed tight to his forehead, and then I went back again to my play. But the charm was broken. Our sweet shady playground was no longer pleasant, for the happy heart that had enjoyed it so fully was heavy with shame and sorrow, and the hour seemed long before Hattie was willing to return home. That night, as I lay down to sleep, I could not rest in that sweet peace as I was wont to do. The very stars which I loved so well seemed like grave, reproving eyes, and so I closed mine fast, but I could not sleep for a long, long time. I resolved to go the very next day to Frankie, and ask him to forgive me, and never, no, never, be so angry again. But the next day it rained torrents, and the next, and the next, and the third day my father said, at the tea table, that Mrs. Hale's little Frank was very ill with scarlet fever.

How I prayed that he might not die, that I might go to him, and say, "Forgive me," and throw off this dreadful weight. No one knew how much I suffered, for I could not bear to tell even my own dear mother; but, as day after day the news came that Frankie was growing worse, it seemed to me that I could not endure it. And then came the solemn tidings—Frank was dead! Dead! those blue sorrowful eyes, that still seemed looking upon me, were sealed for ever. The brow I had wounded was cold and pale; those lips were still in death that had not yet spoken forgiveness. And when he was lying in his coffin I saw him, and with an almost breaking heart I saw on that still white forehead a trace yet visible of my passionate deed.

Children, this is a true story. It has cost me a great effort to relate it, for the recollection is very painful still; and yet, if it shall have power to stay one little hand, raised like mine in anger, and prevent a like sorrowful memory from embittering another life, I shall not regret that I have written it.

HOW WELL THE BEASTS WORK.

Young readers, do you know the little animals? Birds, beasts, and insects, are good mechanics, skilled in business and building operations. This is true; and what they do

is done systematically, with neatness and despatch. Nor do they idle, lounge about, or stop to play till the work is done, and well done.

The fox is a dealer in poultry, and sometimes a wholesale dealer, as the farmers and farmers' wives know to their cost. Not satisfied with chickens and ducklings, he must needs push on his trade among the full-grown roosters and hens; and many a good fat goose is carried to his meat-cellar.

The otter and heron are fishermen, though they use neither line nor net. The otter we seldom see, for he works his traps mostly under water; but the heron may be seen standing, with his long, thin legs, in the shallow part of the stream, suddenly plunging his long bill below the surface, and bringing up a fish.

Ants are day-labourers, and very industrious in their calling; they always seem in earnest at their work. Catch them asleep in the daytime if you can! They set us an example of industry.

The swallow is a fly-catcher, and the number that he daily catches would astonish you. You often see him in his vocation, skimming along the surface of the brook or pond.

The beaver is a wood-cutter, a builder, and a very good workman at all these trades. He fells the small trees with his teeth; and after he has built his house, he plasters it skilfully with his tail-trowel.

The wasp is a paper-maker in his building. His paper is water-proof, and made of materials that no other paper-maker would use. Look at the curious wasps' and hornets' paper dwellings—not patented, are they?

Singing birds are amateur musicians, and excel all others in harmony. Hardly can we decide which of them most excels—the lark, the robin, the throstle, or the nightingale.

The fire-fly and the glow-worm are lamp-lighters.

The bee is a professor of geometry; for he constructs his cell so scientifically, that the least possible amount of material is formed into the largest spaces with the least waste of room. Not all the mathematicians of Cambridge could improve the construction of his cells. Nor can the best hermetical sealers among us preserve provision so well.

The caterpillar is a silk-spinner, far excelling any other in his line of business; indeed, we could not learn an art that would supply any silk worth the name without him. With what wonderful properties and powers has it pleased our heavenly Father to endow the lower creatures!

The mole tunnels like a skilful engineer. The nautilus is a navigator, hoisting or taking in sail as he goes, or casting anchor, at pleasure.

Young friends, is not this wonderful, marvellously wonderful? Who of us could make

cells, and honey, and wax, like the bee; silk, like the silkworm; or music, like singing birds? The goodness and glory of God are seen in all His works! "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, for His wonderful works to the children of men!"



STORY OF AN OWL.

SOME time since, one of my servants brought me an owl, which he had caught. It was a fine large bird. I placed it on a side table, where it sat, looking as solemn as a judge; but a cat that was in the room eyed Mr. Owl with no sort of respect. She watched her

opportunity, and when she thought he was quietly indulging in a pleasant dream, she sprang on the table, and seizing the breast of the noble bird, was about to devour him. With great activity he freed himself from the claws of his enemy, and rising in the air a few feet, darted down rapidly on the back of the astonished cat, who ran round the room in agony, with the owl riding like a victor upon her back, pinching her severely with claws and beak.

CHARLIE'S ENEMIES.

CHARLIE had been reading to his mother from the large, red-covered Bible, all the story about the daring shepherd boy, who went forth to meet the champion of the Philistines. He read with great interest until he came to the triumphant sentence, "So David prevailed over the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David." The boy's eyes were all alight, and a proud smile rested on his lips as he lifted up his glowing face, and exclaimed :

"Oh! mamma, wasn't that grand! If I had been in David's place, I would have served the bragging old giant just so. I wish I had lived in those old times," he continued musingly, his head resting on the hand buried in his thick curls, "or that there were a Goliath now-a-days for me to kill. I

should like to have been Jonathan's armour-bearer, when they went up and took the garrison of the Philistines. Don't you think I should have dared to go, mamma? I think I should!"

His mother quietly turned the great Bible to the sixteenth chapter of Proverbs, and placed her finger on the verse where it is written, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

"There is a Goliath for you to kill, my Charlie," said she; and he knew well what she meant. He understood, that the giant with whom he must contend, was a hot and hasty spirit, and he remembered many a hard combat in which he had been vanquished. He did not care to talk about it, but it was impressed upon his heart that he had a foe worthy of valour and prowess no less than David's; and he felt that he must look to the living God, who gave to the young hero of Israel his conquest.

"I like David, mamma, wonderfully well; but I like Daniel almost as much. I do love to see a man go straight and do his duty; at all events, as he did, when they made the law that he should not pray to any God or man except the king. Most men would, at least, have closed the windows while they prayed; but Daniel would not be so mean as to pretend to be afraid of them, and I like him for it."

Charlie's eyes, sparkling with animation,

were fixed upon his mother's face, and he observed the significant smile with which she said :

“ Do you think, my dear boy, that Robert Bird is more terrible than a den of lions ? ”

The boy's cheek and forehead flushed with the colour of shame, and his eyes fell. He could but recollect that a few weeks before, the presence of his little fun-loving comrade had been enough to prevent him from offering his nightly prayer. He could not forget the cowardly struggle between the fear of God and the fear of his playmate, nor the bitter feeling of self-contempt with which he buried his head in the bed-clothes, and silently repeated the words of his prayer. Charlie closed the Bible, and returned it to the stand on which it was accustomed to lie. Then he lighted a candle, and, giving his mother the good-night kiss, he went up the stairs to his own little room. As he slowly prepared for bed, he said to himself—

“ I declare that mamma makes me think I am a coward. One thing I know ; I will not boast what I would do if I were in other people's places, till I get so as to do what belongs to my own place ; that's a fact ! ” He stood for a moment at the window, gazing into the star-spangled sky ; and when he knelt for his evening prayer, it was with a new feeling of the incalculable importance of his own actions, and the endless consequences of his own life.

NEVER DISOBEY.

LITTLE Minnie was a happy child ; she had a kind papa and mamma, and in general, I think, she was dutiful and obedient. But one day she got into sad trouble . I will tell you how it happened. The nurse asked her to cut a piece of bread for her little sister. It was very wrong in the nurse, as she knew that Minnie's mamma never allowed her to do it; and Minnie knew it too, and ought instantly to have replied, " No, I cannot disobey mamma." But, instead of doing this, she took a knife and began to cut the bread. Perhaps she thought, that as her mamma was not in the room, she would never know it. I think she forgot that God's eye was on her. But presently the knife slipped, and poor little Minnie's thumb was *terribly* cut. Oh ! how she wished now that she had obeyed her mamma, and not touched the knife ! but it was too late—the blood streamed fast. Her kind mamma was much alarmed, and quickly sent for the doctor ; he soon came, and bound it up, but it smarted sadly ; and Minnie made many promises of future obedience, which I hope she will keep.

It is getting better now, but the mark will be there for a very long time ; perhaps as long as she lives : and I hope that whenever she is tempted again to disobey her papa or mamma, even in a *little* thing, she will look on her thumb, and say, " No ; "

remembering that the Bible says, "Children, obey your parents in *all* things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord," Col. iii. 20. And I trust that every little child who reads this will take warning by poor Minnie, and *never disobey*.

HOW WELL THESE CHILDREN BEHAVE!

How obedient, how attentive, how consistent! Not a word of jangling or discord, not a single word; all is calm, peaceful, lamb-like.

Up in the morning? Yes, betimes, ere the glorious king of the day is seen—their faces washed, their heads combed. Then, oh, how lively!—brisk as a bird. Every one knows what to do, when to do it. All is done in a moment, the twinkling of an eye, neatly, orderly, dispatchingly.

Then, again, at table, they are like olive plants, courteous, temperate, affable; not a whine, not a whimper, not a scowl, not a wry face; all is cheerful, peaceful, smiling, and obedient.

Also, at family prayers, every one knows his place, and keeps his place. The big book is opened; those who can read, read; those who can sing, sing. All is clock-work; hush as hush can be, solemn as heaven. Every knee bows, from the least

to the greatest; even little Johnny lifts up his tiny hands in prayerful attitude.

Oh, lovely sight! What a heaven on earth is a well-ordered family!

“The God of heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree;
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When loving children join to sing.

“The gentle child, that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say one angry word—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.”

A PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

O Lord God and most loving Saviour, who invited little children to come unto Thee, and didst take them up in Thine arms, put Thine hands upon them, and bless them, look upon me, Thy child, and bless me; keep me this day (or night) from all evil and danger, both of body and soul! Give me, O God, what thou seest good for me, especially a heart to know Thee early, to love Thee, and to do Thy will! Bless my dear papa and mamma, my dear brothers and sisters. Grant that I may live to be a comfort to my parents, and, as I grow in years, I may grow in grace, and in Thy favour; and, at last, be made happy with Thee in heaven for evermore: and this I
ask for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Poetry.

HYMN.

WHAT a strange and wondrous story,
 From the book of God is read,
 How the Lord of life and glory
 Had not where to lay His head;
 How He left His throne in heaven,
 Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
 That my soul might be forgiven,
 And ascend to God on high.

Father, let Thy Holy Spirit
 Still reveal a Saviour's love,
 And prepare me to inherit
 Glory, where He reigns above.
 There, with saints and angels dwelling,
 May I that great love proclaim,
 And with them be ever telling
 All the wonders of His name.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Keep me safe till morning light.

Through the day Thy hand hath led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care;
 Thou hast warm'd, and fed, and clothed me;
 Listen to my morning prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

89. Whom did Nebuchadnezzar see walking with the three men, whom he had put into the fiery furnace?
90. What does St. James say about the tongue?
91. Where is it said that "the weakness of God is stronger than men"?
92. What does St. John say of him "that loveth not his brother"?
93. Why does St. Paul say that God spared the life of his friend Epaphras?
94. How many people were in the ship with St. Paul, when he was wrecked on the island of Melita?
95. Where are these words: "In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy"?
96. What was the age of the ruler's daughter whom Jesus raised to life?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(81.) Luke xii. 32. (82.) Zech. xiv. 4. (83.) Isa. xxxiii. 24. (84.) Prov. xvii. 25. (85.) Deut. xxxi. 1, 6. (86.) Psal. cxxv. 4. (87.) Psal. cxix. 145. (88.) 2 Chron. xx. 17.

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THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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THE NEW YEAR.

ONCE more has a New Year come round upon us! May it be a happy one to every one of our dear little readers! May it also be a holy one, and one which shall find them better and holier at the end of it than they now are at the beginning. If we have looked upon past years with sadness, because they have been so unprofitably spent; if we look back upon them with thankfulness, because of all the mercies and blessings which a kind God has given to us; let us look forward to this new year with joy, and holy determination, that it may be better spent than all past years have been. Try, and *pray* more, this year. Try, and read your Bible more. Try, and battle with besetting sin, more manfully. What a glorious

thing it would be, if, at the end of this year (if you are then yet in this world), you should look back, and be able to see prayers answered, sins conquered, Scripture learned, and your Saviour more loved and better served. And if you are taken to heaven before the year comes to an end, how your praises there will be increased, and how much greater your satisfaction, to look back upon a bit of your life begun to be better spent! So it may be with you, my little friends; and may you and I soon meet (separated and unknown as we are now to each other), and sing, for ever and for ever, praises before our dear Saviour's throne!

PINCHER.

A short time ago I was spending a day in company with a lady, who possessed a favourite dog, named Pincher. He was a well-fed, sleek, little fellow, with a fine, glossy, black coat of short hair; but as you will presently see, he was not, on the whole, a well-behaved dog. Though very quiet at most times, he was also very *sly*.

It happened, that his mistress left the room in order to give some directions to a servant, and took with her her little girl, to whom she had been just giving some cake. Now, it seems, that Pincher had been watching this; and being fond of cake himself,



thought, I suppose, there might be some still left on the table. For the moment the door was shut, and his mistress out of sight, up jumped the naughty, sly dog on to a chair close to the table, and looking all round, set to work to lick up every bit that he could find, and soon there were only a few crumbs remaining. He did not see that there was somebody in the room observing him. However, I took no notice of what he was doing, and as soon as he heard his mistress coming in again, down he jumped, and seated himself quietly on the hearth-rug, as if he had never moved at all.

Now, it struck me, that, after all, Pincher was not half so bad as many children, who take advantage of their parents' absence, to do some things which they would be afraid or ashamed to do in their presence. Because, being *only a dog*, he could not be supposed to know right from wrong. Perhaps there are very few children (I hope not any among the little readers of the *Children's Friend*), who would do such a mean and dishonest thing, as to help themselves to anything off the table, should their father or mother go out of the room.

But I fear, some children are not always as careful to do, just what they know their parents would wish them to do when they are away. How like such children are to the naughty, sly Pincher! But then, dear children, *you* know what is right, and what is wrong; and you have been taught that the eye of God is always upon you; that He can at all times see everything that you do. Oh! never be tempted to do what is wrong, because no one happens just at the moment to be near. And if you do *feel* tempted to do what is not right, remember how displeasing in the sight of the Holy Saviour is the sin of deceit; and offer up a prayer at once, and ask him to take away the sinful thought out of your heart, and to give you strength to resist it.

“Almighty God, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

" Oh ! may I now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought ;
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault."

L. G. W.

CAREFUL SAL.

THIS name was given to a little girl, called Sarah Brown, because she was (as the name implies) so remarkably careful. Sarah, though only twelve years of age, was the eldest of a large family of nine children. Their mother was dead ; and their father, who was but a poor labouring man, was obliged to be away all day ; so that the care of all the children fell upon poor little Sarah ; and by her conduct towards them, she well deserved the name her father gave her. At whatever time of day you went to that cottage, there you might see this little girl always neat and clean ; and not only herself, but her little brothers and sisters she tried to keep as tidy as possible ; and more than this, she took care to have the house always in order, and comfortable for her father when he came home at night. The few pence that occasionally were given to any of the children by their father, or other friends, were always brought to Sarah ; for (as the children used to say) " Careful Sal is sure to take care of them for us."

But it was not so much only in great things that Sarah was so conspicuous for

carefulness (for I fancy that many people are careful in great things), but it was in little trifles, and people used to say, "Oh, no one would have thought of it but her!" If her father expressed a wish that she should do something, or that something should be done differently to what was usual, even if it was only such a trifle as moving a chair to another place, Sarah was sure to remember and to do it. She took care not to forget what she was told or asked to do, because she loved her father so much.

But you will say, "What a great deal of time all this must have taken up!" Oh, no! it *saved time*. As, for instance, when her little sister told her she had torn her frock, Sarah was careful to mend it directly, lest it should get worse, when it would take her much longer to mend. And just to show you that Sarah had not only time for all she did, but some even to spare, I must tell you that she had a beautiful cat once given her, which she named Tom, and of this cat she took almost as much care as she did of the children. She used to feed it every night and morning, till at last the little creature got so fond of her, that it used to follow her about wherever she went, and the neighbours used to say, as she went out, "There goes Careful Sal and her Tom."

Now, dear children, I want you to learn to be like Sarah. But some may say, "Oh,

we have no one to take care of but ourselves, so we can't be like her." Even if this were true, is it not enough? But I will try and show you that each person (yes, the *tiniest* little girl or boy who reads this book) has had a quantity of things given them to take care of, not only for themselves, but for some one else; and, dear children, that some one is your own Father, your heavenly Father. I mean, that God has given you a great many things to take care of for *Him*. Oh, then, be careful that you do not lose or waste them!

We will now try and think of some of these precious things. They are called in the Bible *talents*. Now God does not give to us all the same sort of talents; some have also more than others; but there are a few which *all* have alike. We will talk about those.

First, then, *take care of your time*. Not one moment is your own; it all belongs to your Father in heaven; but He has given it you to employ for Him. See, then, that you do not waste it by *idleness*; be always doing something, and let that something be *for* God. Sometimes little children tell me they had not *time* to read their Bibles and pray to God, because they are out at work all day; and some even say that, if they did, they should have no time to play. But I wonder whether they remember that it is all *God's own time* they refuse to give Him. What would the master of the house think,

if a servant said, "Oh, I have no time to wait upon you; if I do, I shall have none left for myself"? But that is just what we say, when we misspend God's time.

Take care of your opportunities. Somebody may wonder what that means. I will tell you. I hope that all who read this little book have a Bible, and sometimes (I would say *often*) read it, or hear it read. Then all of you go to church, and hear sermons; some go to school; some have kind friends, who give them kind advice. Well, these (and many other things which I could name) are *opportunities*, which God gives you to learn about Him, so that you may grow like Him. Look very carefully that you do not lose any; take care that you are never idle at school, or inattentive at church, or careless when reading about God; for remember that these are opportunities which He gives you to improve for Him, and you do not know how soon He may not take some, if not all, away.

Take care of your tongue. Yes, God has given you that little member, in order that you may pray to Him, and praise Him, and talk of Him. Oh, then, take care, dear children, that you do not turn it to a wrong use, by saying angry or unkind things, by using wicked words, or by *idle*, useless conversation!—for remember, that of every word you speak, you will have to give account to God.

Take care of your example. Do you

know that there is not one of you, however young, but has the power of influencing those around you? That is, almost every word you speak, or thing you do, leads some one else to do *right*, or makes them do *wrong*. Then, will you not take care to walk in the right path yourself, that others, seeing you, may run after you?

But, above all, dear children, *take care of your soul*. It is a solemn thing to think that God has given each of you a soul to keep for Him: it is not your own, for you hope that Jesus has bought it with His precious blood, and He wants you to keep it holy for Him. But some may say, "We are not able; we do not know how." Then I will tell you what to do. Go to Jesus; ask Him to take care of it for you; ask Him to wash away all your sins in His own blood, and then to keep you from committing any more. For remember, it is not only your soul that you cannot take care of yourself, but you cannot (however hard you may try) use any of the talents God has given you aright, without the constant help of your heavenly Father. Then let me entreat you, dear children, to seek that help; to go to Jesus every day, every hour, and rest assured you shall not go unheard away.

M. G.

OBADIAH.

Fanny.—Are you at leisure now, mamma, to talk with me?

Mamma.—Yes, dear, quite ready. I told you that God withheld rain from the land of Israel, on account of the sin of the people. This, of course, caused a famine, because nothing can grow without rain; and here we are reminded of the duty of thanking God for our common blessings.

F.—What do you mean, mamma, by “common blessings?”

M.—I mean, dear, those which we receive in common with all around us, and which, therefore, are too often looked on as a matter of course, while the hand that bestows them is forgotten; though if they were for a season kept back, we should feel that we had lost our greatest earthly comforts. Fresh air, sunshine, and rain, and the various fruits of the earth in their season, are a few of the many things which call for our warm praise.

F.—How long were they without rain, mamma?

M.—Three years and a half, dear; and their distress was so very great at last, that the king determined to go *himself* in search of grass for his horses and mules, lest they should all die. So he called Obadiah, who was a great man, the governor of his house, and told him to go through one part of the land, while he himself

went through the other, to see if there was any grass left.

F.—Was Obadiah a wicked man like Ahab, mamma?

M.—No, dear; we are told he “feared the Lord greatly,” and had done so from his youth. Those who desire to be like Obadiah, as decided, consistent children of God, should, like him, *begin early* to seek the Lord. There is a sweet promise made to those who do so.

F.—I know what you mean, mamma; “I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me,” Prov. viii. 17.

M.—Obadiah had before this given proof that he loved the Lord, and the Lord’s people. For when Jezebel, the queen (who was a very wicked woman, and served idols), had given orders that *all* the Lord’s prophets should be killed, Obadiah hid one hundred of them in caves, and fed them with bread and water, though there is little doubt but that Jezebel would have had him put to death if she had known it.

F.—I should not have thought, mamma, that Ahab would have liked such a good man to live with him.

M.—Perhaps, dear, he found (as Potiphar did with regard to Joseph) that the Lord blessed his house for Obadiah’s sake. At any rate, we may feel sure that he acted faithfully; and though Ahab hated his *religion*, he could not help admiring its *fruits*.

F.—It was a wonder, mamma, that Oba-

diah was able to serve the Lord in the midst of such wicked people.

M.—It teaches us, dear, that there is no situation in life, however difficult or beset with temptations, in which the Lord is not able to keep His children from sin, and enable them to glorify Him, if they only seek His grace, and rely on His strength.

F.—Then I suppose, mamma, that good people ought to like to live with wicked ones, to try and make them better?

M.—No, dear; though God is able, when He places us where we are exposed to evil, to keep us from it, yet no one should on that account *choose* a situation where they will be thrown amongst ungodly people. For we have no reason to expect that God will keep us from temptation, if we *willingly* run into it. And we are much more likely to get harm to ourselves by mixing with the wicked, than we are to do good to them. When Obadiah left Ahab, he little thought what pleasure this journey would afford him; for he had not gone far before he met with Elijah.

F.—Was he not very glad to see him, mamma?

M.—Yes, dear, very glad; he fell on his face, and exclaimed, "Art thou that my lord Elijah?" But when Elijah told him to go and tell Ahab that he was there, he felt afraid.

F.—Why did he feel afraid, mamma?

M.—He thought, that perhaps as soon as he was gone, the Spirit of the Lord would carry Elijah away, and he knew how very angry Ahab would be if he came, and could not find him. But when Elijah assured him that he would show himself to Ahab, he went and told him. Perhaps another day I may be able to tell you a little about their meeting.

P.

WHITE ANTS.

THIS curious tribe of ants is found in the East Indies, and in many parts of Africa, and South America. They are divided into three orders; 1st, The *labourers*. 2nd, The *soldiers*, whose only occupation is to defend their nest, and to fight with the ants of rival sorts. And, 3rd, The *winged* insects, who alone can be called, properly, male or female; the others being named neuters, to show that they do not belong to either sex.

In a nest, there are generally a hundred labourers to one soldier; but the latter are fifteen times larger than the former. The winged ants are very numerous, but cowardly and helpless, so that great numbers are destroyed by birds and reptiles.

The houses of these insects are very curious; they first erect little hills, to the height of twelve, or even twenty feet, in the shape of sugar loaves, the highest being in the centre. The space between the top of

these hills is then filled up with clay, which is rendered by the ants almost as hard as stone. The sugar loaf hills are then taken down, leaving a kind of dome, which forms the roof and wall of the ants' nest. The royal house is always in the centre, and the entrance is so small, that only the labourers and soldiers can get in, so that the king and queen can never go out. Around the king's palace are a great many houses, arched at the top, and arranged in streets. These are inhabited by the labourers and soldiers. Near these are the magazines, where the food is kept, and the nurseries where the queen's eggs are hatched, which are removed and placed there by the labourers, as soon as they are laid. The royal house is surrounded by a circle of pointed arches, by which it is separated from the rest of the city.

KINDNESS AND UNKINDNESS.

A little girl seven or eight years old was going up one of the steepest streets in N——, carrying a basket full of bits of wood and shavings on her head. The wind blew hard, and a great deal of sleet had fallen the day before, freezing as it fell, and making the pavements very slippery. As the little girl stepped slowly and carefully, to keep her basket well balanced, a large boy, dressed in warm, comfortable clothes, went



behind her, and, silyly pushing her basket, sent it tumbling to the ground, scattering the wood in every direction. The shavings went flying down the hill, and the basket rolled over and over after them. The boy who had done all this mischief burst into a loud laugh.

The little girl turned upon him a sorrowful and reproachful look, and said, "No, no!" and then ran for her basket. She slipped and fell. Poor thing! her troubles were more than she could well bear, and she began to cry aloud.

The boy still stood and laughed. Just then a gentleman, who had seen the whole,

came up, and laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, said—

“See what you have done! Was it a smart thing for a great boy to upset a little girl's basket on a cold, windy, slippery day? What skill or cunning was there in the trick? Anybody could have done it, that had a heart bad enough? What fun was there in it? I cannot see any. Did you feel happy when you did it? I know very well you did not; although you laughed, you didn't feel well in your heart.”

The boy said nothing, but held down his head, and looked ashamed.

“You are sorry for what you have done,” continued the gentleman, “I see that you are. Now do all you can to make up for it. Pick up the wood and as many of the shavings as you can, and put them in the basket for the little girl; her fingers are already stiffened with the cold.”

The boy did so, and then, turning to the gentleman, said, “Shall I put the basket on her head, Sir?”

“No,” was the answer; “you are stout and strong, and had better carry it home for her. You ought to help her all you can, after what you have done. Where do you live?” said the gentleman to the little girl.

“Plemot-street,” she answered, in broken English.

“Plymouth-street; that is not far from here. What is your name?”

“Lena Schneider.”

"You are a little German girl, are you not?" he asked.

She nodded her head, smiling as she did so; for, though he was a stranger, her heart was warmed by his sympathy and kindness. Pleasant tones and kind acts made acquaintance and friendship and love very quickly. Oh, how much happiness they make, both for those who give, and those who receive them!

The gentleman walked beside little Lena on her way to her home, while the boy followed with her basket. She turned into a narrow street of old wooden houses, and stopped at the cellar of one of them. "Thank ye; good bye," she said, as she reached for her basket.

"Do you live here?" asked the gentleman. She again nodded her head and smiled.

"We'll go in and see your mother," said he.

Lena went down the old stairs, and, opening a door, led them into a low, dimly-lighted cellar, where sat a woman making baskets. On a blanket by her feet lay a miserable, half-starved infant, whose face looked old and withered. Two other children were sitting on the floor, playing with some small pieces of basket stuff. The mother and Lena spoke together in German, and the mother rose to offer what seats she had to the visitors, while Lena put some of the wood she had been gathering, on the dying fire.

The gentleman asked some questions about the family; but the mother could not understand a word of English. He learned from Lena, that the husband and father had died on the passage from Germany; that their money was all gone; and they had no friends in this part of the country to help them. He gave them some money, and then took his leave with the boy.

When they had reached the street, he asked the boy his name.

"William Leonard," he answered.

"Now, William," said the gentleman, as he wrote a few words on a scrap of paper, "I am sure you would be glad to do a little to help that poor woman and her children."

"Yes, sir," said William, his face brightening as he spoke.

"Then take this note to my home, No. 54, W—— street, get as large a basket of hard wood as you can carry, and give it to the poor Germans. Those icy bits of old boards that they have, won't do much towards warming them in their open fireplace; they will need something more, before I can get them a load of coal from the city and a stove. Now, good morning; will you not come and see me in a few days?"

"I should like to," said William.

"And perhaps you may then be able to tell me that there is more pleasure in helping people and doing them good, than in playing unkind tricks upon them."

"I think there is *now*," was the answer.

William got a very large load of hard wood at the house he was directed to; but it did not seem very heavy to him, his heart beat so lightly and happily. When he carried it to the cellar, he found the mother and children gathered around a rude table, on which there was a single dish of stewed vegetables, which they were sharing together. William was surprised at such humble fare; it did not seem to him sufficient; and he asked Lena why they had no bread nor meat, and if they did not like them.

"Yes; goot, goot," she answered; "no money."

William told her that the gentleman had given her money; but she made him understand, that it must be saved for their rent. He at once thought of a few pence which he had in his pocket, hurried to the nearest shop, and bought a loaf of bread. He laid it on the table before the poor family, without saying a word, and departed. Oh, how much happier he was, than when he stood that very morning, laughing at little Lena as she lay crying on the ice, her wood scattered, and her shavings and basket flying away before her? As he closed the cellar door he heard Lena's loud "Tank ye," and the laughter of the other children, mingled with the mother's German blessing.

He heard something else, too—a gentle voice in his own breast, approving his con-

duct. It was a voice which speaks forgiveness to every child that repents of wrong doing, forsakes it, and begins to do right, trusting in Christ for mercy.

TRY AGAIN.

"MARY," said Mrs. Hastings, one day, to one of her little scholars, "come and show me that work which you are doing."

"I have nearly finished it, but I can't help pricking my finger at nearly every stitch; look at the little red specks all over it."

"You must TRY, Mary, and then you will be able, I'm sure; you are six years old now, and ought to be able to hem a duster."

"I *have* tried, but I can't do it; I know there is no use in trying."

Little Mary was one of twenty little children, who went every day to Mrs. Hastings' little school. Mrs. Hastings' great rule was—*Try, try, try again*. She had it written in large letters over the school-room door, so that all the children who could read, might be able to read it. My little readers may see, that Mary was not a *trying* little girl.

In the same school was another little girl, and she came up to say her lesson. She was a new girl, she had never been to school before; so Mrs. Hastings asked her what her name was. "Emily Finch," said she.

"Very well, Emily, you see these letters are called, A B C D E F; now say them." So Emily said A and B, but she forgot C and D. "Now try to remember C and D," said Mrs. Hastings; "E is for Emily, so you will remember that; and F is for Finch." So the next day, when Emily came to say her lesson, she remembered what came next to B, and soon she learned the whole alphabet. Then she learned A B *ab*, and so on; and she always *tried* very hard to remember them, though she was only four years old.

There was a little boy in this school, called Charlie; he was seven years old, and he was learning to write. But he could not make straight strokes, for they were always crooked. He *tried* too, but he could not make them; so he came to Mrs. Hastings, and asked her what he must do. She said, "You must *try, and try, and try again.*" So he sat down again, and tried very hard, and at last he could make them quite well, and soon learned to write; and it was all by trying.

But in time these children got too old for school, and they went away. Emily became a nursery maid in a family, where there were three children. Sometimes they were cross, and would not do what they were told; but she *tried* hard, and they soon learned to love her.

Charlie went to work with his father, and he never forgot Mrs. Hastings' lessons.

But Mary was not fond of trying; she never had tried; she did not know what perseverance meant, and she did not *try* to find out, so she was not so much loved as Emily; nor did she get on so well in the place she was in. It was a farmer's family, where she had hard work to do, and I'm sorry to say she grumbled a great deal about it.

But one day, Emily came to see her, and they had a long conversation together. Emily told her what perseverance meant; she said it was trying to do anything difficult, and not stopping till it was all done. After that, they became very good friends; Mary tried to persevere, and she succeeded, and never grumbled any more. ELLEN.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.

WHEN quite a little fellow, Powell Buxton was sent to Dr. Burney's school. Upon one occasion he was accused, by one of the teachers, of talking during school hours, for which he was about to be punished. When Dr. Burney came in, the boy appealed to him, and stoutly denied the charge. The teacher as stoutly maintained; but Dr. Burney stopped him, saying, "I never found the boy telling a lie, and I will not disbelieve him now."

Poetry.

A CHILD'S NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

If little children, young as I,
 Are snatch'd by death away,
 How can I tell but I may die
 This year, this month, this day ?

It cannot now be known by me
 How long I may be spared ;
 Then will it not true wisdom be,
 For death to be prepared ?

But, oh ! I cannot change my heart,
 Nor wash away my sin ;
 But Jesus pardon can impart,
 And put His grace within.

If Jesus, when He dwelt below,
 Took children to His breast,
 Will He not grace on me bestow,
 And make me also blest ?

O Lord, prepare me for Thy will,
 Whether to live or die ;
 On earth Thy precepts to fulfil,
 Or live with Thee on high.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1. **WHERE** is it said that "Jesus knew all men"?
2. Who was it whom the Israelites were told they "should see again no more for ever"?
3. Who was it who declared that God had been "a shelter for him, and a strong tower from the enemy"?
4. Who were the disciples whom Jesus told to watch with Him?
5. Where are these words: "My God shall cast them away, because they did not hearken unto Him"?
6. What does David say "it is a good thing" to do unto the Lord?
7. In whose mouth was it that "God put a word"?
8. Where are these words: "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days"?

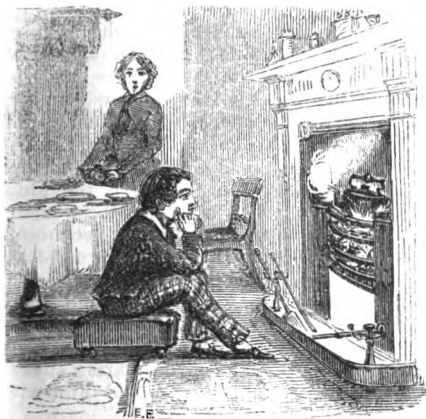
ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

- (89.) Dan. iii. 24, 25. (90.) James iii. 8. (91.) 1 Cor. i. 25. (92.) 1 John iii. 10, 14. (93.) Philip. ii. 25—27. (94.) Acts xxvii. 37. (95.) Hosea xiv. 3. (96.) Luke viii. 42.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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A TALE OF A TEA-KETTLE.

ON a winter's evening, near one hundred years ago, the tea-table was laid out, and the window curtains closely drawn, in the little parlour of a small house, in the town

of Greenock, in the West of Scotland. A tidy active woman was bustling about, spreading bread and butter; a blazing fire crackled, and gleamed, and roared in the grate, curling toward the black sides of a kettle, which sat in the middle of it. The water boiled with a faintly popping sound; and a stream of white vapour came whizzing out of the spout, with a shrill cheering hiss.

As the woman came to pour the boiling water into the tea-pot, her son James, a boy twelve years old, sat on a low stool in front of the fire; his elbows rested on his knees, whilst his hands, placed under his chin, supported his head. The boy was intently gazing at the fire, the kettle, and the steam; he seemed lost in deep thought. While the boy looked at the fire, the woman looked at the boy, and thought in her mind, "Was there ever such an idle, good-for-nothing fellow in this world, as our Jamie?"

A visitor stepped in at this moment. "Mrs. Brown," said Jamie's mother, "did you ever see the like of our boy? Look at him; he'll sit there for hours, staring at the kettle or the steam, till you would think his eyes would come out of his head."

And truly, there was something remarkable in the boy's eye; it was sharp, quick, and intelligent. He seemed as if he were gazing on some wondrous vision. He sat watching the escaping steam, while the thin vaporous column, casting itself upwards in

fantastic changing shapes; and sometimes gathering in force and quantity, would gently raise one side of the lid of the kettle, emit a white puff, and then let the metal fall with a low clanking sound. There was power and strength in that watery cloud; and as the half dreaming boy saw this, all manner of strange thoughts came into his mind. Perhaps he saw ships sailing fast on the sea, without wind or sails; or carriages rapidly running over the country, without horses; wagons carried through deserts, by some power unseen to mortal eye.

At length the spell was broken, and his mother called out loudly, "Jamie! Jamie! sit by to your tea. If I find ye staring at the fire again, ye'll feel the weight o' my hand." The boy rose meekly, and did as he was told.

And who was this boy? He was James Watt, afterwards Sir James. He was the first to apply the wonderful power of steam to useful purposes; and, for his valuable discoveries, received the honour of knighthood. He was born in 1736, the son of a poor tradesman, at Greenock; and probably had never read a book, with the exception of his spelling-book and Bible.

Poor boys, who have little learning, and few advantages, here is encouragement for you. Only be steady, and persevering, and attentive, and what may you not, with God's blessing, be able to do when you grow up?

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Mrs. LETSON had two little girls, named Louisa and Emily. Louisa, the eldest, was just ten years of age, and Emily between eight and nine. Their mother was anxious they should be well acquainted with the Scriptures at an early age. And they learned a text every day, which she selected for them, which were repeated to her at the breakfast table, and which she carefully explained to them. It was her custom, on Sunday afternoons, to have them quietly seated by her, and to give them some particular word or subject upon which they were to seek for verses in their own little Bibles, which they afterwards read to her; after which she made many interesting and instructive remarks upon them. One fine afternoon in the summer they had assembled in a little shady arbour at the lower end of their pretty garden, from which they could see many pleasant meadows, skirted by tall trees, with the church tower beyond, and further still, the high hills rising towards the clear blue sky. In the meadows, many flocks of sheep and lambs were quietly feeding, or lying in the cool shade, and Mrs. Letson remarking them, desired the little girls each to look out a text which speaks of the Lord as our Shepherd. Very soon the little Emily had found the beautiful parable in the tenth chapter of St. John, and her mother directed her to read aloud

the eleventh, twenty-seventh, and twenty-eighth verses. She then explained to her how, in the eastern country, where this gospel was written, it was the custom for the shepherd to go on *before* the sheep, and not to follow *after* them, as with us; she also spoke much about the great love of our Saviour in giving his life for us, though we have all gone away from following him; and of his willingness to bring us back to his fold, and of his gracious promise of eternal life to all who follow him as their shepherd.

Louisa then read her own selection from Psalm xxiii. 1. They talked of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, King David, and what a good shepherd the Lord had been to him; bringing him out of all his troubles, and saving him from so many dangers; just as a shepherd will defend his feeble, helpless sheep from all that can harm them. The children were reminded that David had been himself a shepherd, too, in his younger days, and that he saved a poor lamb from the mouth of a lion and a bear.

Mrs. Letson afterwards read 2 Pet. ii. 25, and spoke very earnestly to her little girls about our great sin in wandering away from the fold of our good and kind Shepherd; in loving the evil paths of deceit and disobedience, by which we grieve the Lord Jesus, who laid down his life for us; and she concluded by a fervent prayer that her own dear children might be as lambs in

the fold of the heavenly Shepherd ; that they might not be tempted to stray and wander from it. But that they might be guided safe through all the dangers of the way, till at last they might reach the fold above, where they would be for ever safe. They then looked once more across the fields at the pretty white sheep, eating the green fresh grass so peacefully ; and then returned to the house to have their tea, before setting out with their mother to the evening service at the village church.

“ The hungry soul His goodness feeds ;
His feeble flock He gently leads ;
Deigns in His arms the young to bear,
And makes them His peculiar care.”

L. G. W.

A CHAPTER FOR SCHOOL-BOYS.

No. II.

I wonder if my paper upon *Moral Courage* was read and understood by any who before had not thought to practise it ; if so, I should feel truly thankful. This time I will address my young friends on the all-important subject of *Prayer*, which I would hope is neglected by no one who reads these pages.

How pleasant is it to know that our heavenly Father is just as willing to hear the prayers of the youngest child as of the oldest Christian, if offered up in faith ! Oh, dear boys, let this encourage you to take all

your little cares and difficulties to Him, who, although so great, yet honours prayer ! And as we all have some sins to which we are more prone than others, commit yourselves to Him, who knows the weaknesses and frailties of our nature, and implore that assistance and grace which He alone can give, to withstand and overcome them.

Perhaps I said wrongly, when I spoke of your "*little* cares and difficulties ;" because, although they may appear as such to us who are older, still I am sure you feel them at the time as weightily as older people feel their heavy ones. But, be this as it may, tell them all to God, and you'll speedily find relief.

One boy may say thus, " I do feel a difficulty in learning and reciting my lessons ;" or, " I do not make my way quite so well as I could wish with my schoolfellows ;" or, " I am so often getting myself into trouble, but I feel these are things too little and trifling to mention to God, who, I fear, might think me presumptuous to trouble Him with such matters."

To that boy I would say, " Oh, you are greatly mistaken ; you are quite wrong ; for there are no circumstances of our life which are too trivial for prayer, or beneath God's notice. No, my young friend, we must not think so of Him, who looks at the sparrows falling, and counts the hairs of our head. Come to Him as a kind Father, with the

deepest reverence, and ask that what you want may be granted to you, if it be His will, and good for you. And ask for patient resignation to endure what He may see fit *not* to remove in the way of trial or vexation; for the very things you are now suffering from, *may* in the end prove your greatest blessings.

It is quite right that you should pray that all your difficulties may be overcome. Who can make you understand things well?—who can make you persevering and industrious?—who can make those things easy to you which you have hitherto found difficult? Who, but your Father in heaven, who created you? He, then, *can* and *will*, if you ask Him, humbly, earnestly, and faithfully, through Jesus.

There is nothing more charming than to see a young person waiting upon God, and striving to walk in the paths of holiness, for it is the easiest time of one's life to do so, before the trials and temptations of the world assail you.

Let your times for private prayer be regular; *never, never* neglect them. And (mark my words) you will become truly and really happy; prosperity of a spiritual (if not of a temporal) sort will be sure to attend you, and you will feel but lightly the trials of life. Anyhow, you will have "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." And when death, whe-

ther it be sooner or later, comes upon you, it will have no terrors for *you*; all will be peaceful and bright, full of joy.

J. W. N. J.

THE LITTLE IRISH SWEEP.

SOME years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney-sweepers in Dublin to learn to read. With others, came a little fellow, who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh, yes!" was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"Oh, yes!" was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And what book did you learn from?"

"Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"Oh, I never was at school."

Here was a curious case; a boy could read and spell without a master! But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors which they passed as they went through the streets.

His teacher, then, was a little sweep, like himself, and his book the signboards on the houses. What may not be done by trying?

DO YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS?

HENRY was the child of pious, anxious parents, and all that tender care and love could do for him marked his happy days at home. But now the time was come that Henry was to go to a large public school. Ah, what a change from his quiet, safe home! Many a prayer, and tear, and anxious thought went after him from his fond parents, and they longed to know if he had been able to keep in the narrow path of Christian duty, and go forward in the way in which he had been trained. All the reports from his master were the very best; but his letters said little; and, indeed, Henry was such a shy, timid lad, that his parents could scarcely expect that he would say much. But now Christmas came, and Henry returned to his dear home. A hundred questions were asked, one after another, and at last his anxious mother ventured to say, "And how, my dear boy, is it about your prayers?" She knew that many boys slept in the same room, and she almost feared that Henry might be laughed out of his usual custom. Henry hung down his head, and scarcely knew what to say, when, being pressed, he said, "Yes, I always kneel down to say my prayers. They laughed at me at first, but now, do you know, four other boys do so too."

Thus a little boy fulfilled that word of

Christ, "Ye are the light of the world." And again, "Ye are the salt of the earth."

Just as I came to know this little incident, another of the same kind came before me. I knew a young soldier who, when he first went into his present barrack-room where thirty of them sleep, said to his comrades as they were getting into bed, "Now, my lads, won't you kneel down and say your prayers? I always do." They smiled, and one said, "I dare say it's all very right, but I never did such a thing."

The next night my young soldier said, "Now, my lads, won't you kneel down? God is good to us, and keeps and provides for us day by day, and you owned last night it is what we should do. Come, kneel down."

"But I don't know what to say," replied one.—"Suppose," says another, "we all kneel down together, and you pray with us."—My young soldier was only too glad to lead their devotions, and down they all went upon their knees, and he sought for grace, mercy, and peace from the God of Heaven. And then he became the evening chaplain of the barrack-room.

Oh, if all would but act up to the light they have received, and feel that they are in duty bound to be the lights of the world, what a new state of things we should see!

There are none who may not do good to others, whether it be a boy in a public school, or a young soldier in the barrack

room; all whose hearts are right with God may do good to others. Both these stories are strictly true, and have only just occurred. Times are indeed changed. I know many a soldier who is thus practically acting on the text, "Ye are the lights of the world."

W.



THE VICTORY.

ONE day, Robert's uncle gave him a half-penny. "Now," said he, "I'll have a stick of sugar-candy; for I have been wanting some for a long while." His mother asked, if that was the best use he could make of his halfpenny. "Why, I want sugar-candy very badly," he said; and he

put on his cap, and ran off in great haste. His mother was sitting at the window, and saw him running along; but he stopped. She thought he had dropped his halfpenny; but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the grocer's shop. Then he stood there awhile, with his hand on the latch, and his eye on the sugar-candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for. But she was more surprised still to see him come off the step, and run home again without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlour, with a bright glow upon his cheek, and brighter glance in his eye, and exclaimed, "Mother, the heathen have beat! The heathen have beat!"—"What do you mean, Robert?"—"Why, mother, as I went along, I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your halfpenny, to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy. Won't you?' And I kept saying, 'Oh, I want the candy; I do want the candy.' At last the heathen beat, and I am going to put my halfpenny into the missionary box. *It shall go to the heathen.*"

"SHE DID WHAT SHE COULD."

MOST little people have heard of Miss Florence Nightingale; and those who have not, ought to know that she was a kind

lady, who went out to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers, in the wars with the Russians. Several other ladies went out with Miss Nightingale; but she was at the head of them, and like the colonel to soldiers, she took the command and the lead. But they all had their work to do, and they did it well. When any of these good ladies died, in that far-off land (which they often did, from sickness and fatigue), Miss Nightingale had the few words written on their tombstone which I have put at the beginning of this—“*She did what she could.*” Now this said a great deal for them; and I hope all my little readers will try and deserve such a motto for themselves.

I will help you to understand what I mean. When you go to church, you often hear the clergyman read from the Prayer-book the following words: “We have left undone those things which we ought to have done.” But few people think how serious these words are; they condemn us quite as much as these that follow: “We have done those things we ought not to have done.” Have you ever thought of this? You fancy, I dare say, that you are very good, if you try not to commit a fault. But, perhaps, you forget how often you neglect doing what you might do, and what it is your duty to do; and thus you offend God, by sins of *omission*, as they are called.

Do you know Dr. Watts’s first Catechism? In that, the answer to the question, “What

is sin?" will explain what I mean; "To sin against God, is to do what God forbids; and *not* to do what God commands."

Now open your Bible at the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and read about the parable of the talents. You will see there, that the man who had five talents gained five talents more; he who had two, made them other two; but the man who had one, went and hid it; he did no good with it, and was, therefore, reprov'd and punished. If he had done "what he could," it would have been enough. God does not expect more of us than we are able to do. But we shall please Him, if we do our duty in that state of life to which we are called.

If any little readers of this little book should ever be servants, I hope they will think of what I now write. It is a pity that poor parents are often so foolish now-a-days, as to wish to bring up their children to "something better than service," as they say. What a mistake this is! It may be one of the happiest employments; and there are few occupations that enable young people of the working classes so well to serve God. But whatever your lot in life may be—whether to rule or to serve, do all to the glory of God. Then, when your worldly work and journey are ended, how welcome the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Then, try dear children, one and all, boys

and girls, to do your best; so that, like the good ladies in the Crimea, it may be said of you, that you did "what you could."

M. A.

THE FADING LEAF.

HAVE you, my little readers, ever gazed up at the tall trees, swinging their long, bare branches to and fro against the wintry sky, and wondered where all the leaves were gone? You remember, some time ago in the spring, how those leaves budded, young and tender; the summer's sun lighted them up, green and beautiful; autumn saw them arrayed in a thousand varied and lovely tints; but the winter's wind, strong and chill, has swept them all away. Where are the leaves *now*? I said they budded in the spring time—and so they did. But they did not *all* live for the summer's sun to shine upon. Some of them, ere they had half unfolded, were whirled from the bough.

Now, the prophet says, "*We all do fade as a leaf.*" Just so, some infants and tender little ones are taken from our side by an early death, as the tiny, grassy graves in our churchyards plainly show. And who has not wept over the grave of a baby brother or sister?

Some of the leaves that danced sparkling in the light of the morning sunshine were dashed from their sprays by the heavy sum-

mer rain, or the wild night-storm swept them off. How many of our companions have been removed from us in the midst of their youthful vigour, when we little thought their health and strength would fail?

Then autumn came, and the pretty leaves lost their freshness, and almost all fell, one by one, to the ground. Even so, those who had passed the period of their youth and prime, friends whom we have loved for many a year, have been numbered with the dead.

Only a few, very few of the leaves have outlived the chill of early spring, the summer rain and storm, and the autumn's decay. Those few are now fluttering here and there on the swinging boughs, trembling in every blast; yellow, and shrivelled, and clinging with a feeble, uncertain hold to the stem, from which the next blast may scatter them far and wide. They are like the aged and grey-headed, who are tottering upon the very verge of the grave; they have survived most of their friends and neighbours, but their strength is gone; and they feel that soon, too, must come *their* time to die.

Yes, dear children, the leaves are dead and gone. *We* all do fade *as a leaf*; and *we, too, must die*.

Now, I do not want this to be a sad and gloomy thought to you. It is a thought full of joy and delight to those who love the Saviour; the thought that they shall

leave this dying, perishing, and sinful world, and go to that bright, happy land

“Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers.”

That land where there is no more crying, nor anything to make us sad; where there is no more parting from our friends; where there is no more death. Would you not like to go there when you die? There Jesus reigns in glory. Do you wish to go there, too, to be with Him? Jesus says, “I am the way;” therefore you must go to Him. Now, go, and ask Him to make you fit for heaven. L. G. W.

A PAGE FROM THE LIFE OF LUCY B——.

IN one of the late numbers of the **CHILDREN'S FRIEND**, my dear young readers, you had given you a leaf in the life of Kate Careless; I am now going to give you a page in the life of Lucy B——, a little girl whose character is the very opposite to that of Kate Careless.

Lucy is but ten years old, and yet she is in every way a great assistance to her mother, who is often very sick and ill. But as I am only to give you an example of the way in which one day of her life is spent, I will begin at once by telling you that although it is scarcely six o'clock, yet

Lucy is awake, and getting up. She has no trouble in finding her clothes, for she has folded them neatly the evening before; her hair ribbons, too, are rolled together in readiness for use. She is therefore soon dressed, and has plenty of time to kneel down and thank God for taking care of her during the night, and to pray Him to give her grace to fulfil the duties of the day. This is not *all* she does; she also reads a chapter in the Bible, learns a text, and looks over the lessons she has to say that morning at school. She then goes down stairs, and assists her mother in making breakfast for her little sisters. As soon as breakfast is over, she is ready to set off to school, and there takes her place at the top of the class, and by her great diligence obtains the praise and approbation of her teacher. As soon as school is ended she hastens home, and either helps her elder sisters in their work, or amuses her baby brother until bedtime. She then retires to rest, but not without *first* reading another chapter in the word of God, and seeking pardon of her heavenly Father for all the sins she has that day been guilty of.

This, my dear young friends, is an example of the way in which Lucy B—— spends her days. Do you not think she is much happier than Kate Careless? Which of these little girls do you think you resemble? Are you a Kate Careless, or a Lucy B——? Let me advise you to ask

yourselves the question, and, if you have not already done so, at once turn over a new leaf, and henceforth let your motto be, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." IDA.

STREET EDUCATION.

THE City missionary visited an unhappy young man in our jail, waiting his trial for a grievous crime. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education; it was my *street education* that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house, and go off with boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer. Oh, sir, it is in the street the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

Is this so? Beware, then, boys, of a street education, and stay at home. And let parents see to it that home training is pleasant, and sound, and strong enough to grapple with and conquer the bad and dangerous influences of street society.

WELL-LIGHTED LANTERNS.

GROPING my way along as best I could, on a very dark night not long since, as I turned a corner of the street, I saw, but a short distance ahead of me, a well-lighted lantern. At first I could not see who was carrying it, but he proved to be a boy, who was whistling merrily as he walked along.

Now that lantern was of much service to me. It threw its light back on the path, or side-walk, for many yards. It showed me where to walk, and it showed me where *not* to walk—if I wished to keep out of the mire.

I felt thankful to the boy, who was thus of so much use to me in lighting my way; while he knew nothing about the good he was doing.

He went along, not thinking of me, hardly knowing that I was behind him; and yet he was rendering me a very kind service.

Now I could not help thinking what a fine thing it would be if all the boys and girls, and all the men and women, who have the privileges of the Gospel, were *well-lighted Christian lanterns*! How much good they would do which now is left undone! We are not so much lanterns in what we *say* as in what we *do*. It is the quiet but real influence of a good example that is a light to lighten others.

A very young child may be a very useful lantern. A small lantern, well lighted, is of much service; while a very large lantern without any light in it, is of no use. And who knows how many the light from his lantern will reach and benefit? Now, children, do not be dark lanterns, or such as give no light; but as you pass along through life, at home, or in school, or in the street, or wherever you are, show that you love the truth, and that you seek, by God's grace, to walk as you are taught in His holy Word. Show this in your lives. Show it by a cheerful, loving, honest walk with your companions. Never be afraid to let others see that you love God, and desire to do what is right in His sight. If thus you live, many will be greatly benefited by it. Some may follow in the path of your light whom you know not, nor ever shall know until you meet them in the world of glory above.

Remember, then, to let your light so shine before others, that they may see your examples, and be led to glorify your Father who is in heaven.

Poetry.

SMALL THINGS.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"
ZECH. iv. 10.

FROM little seeds sweet flowers spring,
And perfume o'er our pathway fling;
The noble oaks derive their birth
From acorns buried in the earth;
And the bright corn on waving plains
Rose from the tiny, scatter'd grains.

And infant hands may plant the seed,
And from that small and simple deed
Rich produce shall adorn the ground,
And gladden every heart around;
For God will send the sun and shower,
To cherish and refresh the flower.

How small the seed of truth appears,
Oft sown with trembling and with tears!
And yet that precious germ imparts
Fragrance and life to desert hearts;
Nor shall its progress stay until
Its branches the wide world shall fill.

And a child's soft and earnest prayer
Rich blessings may to others bear;
And a child's tract, rightly given,
May aid in guiding souls to heaven
And lisping accents may proclaim
The sweetness of a Saviour's name.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

9. Who were David's sisters?
10. Find these words: "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."
11. Who were Daniel's father and mother?
12. What does Solomon say is rather to be "chosen than great riches"?
13. In what city was it that the Lord told Paul in a vision He had "much people"?
14. On what occasion was it that Jesus said to a widow, "Weep not"?
15. Where is it written, "A soft answer turneth away wrath"?
16. What does David say "is settled for ever in heaven"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

- (1.) John ii. 24. (2.) Exod. x. 29. (3.) Psa. lxi. 3.
 (4.) Mark xiv. 33. (5.) Hosea ix. 17. (6.) Psa. xcii. 1.
 (7.) Numb. xxiii. 5. (8.) Prov. x. 27.

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FLIES AND SPIDERS.

SOME children once went with their grandmother to see a spider's web; they thought it very curious, and they talked a good deal about it, though they could not see the use of such things, nor why there should be such creatures as spiders at all.

D

Their grandmother replied, "My dear children, I cannot tell you just now all the reasons why the all-wise God created and sustains the various creatures which we see around us, though we may be sure there is some good end to be served; but I will tell you a pretty story, which may at least help us to think upon the subject.

"A young prince used often to wonder for what purpose God had made flies and spiders; as he could not see, he said, what use they were to men, and if he had the power he would kill them all. One day, after a great battle, this prince was obliged to hide from his enemies; and wandering about in a wood, he lay down beneath a tree, and fell asleep. A soldier passing by, who belonged to the enemy, was quietly drawing near with his sword to kill the prince, when all of a sudden a fly stung his lip and woke him. Seeing his danger, he sprang to his feet, and quickly made the soldier run off.

"That night the prince again hid himself in a cave in the same wood, and during the night a spider wove her web across the entrance. Two soldiers belonging to the army which had defeated him, and who were looking for the prince, passed the cave in the morning, and the prince heard their conversation. 'Look,' cried one of them, 'he is surely concealed in this cave.' 'No,' replied the other, 'that is impossible; for if he had gone in there, he would have brushed down the spider's web at the en-

trance.' When they had gone away, the prince raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and thanked God for yesterday saving his life by means of a fly, and now again by a spider, and acknowledged that the ways and works of God are perfectly good and wise."

THE FAITHFUL MESSENGER.

I have a sad story to tell, but it is a true one; and for these two reasons, I hope it will be a serious, and a useful lesson to my little readers.

Not many years ago, in the town of B——, an accident happened, by which two persons were killed *on the spot*; two or three more lingered for weeks, till death put an end to their sufferings; and several others (if even they live for years), will carry the effects of their injuries to the grave. Now you will be shocked to hear, that all this mischief was caused by the thoughtlessness of one little boy; or, it may be more properly said, that in all human probability, this sad accident would never have happened, if that boy had proved a *faithful messenger*.

I will now tell you how it occurred. There is a large public building in the middle of the town of B——; the great entrance to which is under an archway, through a pair of huge heavy iron gates. It was discovered, that the hinges of these

gates were loose and unsafe. The person whose duty it was to look after such things, immediately wrote to an ironmonger, to order him to do the necessary repairs. The *note* was sent by a boy; and a *message* was sent with it, that "the order was to be attended to *immediately*;" but this was not stated in the writing. The boy delivered the note, but *forgot the message*.

The ironmonger was engaged about some other work, which he thought of more consequence; and the gates were left in their dangerous state.

Soon after a sudden storm of rain and wind came, and several persons took shelter under the archway, close to the fatal gates. All at once, a blast of wind rushed by, and brought them down with a fearful crash upon the people beneath, and the terrible mischief happened that has already been related.

I cannot say whether the boy ever knew of the sorrow and suffering he had heedlessly caused; it is to be hoped he did; for no doubt he would remember it *for good*, as long as he lived. But, be that as it may, I write this little account of the sad scene, for the benefit of those who may not think as seriously as they ought to do, of *delivering a message faithfully*; that is, *truly*—word for word, as they receive it.

A message is a *trust*, as important as any thing else that might be given us to take care of; and it should be delivered to those for

whom it is intended as carefully and conscientiously as a parcel containing goods, nothing being taken away from it. Property is often endangered and lost through a careless messenger. We have here seen an instance where *life* was sacrificed by the same means.

Then, my dear little friends, learn by heart the following few words; remember them when needful, and through life call them to your aid: "A faithful messenger refresheth the soul of his master," Prov. xxv. 13; but, "A wicked messenger falleth into mischief," Prov. xiii. 17.

M. A.

AN HONEST BOY.

Two little boys were walking along the street of our village the other day, when they paused before the court-yard of a gentleman's house, to admire the many gay and beautiful flowers with which it was filled. At length the smaller of the two boys exclaimed, "O! how I wish I had one or two of those beautiful roses to take home to my sick sister. Every day she says she wishes she could see some flowers again!" "Why don't you take some, then, you little goose?" said the other boy; "here, I am taller than you, and I can reach them over the fence. I'll get some for both of us." "No, no, Tim," said the little boy, seizing his arm, "I wouldn't steal even a flower, if I never

had one in the world; but I will go in and ask the lady for a rose for Ellen." "Well, you will only get sent away for your pains," said the elder boy; "for my part, I shall help myself." But just as Tim was reaching over the fence, and had seized a branch of the beautiful roses, he was seized by the gardener, who, dropping a basket which was in his hand, rushed after the boy, whom he caught, and after threatening to send him to jail for stealing, gave him a sound whipping, and let him go.

In the meantime, little Charlie had gone up the steps and rung the door-bell. The door was immediately opened by a kind looking lady. "Will you please, ma'am, to give me a rose or two for my sick sister?" asked Charlie. "Yes, indeed, my fine little fellow," said the lady, "I have been sitting at the window, and I heard your conversation with a boy who wished you to steal some of my roses; and I am glad to see that you would not steal 'even a flower.' Now come with me, and I will cut you a beautiful bunch of roses." While the lady was cutting the flowers, she asked Charlie a great many questions about his mother and sister, and she believed every word he said, because she thought such an honest boy would not tell a lie. When Charlie was going away, the lady told him to be sure and come to her whenever his sister wanted a bunch of flowers.

But her kindness did not stop here. She

was so pleased with Charlie's honesty, that she went to see his sick sister and his mother, and finding them very poor, though apparently honest and industrious, she has already done many things for their comfort: and I doubt not will continue a kind and constant friend to them. Thus, you see, in Charlie's case, as always, even in this life, "Honesty is the best policy." And you well know, I am sure, dear children, that without it you never can gain the approbation of God, who hates all sin, and who will surely punish the unrepenting sinner in another world, if not in this.

VERY HARD.

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every dainty," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labour! It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches!"

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "it's a great blessing to have food, when so many are hungry; to have a roof over one's head, when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and

strength, for daily labour, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering ! ”

“ Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard,” said the boy, still in the grumbling tone.

“ No, Charlie ; there *is* one thing that I think very hard.”

“ What ’s that ? ” cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

“ Why, boy, I think *that heart is very hard* that is not thankful for so many blessings ! ”

As a man is never *humbled enough* till this conviction pierce his conscience, that he is the *chief of sinners* : so a man is never *thankful enough*, till he look upon himself as the *greatest, strangest object of free grace* in all the world ; till he can say, *never such a pattern of mercy as myself !*

LITTLE JOHNNY.

“ Do let me alone, Frank Harris. Oh, dear ! that’s my best hat. I can’t go to Sunday-school now ! ” And Johnny lay down on the grass and sobbed, as if his heart would break.

“ Ha ! ha ! ha-ha-ha ! isn’t that a good one ? ” shouted Ernest Norton.

“ You sha’n’t come to our Sunday-school,” said another.

"If you come in my class, I'll tear your Testament," chimed in a third.

"Testament!" exclaimed one of the elder boys, scornfully. "He'll learn his lessons in a spelling-book, I'll be bound; it's all the same to him!"

Uproarious mocking laughter rang on the evening air at this sally; and after exhausting their stock of witticisms, the boys kicked the dirty little hat to the side of its owner, and left Johnny alone with his sorrow. Frank Harris went whistling merrily home.

"Why are you so late, my son? Stop! your clothes are all dusty. Go in at the back-door and brush them, and then come to me." Frank obeyed instantly. He loved his mother better than most boys; for, alas! his father had been dead some years.

"Oh, mother, isn't it a rich joke? Johnny Bell says he is coming to Sabbath-school, to our Sabbath-school, mother. Oh, I wonder if he'll wear his old striped frock, and let his hair hang over his eyes as he does at school." And Frank laughed again.

"Stop a moment, Frank," said the mother. "Why is it any worse for Johnny to go to Sabbath-school with mean clothes, than for you to go there with a proud heart?"

Master Frank did not answer, but marched off to the wood-pile. He took up the axe, and held it some time in his hand; but, instead of commencing his evening work, he laid it down, and sat upon the log.

"I'm sorry for Johnny, after all," said he, half aloud. "Don't I know as well as anybody that he never was taught as I am? I believe I'll ask mother to let me go and see him about it next Saturday. But I don't like to go there; his stepmother is so cross, and his father is drunk sometimes; and then they are just like pigs, so filthy and ignorant; I don't believe there's a book in the house, at least not a whole one."

That night, after Johnny had crept supperless to his soiled and uncomfortable bed, it was a long time before he could sleep. At first the voice of his angry stepmother, when she discovered the ruined hat, kept him awake some time; and then a whippoorwill came and sang under his window a sad and mournful song, and when he did sleep it was a troubled, dreamy sleep, that brought no rest to his weary frame.

But when the morning dawned, even his stepmother was alarmed, for Johnny knew not the faces of his own brothers, and a cruel fever burned in his veins. The good doctor looked pityingly on him, and promised to do all he could to make him well. At last the fever was broken, and Johnny's strength began to return again. But though he grew better for a while, yet a terrible cough hurt his poor side very much; and when, in the long summer afternoons, he walked feebly about the yard, he grew tired easily, and was obliged to rest often.

But, long before he was able to leave his

pillow, Frank Harris and his mother had been many times to his bedside, with nice sweetmeats and pretty books, and Johnny enjoyed reading them very much, and was seldom without the little Testament Frank had given him.

One bright Sabbath morning, all the congregation were very much surprised to see Johnny Bell come creeping bashfully in at the church door, just before the ringing of the last bell. His face and hands were neat, and his hair was pushed back from an earnest, thoughtful brow. But his step was slow and feeble, and a low cough broke the stillness of the house of God.

Mrs. Norton signed to Ernest to close the pew door as Johnny passed; and Mr. Ellis drew himself up with great dignity, as the coarse, ragged frock brushed against his broadcloth. But John took a lowly seat, and listened attentively to the sermon.

Johnny never came to the church again. A few weeks more, and a chosen few were gathered in that low, dark chamber, to witness the closing scene of his short life. By broken sentences, and with great difficulty, he told them how he loved all, how kind they had been to him, and forgave to Frank, for almost the hundredth time, his early persecutions. He called them all to his bedside by name—Mrs. Harris, Frank, the minister, and his parents—and told them all his sorrow for his sins, and of his joys when he found that even for *him* was a salvation too

great to be described, and of the holy peace that filled his soul, while his body was wasting away. Last of all he took from beneath his pillow the little Testament, and said, "Take it again, Frank; I shall not want it now: but, oh, do read it, for poor Johnny's sake, and love the Lord Jesus, who died to save us all!"

Johnny has gone upward, as we trust, to the home of his heavenly Father. And which had you rather be, my young readers, Frank Harris, the teasing schoolmate, or Frank Harris, the penitent boy?

ESCAPE FROM A RATTLESNAKE.

A few months ago, a woman in America was picking blackberries in a field near her house, having with her an only child, a year old. The babe lay on the ground, amusing itself with catching at some yellow flowers. The mother, intent upon gathering her fruit, passed round a rock, which hid her child from her view. She was about to return to him, when, hearing him laughing and crowing in great glee, she remained a little longer. Suddenly the little voice ceased; and the young mother stepped upon the rock, and looked over it, expecting to see her babe asleep. Instead of which, he was sitting quite still, his lips parted, and his wide-open eyes fixed with a singular expres-



sion on some object, which at first she was unable to discern. On looking more closely, she saw a rattlesnake getting nearer and nearer to the child by an almost imperceptible motion. She glanced wildly round for a weapon, but there was none; and now the reptile was just close to the child!—another moment, and all would be lost. What could be done? In her hand she held a broad tin pan, and, springing from the rock, she covered the snake with it, and stood upon it to prevent its escape. The charm was broken; the child moved, swayed to one side, and began to sob. At the same time the mother recovered her voice, and screamed for help, keeping on the pan till it arrived, when the cause of her terrible fright was despatched.

BAD COMPANY.

IN the populous town of N——, there dwelt a poor widow, and her son Charles. She was very poor, and gained her livelihood by washing linen. Her other sons were all taken from her, and Charles was the only relative left her, on whom to bestow her affection. From his earliest years he was taught to pray. Often she would take him upon her knee, and teach him to pray, that God would watch over his widowed mother, and keep him from sin. At the age of ten Charlie was a ruddy boy, and the support of his mother. But, alas! he chose bad companions—two wicked boys that lived near, who were notorious for their bad behaviour. These two boys being very idle, were also wicked; for, my young friends, you know that,

“Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.”

Charlie's mother would often entreat him, for her sake, to leave off associating with boys who knew not God, nor cared for his people. But he took no heed to his poor mother's desire. He was constantly with his bad associates, and in all respects was becoming as bad as them. The good seed that had been so early sown in Charlie's mind was choked by the scoffs of his companions. Remember, that “evil communications corrupt good manners.”

One day, as Charlie was sitting in the cottage with his mother, a neighbour opened the door, and asked if they knew the news. "No," they both replied. The woman instantly proceeded with her story: "Those two boys that live two doors from here, are taken up for getting into mischief on the Lord's day. Their mother is in such great trouble about them!"

At this news Charlie turned pale. His mother remarked the change. He instantly replied, "Oh, mother! how merciful it was of God, that He did not let me go yesterday with those idle boys. Last Sunday I went with them through the town; but what a Sunday it was! Laughing and cursing were the only things I saw them do. I will go no more with them."

"Blessed be God!" exclaimed the widow, "my son is now taught, by a severe lesson, the truth of my words. Had Charlie been with those boys yesterday, he would now have shared their fate, by being now in prison. To God, and to Him alone be the glory." There is now no happier mother than the widow; and she still thinks of that glorious day when her son turned from bad companions, and sought holy boys with whom to associate.

My dear friends, avoid evil companions; I have seen too often its bad effects upon children, and upon those of older years. You cannot be too particular in the choice of your companions. Have them holy, just,

and good, obeying their parents, and serving God. But I would not have you too suddenly to break off an acquaintance with an evil companion; tell him of the glories of heaven, of the unspeakable joys of God that remain for his people. Tell him of the evil of sin; and to be ashamed of nothing else. And if you shall have been the means of making your companion love God, and hate sin, ascribe all to God who is the author and finisher of our faith. Pray fervently, that God may give you a companion who will not lead you astray, but may increase your zeal in well-doing. And pray,

“ Then, if I want a faithful friend,
Thy Spirit, Lord, upon him send;
That we in unity may dwell,
And dread the road that leads to hell.”

D. L.

MY FIRST SIGHT OF DEATH.

LONG ago, when I was a little boy, my employment in summer was to attend my father's cows on a meadow pasture that lay along the bank of the river Earn. It was at a sharp turn of the stream, a few hundred yards below the spot where the Scottish Central Railway now crosses it.

The employment was easy, and the scene was sweet. I like to revisit the spot yet, to hear the murmur of the stream, and see the trout leaping from its bosom, and the wil-

lows waving on its edge, and the tall trees hanging over it, all the very same as when I saw them in the bright morning of my youth. One spot of the river, above the turn, and visible from the railway-bridge, I look upon with a mournful interest. It was there that I first saw death. It happened thus :

On a sunny Sabbath morning I was sitting in a corner of the pasture ground, with the cows grazing near me, and busy learning my psalm and chapter for my father in the afternoon, when my eye was attracted by several people running towards the river, at the opposite end of the field. I ran to see what was the matter. On reaching the bank, I learned from the nearest bystander that the herd-boy on the other side of the river had gone in to bathe, and had been carried down the stream into a deep place, and sunk.

With an eye well practised, I soon saw the dim, shadowy outline of the naked boy on the bottom, slowly moving down with the stream. Meantime, some men in a boat were making their way up to the place. They reached it. By means of a pole one raised the body to the surface. Another seized it by the hair, and lifted it into the boat. Oh, how my blood ran cold at the sight! This was the boy that I had talked with, over the water, from day to day. He was a poor boy, engaged by the neighbouring farmer. He had no father to make him

learn a chapter during the day, and hear him say it at night. He had no one to tell him to keep the Sabbath holy. He was a herd-boy in a *bothy*, where seven or eight careless men were his only companions. He had no use for the Sabbath, and he employed it in amusement.

I saw him raised into the boat all stiff, and his hair hanging wet over his shoulders. He was laid along upon a plank. He moved not. He never moved. It was death; and I had never seen the dead before. It brings a sigh from my breast to look at the purling, eddying river yet, as it glides unconsciously over the spot.

I believe that sight made an impression of the Sabbath's sacredness on my heart while it was young and soft, which remains still. I knew that God orders all things. A sparrow cannot fall without our heavenly Father. Most certainly that sight was made an instrument to impress upon me, deeper than otherwise I would have had, a reverence for the Sabbath day. The first time that death showed his ghastly form to chill my young heart, it was a death that came through an idle, ill-used Sabbath.

It helped me to dread an idle, ill-used Sabbath. I hope this story may make some reader dread, too, a misspent Sabbath. But it is not enough to fear a broken Sabbath; it is not enough to drive common work and amusement out of it. If the day is left empty, it will be a weary day. We must

not only empty it of the world, but fill it with God. It is not good for man, young or old, to be alone. When we mind not our common employment on the Sabbath we shall be unhappy, unless we get other employments, and other company. For company, the Lord Jesus; and for employment, His word and His work. Fill it thus, and it will be "the best of all the seven."

A FEW WORDS TO SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

WHAT a pleasant sight is a Sunday-school room, with its classes of neat, clean, and happy children, ranged round their teachers. There *was* a time when there were *no* such schools in our land.

Do children ever think of this, and feel thankful that in our time there are so many? And do you ever, dear children, really consider *why* you come Sunday after Sunday, all the year round, to your Sunday-school? Perhaps you will tell me that it is to repeat the Collect, or texts, or hymn, which you have been learning in the week; and to read your Bible, and to sing. Well, all this is true. You *do* come for these things; but you come for something more besides; you come to learn about your soul, about Jesus Christ, and the way of salvation, and to hear about heaven and all its glory. Then you come also to seek God's blessing upon

what is taught you, and to ask Him to water the good seed, which is thus sown in your hearts, that it may grow, and overcome the evil roots of sin within you. Your teachers are very anxious too that you should *understand*, and *think about* what you read.

How cheering to them it is, to find the children in their classes attentively listening to all that is said to them, and trying to give good answers to the questions that are put to them, in order to find out whether they really know the meaning of what they read and learn. *This* is the way to profit by the Sunday-school, and to secure God's favour and blessing. And how much sweet happy talk may thus be had about the Saviour's love, and tenderness, and His care for children. And what a motive the remembrance of all his kind and tender care, and great love, will be for leaving the ways of sin, and walking in the ways which the Bible points out as the only safe and pleasant ones.

But, on the contrary, how much pain and grief does it give to the kind teachers who take so much trouble, when they see their scholars careless, and thoughtless; *thinking*, and even *talking*, about other things. *This* is, I am afraid, only too often the case. One girl is telling the next to her in the class, that some one's bonnet is very shabby, or that her sister has a new cloak. Or the boy is feeling in his pocket for the marbles (*which ought not to be there on the Sunday*), and tempting his companions near him to

whisper about the game they will have together to-morrow morning before breakfast.

Now, dear children, this sort of conduct is very sad, and very displeasing in the sight of God. Remember, all the time you are thus trifling, *you are doing harm to your souls.*

Make up your minds, and ask God's help to enable you to give all your attention to your teacher, when in your class. And keep a watch over your thoughts, that they may not run upon other things, while you are being instructed. Come to school in good time, with your lessons well learned, and be determined to profit by what is taught you. And do not forget it all, the moment your class is over, but try to remember it all the week, that you may profit by the good things you hear and learn about at your Sunday-school.

L. G. W.

“ *Sunday and School ! with heart and voice
An earnest, grateful song we raise :
Long may our happy land rejoice
In Sunday-schools and Sabbath days !*

“ Great is the gift, those holy hours,
By Thee, O Lord, to bless us given ;
Fruitful as spring's delightful showers,
Or sunshine on the road to heaven.

“ In street, or court, or village green,
Wherever souls untaught are found,
There may the Sunday-school be seen,
And there the voice of mercy sound.

“ For blessings still bestow'd on us,
We strive a grateful song to raise ;
Yet small the thanks we offer thus,
For Sunday-schools and Sabbath days.”

AN AFRICAN BOY.

A missionary in Africa, passing one day through the school-room, observed a little boy engaged in prayer, and overheard him saying, "Oh, Lord Jesus, I thank Thee for sending big ship into my country, and wicked men to steal me and bring me here, that I might hear about Thee, and love Thee; and now, Lord Jesus, I have one great favour to ask Thee. Please to send wicked men with another big ship, and let them catch my father and my mother, and bring them to this country, that they may hear missionaries preach, and love Thee."

The missionary, a few days after, saw him standing on the sea-shore, looking very intently as the ships came in.

"What are you looking at, Tom?"

"I'm looking to see if Jesus Christ answers my prayer."

For two long years he was seen, day after day, watching the arrival of every ship. One day, as the missionary was viewing him, he observed him capering about, and exhibiting the liveliest joy.

"Well, Tom, what occasions so much joy?"

"Oh, Jesus Christ answers my prayer. Father and mother came in that ship."

Poetry.

"WHERE IS JESUS?"

WHERE is Jesus? Tell me where?
 Where you want Him, He is *there*.
 In the throne above the sky,
 There He sits with God on high,
 Speaking in His Father's ear,
 All about His people here.
 In two places none can be
 At a time, but only *He* ;
 But in every place He is,
 Every place alike is His ;
 So He's *here*, with you and me,
 Though we can't His presence see.
 If we speak, He'll answer us ;
 In our heart we find He does.
 If we're naughty, and we feel
 Sorry for it, He will heal ;
 He will "wash us in His blood,"
 He will "bring us nigh to God ;"
 And the angels *then* will sing
 Glory to their God and King,
 Who repenting sinners saves,
 And will raise them from their graves,
 To be where His dear Son is,
 In the realms of heav'nly bliss.
 And till *then* He'll always keep,
 Both awake and when asleep,
 All His little ones from harm,
 By His own almighty arm.
 Satan, he may try his best,
 But he can't disturb our rest ;
 Satan cannot get-between
 Us and *Jesus*—He's the screen ;

He's our shield, and will defend—
 He's our never-failing Friend.
 None but *Jesus*, none but *He*,
 Is the one for you and me.
 Where is *Jesus*? Everywhere;
 Where we want Him—*He is there*;
 And *again*, 'tis no less *true*,
 There is nothing He can't do.
 So on Him we'll always call—
 Jesus is our "All in all."

TEXTS TO FIND, AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

17. WHERE is Jesus called the "beloved Son"?
 18. Where are these words: "There shall be showers of blessings"?
 19. How do we know that God's angels are always around us and doing us good?
 20. Why may we not worship such holy beings as angels?
 21. Where is it written, "I have covered thee with the shadow of Mine hand"?
 22. Where is Jesus called our "Friend"?
 23. Where are these words: "I am a Father to Israel"?
 24. Who was it that "expounded" to people that "came to him in his lodging"?
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ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(9.) 1 Chron. ii. 16. (10.) Psa. xl. 17. (11.) Ezra viii. 2. (12.) Prov. xxii. 1. (13.) Acts xviii. 10. (14.) Luke vii. 11—13. (15.) Prov. xv. 1. (16.) Psa. cxix. 89.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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WHAT A BOY MAY DO.

We do not want proofs that the Bible is true and indeed the word of God; we have them in great abundance. But one proof is now much talked of, and, indeed,

E

is very remarkable. Travellers, in going through the Eastern countries, meet with inscriptions on the rocks and stones, which, after much labour and pains, they are able to decipher; and there they discover what confirms the truth of Scripture in the clearest manner. Sir Henry Rawlinson has rendered the greatest service in this respect. He says that a sufficient number of records are now brought to England, to employ twenty students for fifty years. But now for my boy. Sir Henry saw Babylonian inscriptions standing out on a ledge of rock, but so very high up that he could not scale the precipice, and the boldest cragman said it could not be done. A wild Koordish boy, however, was found, who, hanging on with his toes and his fingers, swung himself to the desired place. Here, under Sir Henry's directions, he pressed soft sheets of paper into the well graven forms, and brought down these Babylonian characters, with the raised appearance of the embossed letters, with which they teach the blind to read by feeling.

It was only just in time, for water had got to the surface, and was fast destroying the characters. And thus the ancient rock, with its solemn voice of more than 2,000 years old, confirms the word of God, and a wild Koordish boy is the means of it!

W.

ELIJAH AND AHAB.

Mamma.—I think I promised to tell you something about the meeting between Elijah and Ahab. You know already, that Ahab was a very wicked man; the Bible says of him, "He did sell himself to work evil in the sight of the Lord."

Fanny.—But, mamma, is not *everything* we do in the sight of the Lord?

M.—Yes, dear; and not only *everything* we *do*, but every *thought* and *feeling* of our hearts; for His eye is always upon us.

F.—There was a great contrast between Ahab and Elijah, was there not, mamma?

M.—There was, indeed, dear. We could scarcely find two more opposite characters, for whilst Ahab had given himself up entirely to do the work of Satan, and sin against God, Elijah had yielded himself up wholly to the Lord, and was willing to do whatever He commanded him, and to go wherever He bid him; not fearing the wrath of man. As soon as Ahab saw him, he exclaimed, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"

F.—Did not Elijah feel afraid then, mamma?

M.—No, dear; he boldly replied, "I have not troubled Israel, but *thou*, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim." Elijah knew that God was on his side, therefore he did not fear

Ahab, though he was king of Israel. Do you remember what the Lord Jesus said about the fear of man?

F.—Yes, mamma; “Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell,” Matt. x. 28.

M.—Elijah then told Ahab to gather all Israel together to mount Carmel, with all the prophets of Baal.

F.—And did he do it, mamma? I should have thought he would have been too proud to obey Elijah.

M.—And so very likely he would have been, dear, if God had not caused him for a season to fear Him. We are told in the word of God, that “the king’s heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water; He turneth it whithersoever He will,” Prov. xxi. 1. Elijah was now doing God’s work, and the Bible says, “When a man’s ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.” If you turn to 1 Kings xviii. 21, you will see what he said to the people.

F.—“And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him, but if Baal, then follow him; and the people answered him not a word.”

M.—Elijah reproveth them, because they *called themselves* the people of the Lord, and yet did not serve Him, but worshipped

Baal; and there are thousands of people now who do just the same. They call themselves Christians, and would be very angry to be thought anything else, though they have never come to Christ for salvation, nor do they in *anything* follow Him, but live wholly for the world. Elijah then proposed that they should each offer up a bullock in sacrifice, they to Baal, and he to the Lord, putting no fire under; and the God that answered *by fire* should be acknowledged to be the true God.

F.—But did not Elijah know which was God, mamma?

M.—Yes, dear; but he did it to teach them the folly of worshipping that which could not help them, and to prove that the Lord *alone* was God; for though they cried all day to Baal, they got no answer; but as soon as Elijah prayed to the Lord, He sent fire which quickly burned his sacrifice, though twelve barrels of water had been poured on it.

F.—I should think that the people must have seen then, mamma, that Baal was no God.

M.—They did so, dear, and exclaimed, “The Lord He is the God, the Lord He is the God!” Elijah then told them to take all the prophets of Baal, which they did; and he slew every one of them at the brook Kishon. He then went up to the top of Carmel, cast himself upon the ground, and put his face between his knees.

F.—Why did he do that, mamma?

M.—Doubtless he was praying that God would fulfil His promise of sending rain; for we are told in James v. 18, that it was in answer to his prayer that the rain was sent. He had just told Ahab that there was a sound of abundance of rain; though the sky, when he said so, was bright and cloudless; but Elijah knew that God always performed His promises, and he was not afraid to trust His word.

F.—And did He send the rain *directly*, mamma?

M.—No, dear; Elijah sent his servant to the top of the mountain, to see if there was any cloud in the sky, and he went *seven times* before he could see anything; but Elijah still went on praying, and at last there appeared a little cloud about the size of a man's hand; then he knew that his prayers were answered, and the rain soon after descended in torrents. This teaches us not to leave off praying, because we do not get what we ask for *at once*; because God sometimes keeps us waiting to try our faith, but we may always feel sure that He will give us what we ask for, if it will be good for us.

F.—And does God **ALWAYS** give His people what they pray for, mamma?

M.—Sometimes, dear, He withholds what they ask, because He intends to give them something *better*, as He did to Elijah soon after this. He was very much cast down in

spirit, and asked God to take away his life ; but God did not grant him his request, because He intended to take him to heaven *without dying*, when he had finished his appointed work on earth, and that you know was *far better*. P.

A STORY OF A TIGER.

LUCY and FANNY were two little girls, who lived with their father and mother, in London. When Lucy was six and Fanny five years old, their uncle George came home from India. This was a great joy to them ; he was so kind, and had so much to tell them about far-away places, and strange people and animals, and things, such as they had never seen. They never wearied of hearing his stories, and he did not seem to weary either of telling them.

One day, after dinner, they both climbed on his knees, and Lucy said, " Oh, uncle, do tell us a *tiger* story ! "

" Very well," said he, " I will tell you a story about a tiger and a baby, which happened to some of my own friends. This gentleman and lady had one sweet little baby, and they had to take a very long journey with it, through a wild part of India.

" There were no houses there, and they had to sleep in a tent. That is a kind of house made of cloth, by driving high sticks

firmly into the ground, and then drawing curtains all over them. It is very comfortable and cool in a warm country, where there is no rain; but then there are no doors or windows to shut, as we do at night, to make all safe.

"One night they had to sleep in a very wild place, near a thick wood. The lady said, 'Oh, I feel so afraid to-night; I cannot tell you how frightened I am. I know there are many tigers and wild animals in the wood; and what if they should come out upon us?'

"Her husband replied, 'My dear, we will make the servants light a fire, and keep a watch, and you need have no fear; and we must put our trust in God.'

"So the lady kissed her baby, and put it into its cradle; and then she and her husband knelt down together, and prayed to God to keep them from every danger; and they repeated that pretty verse, 'I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.'

"In the middle of the night the lady started up with a loud cry, 'Oh, my baby! my baby! I dreamed just now that a great tiger had crept below the curtains, and ran away with my child!'

"And when she looked into the cradle, the baby was not there! Oh, you may think how dreadful was their distress. They ran out of the tent, and there, in the moon-

light, they saw a great animal moving toward the woods, with something white in its mouth. They aroused all the servants, and got loaded guns, and all went after it into the wood. They went as fast and yet as quietly as they could; and very soon they came to a place where they saw through the trees that the tiger had lain down, and was playing with the baby, just as pussy does with a mouse before she kills it. The baby was not crying, and did not seem hurt. The poor father and mother could only pray to the Lord for help; and when one of the men took up his gun, the lady cried, 'Oh, you will kill my child!'

"But the man raised the gun, and fired at once, and God made him do it well. The tiger gave a loud howl, and jumped up, and then fell down again, shot quite dead. Then they all rushed forward, and there was the dear baby quite safe, and smiling as if it were not at all afraid."

"And did the baby really live?"

"Yes; the poor lady was very ill afterward, but the baby was not at all hurt. I have seen it often since then. You may be sure that often, when they looked at their child afterwards, the parents gave thanks to God. It was He who made the mother dream and awake just at the right minute, and made the tiger hold the baby by the clothes so as not to hurt it, and the man to fire so as to shoot the tiger and not the child. But now good night, my dear little girls; and before

you go to bed, pray to God to keep you safe, as my friend did that night in the tent."

THOUGHTS FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

HAVE you ever lost a friend by death whom you loved very dearly; and if so, do you not sometimes remember the day twelve months on which he died? Do you not often think of what that friend said and did, and perhaps of the good advice which he gave you when he was alive? And if you meet with any companion who loves that friend's memory as you do, is it not pleasant to talk together about *him* or *her* who is gone? Yes, memory seems to wake, and all that is past appears so precious because it can never come again.

Now I am going to tell you of one dear Friend, who loved you very dearly; yes, even more than if he had been your brother (Prov. xviii. 24). And this Friend showed His love to your soul in a way no other friend ever did; for *He died to save your life*. This Friend was Jesus; so called in the Bible, "Because He should save His people from their sins" (Matt. i. 21).

Those good men who lived in the reign of our King Edward the Sixth, and wrote many of the beautiful prayers which we use in our Churches, drew up a Service, on

purpose to be used on that day year upon which Jesus died ; and thus it is that in our Prayer-books we have Collects, Epistle and Gospel, Psalms, and Lessons, suited to the day called *Good Friday*. And this was done, that on one day in the year at least, Christians might be led to remember the death of their best Friend.

Now I have heard that some young persons are at a loss to know how *Good Friday* should be spent. They must be told that there is no command in God's word for keeping this day sacred. We have services in our Prayer-books for Ash Wednesday and other days, &c., which days are useful to remember by special prayer ; but neither these days nor Good Friday are like the *Lord's* own day. No, the Sabbath stands alone as the day of rest. It is "the *Lord's own* day." Yet a person who feels that his or her sins were as the nails and spear which pierced their kind Saviour, cannot help having a solemn feeling on Good Friday, whilst they "look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn for Him" (Zech. xii. 10). And such a person will be thankful that the doors of God's house are thrown open, and will rejoice to join in the services there appointed for the day. But besides public worship, there are other religious services which a young Christian will feel particularly suited to Good Friday ; and some other time, perhaps, I will name a few of them.

A. N.



THE FACTORY CHIMNEY.

A large new factory was just completed. A great crowd was collected around it; and all eyes were turned to the tall chimney. What was the matter? What caused those anxious faces, and those sounds of alarm and pity? The chimney was finished; the scaffold was taken down; the workmen had descended, all but one, whom it was needful to leave till all was removed; when it was discovered that they had forgotten to leave behind the rope, by which this poor man was to slide down. What could be done? He had no other means of descent, and nothing could be thrown up to him at that immense height. It seemed as if he must stay there and die.

When, lo, a voice was heard above all the other cries and shouts that came from

the crowd below! It was from the wife of the poor man, who, frantic with alarm, and overwhelmed at the thought of her husband's danger, with a voice scarcely human, and no doubt strengthened by the urgency of the case, held up her arms, and exclaimed, "Pull off thy stocking, and unravel it, and let it down!"

Happily, her voice, aided by her signs, succeeded. The poor fellow was seen taking off his stocking, and soon it reached the ground. They then contrived to attach to it a rope, which was happily thus conveyed to the top of the chimney; and thus the poor man soon got down in safety, amidst the shouts and rejoicings of the assembled crowd.

Ah, my reader, one almost trembles while contemplating such a scene! And now there is not a man, woman, or child, who does not stand in as great and pressing a danger, and who is not equally confined to one way of escape. As fallen sinners, we are cut off from all chance of escape but one. Oh! have you felt your danger?—do you, indeed, realize it? The anguish of a soul that really discovers where sin has placed it will be as keen as that of this poor man, when every refuge seemed to fail him; and the joy of him who has found Jesus to be the way, the truth, and the life, cannot be surpassed by the joy of him who finds himself safe from his perilous condition in the bosom of his family. W.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

"OH! I am so tired, dear mamma," cried little Bessy West, running in from the garden, one warm spring morning, to the cool, pleasant room where her mother sat at work; and she threw herself upon a low stool, and, resting her little head upon her mother's lap, soon fell fast asleep.

Bessy was but a little girl of seven years old, and, not being very strong, playing with her brother, who was a great boy of eleven years old, was too much for her, and no wonder she was tired. Mrs. West gently raised her child in her arms, and, placing her on a soft couch, sat down beside her.

How sweetly she rested! but not long; presently, opening her eyes, she fixed them on her kind mamma, and put up her lips for a kiss.

"Now, Bessy, that you have had your sleep, and are so refreshed, I want to talk to you a little," said Mrs. West. "I am going to tell you how much you remind me of something which happened to myself a long while ago, by your running in so warm and weary from your play with John."

"Oh, yes, do tell me a story about yourself, dear mamma," said the little one, looking now quite wide awake; and Mrs. West began:

"Well, when I was a little girl, rather older than yourself, but not so old as John,

it pleased God to take my own dear mother away from me; she was very ill for a few hours one night, and the next day she died. Oh, I cannot tell you what a grief it was to me, I had loved her so dearly! And my father having died when I was a baby, I was almost without friends. Some strangers took me away, and I was sent to school. Oh, how sad and lonely I felt! I missed my dear mother so very much. At last, one day, a lady dressed in black came, and asked for me. When she saw me, she cried very much, telling me she was my aunt, that she had been many miles away in a distant country when my mother died, and that now I was to go home with her, and that she hoped I should soon love her very much. She had a sweet, kind face, and did everything she could to make me very happy with her. God had indeed given me a friend. My dear aunt used every morning to take me on her knee, and teach me pretty verses from the Bible. One day, she taught me this: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She told me that these were the tender words of a loving Saviour, and that whenever I had any trouble or sorrow upon my heart, I had only to go and tell Jesus all about it, and He would be sure to give me rest and comfort.

"And so I have, found it, dear Bessy; whatever has been my sorrow, He has always been ready to help me to bear it.

And this, dear, is just what I want you to remember. Just as you come to me for rest for your weary head, so when your heart is sad and weary because of sin, or any other sorrow, fly to the arms of that merciful Saviour, who is always standing ready to receive you, and you will find that He will indeed give you rest." L. G. W.

SWEDEN.

Now you shall have a story of a little girl in Sweden. Do you know where Sweden is? It is a very cold country in the north of Europe, where they have very short summers, and a great deal of frost and snow. And the poor people, though called Protestants, have been in a very dark, dead state. Very little attention is paid to the Bible; and when that is the case, all must be wrong. What will you say, when I tell you that I know two young Swedish ladies, now living very near me, who told me one day, that they had never seen the Bible at all in Sweden! They belong to one of the first families, and are very well educated, but had never once seen a Bible in their own country. But now the Sun of righteousness is rising on Sweden, and thawing those poor frost-bound souls; and in all directions there is a stir and an awakening which gives promise of better things. Young and

old are seeking Jesus, and asking, on all sides, "What must I do to be saved?"

But you will say I am forgetting my story. It is a very short one, but a very nice one. A little girl was walking one night under the starry sky with her father, intently meditating on the glories of heaven. At last, looking up to the sky, she said, "Father, I have been thinking, if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?"

Dear child, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him!" "Now we see through a glass, darkly." W.

THE BEST WISH.

THE cold February wind whistled round the corner of the street, and beat heavily with its burden of snow against the dwelling that sheltered three rosy-cheeked children. Lightly they heeded it, however, for in their pleasant room, the brightly burning lamps added their enlivening light to the fire blaze that flamed up cheerily in the grate, while the heavy window curtains hid all token of the outward desolation, except a monotonous pattering of the sleet against the panes, which rather added to the sense of the comfort of those within.

The three children were seated around the

fire, weaving fanciful images from the red coals, when Walter—a fair-haired boy of seven, with his head full of fairy imaginings and impossibilities—suddenly exclaimed to his sisters: “Now, girls, just suppose we could have one wish granted, what out of the whole world would you choose?”

Little Alice tossed back her golden curls, with a look half comical, half puzzled, as if her wish would be so large she never could get it into words; while the chubby, three-years'-old Lizzie, raising her large, thoughtful eyes heavenward, after but a moment's hesitation, clapped her dimpled hands together—while a light like the gleam from an angel's wing broke over her face—and exclaimed, “I would rather be in Heaven with my little brother Edward.”

“Oh, mother, mother!” shouted the older children, “Lizzie's is the very best wish that could be, isn't it?”

“Yes, indeed!” answered the mother, clasping the little one in her arms; while a strange, unaccustomed thrill passed over her spirit, as if she saw heaven's glories well nigh hidden in the darkening shade of death.

One short week, and the wind and snow sported over a child's grave, that grave only the perishable sign of a desire granted in eternity, for Lizzie was “with her little brother Edward.”

Perhaps, my dear little children, you may not have a brother or a sister in Heaven,

but you have a loving Saviour there, and do you ever wish to be with Him? When you kneel down at the morning or night to pray to "Our Father," do you ask Him that He will lead and guide you by His Holy Spirit—that you may be fit, for Christ's sake, to go and live with Him for ever? If you do, and grow up to be men and women, and go out into the bustle of life with this one wish "of the whole world" in your hearts, you can never fear death, for it will only be going home; home to an eternity of happiness; if not, if day by day your growing desires are for everything *but* heaven, no wonder if you dread to think of the gloomy messenger, the herald of that God who has commanded even little children to seek *first* His kingdom.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

A sergeant-major, now in Wellington barracks, who has recently returned from the Crimea, gives the following interesting account of the conduct of a young soldier only sixteen years old, named Thomas Keep, of the third battalion Grenadier Guards, under the command of Colonel Thomas Wood:

"This boy was with the army on the heights of Alma, and preserved the most undaunted behaviour throughout the battle. At one time a twenty-four pounder passed

on each side of him, and shot and shell fell about him like hail. Notwithstanding the fatigue of this day, and the danger of going on the field of battle, this brave boy spent the night in doing all he could for the poor sick and wounded. Instead of going into a tent to take rest after the battle, he was seen stepping carefully over one dead body after another, collecting all the broken muskets he could find, and making a fire in the night to procure hot water. He made tea for the poor wounded men, and thus saved the life of sergeant Russell, and some of the private soldiers, who were lying nearly exhausted for want. Thus did he spend the night.

“ At the battle of Balaklava he again assisted the wounded. He did his duty by day, and worked in the trenches by night, taking but little rest. At the battle of Inkermann, he was for about twenty minutes surrounded by Russians; and, to use his own words, he thought it was ‘ a case ’ with him, but he escaped all right. He received one shot, which went through his coat and out at the leg of his trousers, but a merciful Providence again preserved him unhurt. He again helped with all the bravery of a man to get in the wounded, and did not take any rest till the poor sufferers were made as comfortable as he could make them. He waited on the surgeon when extracting the shot from the men, and waited on the men before the operation and after. He was

ready to do anything for any one who needed help. Some of the wounded say, that they should not have been alive now, had it not been for this boy's unwearied kindness and watchfulness over them in their hours of helplessness.

"This boy has been recommended by Colonel Robinson and Colonel Wood, and other officers in Her Majesty's service, and doubtless his kind and exemplary exertions will not go unrewarded."

We think, however, that he has probably enjoyed already the best reward which such conduct can have on earth, in the comfort he was able to give to those in distress; and much do we hope, that he will not miss his heavenly reward from that blessed Saviour who has said, "Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," Matt. xxv. 40.

LITTLE MINNA.

It was a very cold winter's day, and the frost was very severe. Little Minna, the only child of good and kind parents, collected all the crumbs she could find, and twice a day she took them into the court before the house, and strewed them on the ground. Then the birds gladly flew down, and picked them up, while the little girl's hands were trembling with the bitter cold.

Her parents were once watching her ; and, taking pleasure in the pretty sight, and the dear looks of their dear child, they said to her, " Why do you do that, Minna ? " " Because everything is covered with snow and ice," said she, " and the poor little birds can find nothing. They are very poor now ; so I feed them, as rich people take care of the poor people, and give them food."

Her father said, " But you cannot feed *all* the birds." Little Minna answered, " But do not all the children in the world do as I do, just as all rich people take care of poor ones ? "

Then the little child's father looked at her mother, and they wished that it really were, as their loving child thought it to be.

A FABLE.

" DEAR MOTHER," said a little lamb one morning, " please take care of me all day, and do not let the shepherd's dog come near me ; and please keep me from falling into the brook ; and keep very near me, lest I should lose myself."

The lamb had hardly done speaking, when she set off running to the farthest end of the meadow, where the shepherd's dog was ; afterwards she went to the swift brook ; and, before evening came, she had

strayed so far away, that her mother could neither see nor hear anything of her.

“What a foolish little lamb!” you say. Nay; look at thine own ways; art *thou* never so foolish *thyself*?

Poetry.

TO AN AFFLICTED CHILD.

GENTLEST lamb of Jesus' fold,
 Call'd to suffer from thy birth,
 Take of heaven a firmer fold,
 Since thou art not made for earth :
 Only lie at Jesus' feet,
 Then affliction will be sweet.

Clasp thy tiny hands in prayer ;
 Tell the Saviour all thy heart ;
 Trust Him with thy every care,
 Every grief to Him impart ;
 Bow to Him the suppliant knee—
 He was once a child like thee.

Take thy refuge in His arms,
 Nestle in His loving breast ;
 Fly to Him in all alarms,
 Fly for safety, peace, and rest !
 Weep not, darling, at His will,
 Love Him, trust Him, praise Him still !

Meekly learn thy cross to bear,
 Never murmur or complain ;
 Cheerful songs and holy prayer
 Ease and sanctify thy pain.
 Sing of Jesus and His love,
 As the angels sing above.

TEXTS TO FIND, AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

25. Who was the father of Alexander and Rufus?
 26. With what does David say that he "communed"?
 27. What was the first thing which led Eve to wish to taste the forbidden fruit?
 28. To whom, and on what occasion, were these words addressed: "Save thyself"?
 29. How many times does St. Paul tell the Corinthians he had been beaten with rods?
 30. Find these words: "Thy sins are forgiven."
 31. Who was the man who was "accepted in the sight of the Jews, and also in the sight of Saul's servants"?
 32. Where is it written, "We are but of yesterday, and know nothing"?
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ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(17.) Mark i. 11. (18.) Ezek. xxxiv. 26. (19.) Psa. xxxiv. 7. (20.) Matt. iii. 10. (21.) Isa. li. 16. (22.) Sol. Song, v. 16. (23.) Jer. xxxi. 9. (24.) Acts xxviii. 23.

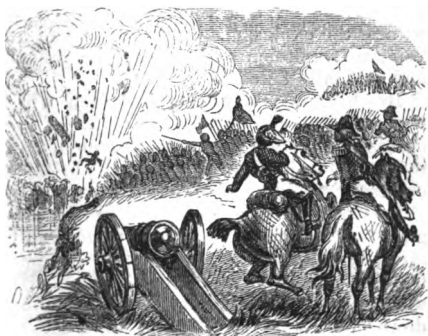
THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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COURAGE.

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was with the English army in Spain, fighting against the French, on one occasion he found himself very near the enemy, and with only a

F

river between them. Being not quite prepared for an immediate engagement, he was anxious for a little time, in order to get ready. But what was to be done? Though the river was deep and rapid, and the banks precipitous, yet there was a bridge across, and there was nothing to prevent the enemy from easily passing over it.

Accordingly, some gunpowder was conveyed to the spot, and so placed, that when ignited it should blow up the bridge. The match was lighted, the party who had charge of the affair rapidly retired, to be out of the way of danger, and then looked back to witness the explosion. But they looked in vain, no explosion took place; the match had evidently failed.

By this time the enemy had seen what was going on, and guessed the object of the movement. They began to assemble, and to pour down in masses towards the bridge; our army was in no small danger.

Presently a voice was heard in the English ranks, exclaiming, "*It shall not fail; they shall not pass!*"—and a soldier stepped forward, and ran towards the bridge. He was seen to relight the match, then to stoop down, to watch its progress, in order to make sure that it should not fail a second time, when presently it blew up with a terrible explosion, hurling the bridge and the noble hero in a thousand fragments into the air. The French arrived just too late; our army sent up a cheer, and was saved.

Here was a courageous man, indeed! Unfortunately his name has not been remembered, or we should like to have known who he was. True courage is a great thing. And we shall have it best, when we know we are doing what God commands us, and are quite ready to die, if we happen to die in his service.

HOW TO LOVE UNKIND PEOPLE.

"I always love those who are kind to me," exclaimed a little girl to her sister, one day.

Now, that sister was a great deal older than herself, and able to give little Lucy some good advice; and what she said was so true and so well worth remembering, that I should like to repeat it to you, dear children; for I dare say you all agree with little Lucy, that you can "love those who are kind to you."

"Yes," replied her sister, "*that* is easy enough; but do not be surprised if I tell you we must try and love those who are *unkind* and cross to us."

"Oh! I never can do that," cried the child.

"It is not easy, dear, I know; and unless we have a good reason for wishing to 'love our enemies,' we shall feel inclined to give up trying altogether."

"What reason have we? I am sure I

have no reason to love that cross Mrs. Smith."

"The best reason we *can* have is this—*Jesus told us to do so*. He says that wicked people can love those who love them, but that those who are His children, lambs in the Good Shepherd's fold, must try and love everybody, whether they are kind or unkind."

"Is that in the Bible, Mary, dear?"

"You may read it there for yourself," said the elder sister; "it is in the 5th chapter of Matthew, and the 44th verse to the end of the chapter."

Little Lucy got her new Bible, which her dear papa gave her on her birthday, and turning over its sacred pages with great care, she found the verses, and read them. There were three long words which Lucy was obliged to spell, because, you know, she was a very little girl indeed; and there was a great deal too that she could not understand, but which her sister explained to her, and which I dare say *your* kind sister or mother would explain to you, if you found the place and asked them.

"Here," said the patient sister, "you have read *how* we may love those who are cross to us. Jesus says we *must* love them, and then tells us *how* to do it. First, we must 'do good to them.' That means we must try in every way to do what they like, and to please them. Now, I will tell you how I think you might 'do good' to Mrs.

Smith. Don't you think that when she comes here this afternoon you might place a chair for her ; when she is seated get her a footstool for her feet ; and take your little dog out of the room, because you know she dislikes him ; and then try and speak very quietly, for fear of making her head ache. Now, you see I have given you plenty to do ; four things to remember, and four things to *do* ; because Jesus says we must '*do good*' to those who are not kind to us.

"And now, the other way to make us love people who are unkind, is to '*pray for them.*'"

"Can you go up stairs, and when you say your prayers in the middle of the day, ask God to bless Mrs. Smith, and make her very happy, and to take her headache away ? If you can do this, my little Fanny, you will soon love Mrs. Smith ; and I dare say then Mrs. Smith will soon love you. But whether she does so or not, *Jesus* will love you, which is far better, and you will be the child of your Father in heaven."

Dear children, you have heard what sister Mary told little Lucy. I have only a few words more to say to *you*.

Have *you* got any enemies ? anybody who is cross to you ? If you have, take Mary's advice, "*do good to them,*" and "*pray for them.*" Jesus died on the cross, because He wanted to "*do good*" to those who hated Him. And while the wicked people

were laughing at His sufferings, He “prayed for them.”

So you see we have not only His command, but His example. Let us, then, make up our minds to-day, that we will dislike nobody, but do good to and pray for all.

L. E. M.

ELIJAH AND ELISHA.

Fanny. Can you tell me anything more, mamma, about Elijah?

Mamma. I will tell you a little about the last day he spent on earth, which must have been a very happy one, for it was spent entirely in serving God.

F. I suppose, mamma, he did nothing but read and pray the whole day; that is just how I should like to spend my last day if I knew when it was to be.

M. No, indeed, dear; his was active service; for he walked a great many miles, perhaps between thirty and forty, visiting different places to which God sent him. There were schools in two of the places which he visited; and though we are not told so, yet I dare say he gave very good advice to the young, who were taught in them.

F. And did he go alone, mamma?

M. No, dear. Elisha, who had been his

servant a long time, and was appointed of God to be prophet in his room, went with him. He knew that God was going to take Elijah away, and he resolved not to leave him while he remained on the earth; he felt the value of Elijah's instruction and advice too well to be willing to lose any part of them.

F. I should think he acted very wisely, mamma.

M. He did, dear; and those who are blessed with pious friends, especially aged ones, who have long served the Lord, would do well to follow his example, by embracing every opportunity of gaining instruction from them.

F. But, mamma, I should think that if Elisha was to take Elijah's place, he would need a great deal of teaching.

M. He needed far more wisdom, dear, than he would gain from *man*, but not more than *God* was able and willing to give him. When Elijah felt that the time was *very near* that he should be taken up, he asked Elisha if he should do anything for him before he left, and he prayed that a *double portion of Elijah's spirit* might rest on him.

F. Was not that a greedy wish, mamma?

M. If he had asked for *earthly* things, it would have been so; but when we pray for *spiritual* blessings, we need never fear that we shall ask too much; for the Bible says, that "God is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think."

F. And did Elisha have what he asked for, mamma?

M. Yes, dear. Elijah said that he had asked a hard thing, but that if he saw him when he was taken away, he should have it; and he did see him, and gained his request. You know how Elijah went up to heaven.

F. Yes, mamma, in a chariot of fire with horses of fire.

M. It was a happy thing for Elijah to be taken away from the midst of idolatry and sin, to dwell with God, just as it was to Enoch; for you know the world was very wicked when he was translated; and the Bible says it shall be the same when the Lord Jesus at last takes up all His own people who are found alive on the earth.

F. Will he send a chariot of fire for them, mamma?

M. No, dear; He will come *Himself* to fetch them, and they will *all* be caught up *together* to meet the Lord in the air; and not be parted one from another, as Elijah and Elisha were.

F. But, mamma, is there not a text which says, "In that day two shall be in the field, the one shall be taken and the other left?"

M. That means, dear, that those who love the Lord will be taken away from those who do not love Him; and many a sad parting will take place then, when parents will be taken from children, and

children from parents ; brothers and sisters shall be separated, and teachers and scholars shall part, to meet no more for ever.

F. That will be a dreadful day, will it not, mamma ?

M. Dreadful indeed to all those who have loved the world and sin, but joyful to the children of God ; for as soon as the last trumpet sounds, "in the twinkling of an eye" (that means quicker than you can fancy), they will be changed, and made like the Lord Jesus. *Now* they are continually sinning, and this grieves them very much ; but *then* they will be made *holy, like Him*, and *never* again feel even *one sinful thought*. *Now* they have bodies which are subject to pain, and suffering, and sickness ; but *then* they shall be changed into bodies far better than even those of the angels ; for they shall be like the glorious body of the Lord ; therefore it will be a *happy day* for them, and they may well long for it. If your dear papa had been absent from home a long time, would you feel frightened when the day arrived for his return ?

F. Oh no, mamma ; I should be very glad, because I know he loves me, and I love him.

M. And that, dear, is just the feeling of those whose sins have been forgiven ; they feel that the Lord has loved them, and they love Him, and desire to see Him. I have no doubt you would like to be amongst those who will meet the Lord with joy ; but

if you wish to be one of them, *then*, you must, like them, seek salvation *now*; for those only shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air who shall be found washed in His blood and clothed in His righteousness.

P.

THE PIOUS MOTHER AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER.

A pious mother had an only daughter, very young, only a little more than three years of age. This dear child was very beautiful and lovely, as much in her mind as in her body; so that no one could help loving her dearly. And, though she was so young, yet she was very fond of religion, and loved God in a remarkable manner.

Very often she would be found in some quiet place, praying by herself. And whenever she saw her mother praying, she always came and joined with her. Sometimes she would discover that her mother had been praying without her; and then, fearing that something had gone wrong, or that something was lost, she would weep bitterly, and exclaim in her sorrow; "Ah, mother! you pray, but I do not pray."

Sometimes, when they were alone together, if she saw her mother's eyes closed, she would whisper, "Are you asleep?" and then would cry out, "Ah, no! You are praying to our dear Jesus;" and drop-

ping on her knees, beside her mother, would begin to pray too.

Though so very young, yet her great desire was to give herself entirely to God, to be His, and to please Him in everything; and she used to tell her friends so. Some thoughtless worldly friends, who did not understand what she meant, ridiculed her, and even reproved her for it. But they could not make her alter what she said. She was very dutiful, and never gave any trouble to her parents, who doted on her.

This dear child, while yet very young, fell ill, and before long died. Her mother missed her very much, and often shed a tear, when she sat alone, and went to pray by herself. But then, she soon cheered up, when she remembered that her child had been taken by God to a happy place, and was safe there with Him, until she should go and share her happiness.

The lady's name was Madame Guyon; and she lived nearly 200 years ago.

THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.

A lady came home from shopping one day, and was not met as usual by the glad welcome of her little son. He seemed shy of her, skulked into the yard, hung about the garden, and wanted to be more with Bridget than was usual. The mother could not account for his manner.



When she was undressing him for bed, "Mother," he asked, "can God see through the crack in the closet door?" "Yes," said his mother. "And can He see when it is all dark there?" "Yes," answered the mother, "God can see everywhere, and in every place." "Then God saw me, and He will tell you, mother. When you were gone, I got into your closet, and I took and ate up the cake; and I am sorry, very sorry;" and bowing his head on his mother's lap, he burst out crying.

Poor little boy! all day he had been wanting to hide from his mother, just as Adam and Eve, after they had disobeyed God, tried to hide from his presence in the garden of Eden. Guilt made him afraid. It put a gulf between him and his mother. You see how this wrong-doing separated

him from her. He was no longer at ease in her sight. His peace was gone. And this is the way sin divides us from God. We don't love to be in His sight. We are not happy there. We hide away from Him, and try to forget Him.

How did George get back to his mother? How did he get rid of his feeling of guilt and shame? He took the best, the only true way, by repenting and confessing it. His mother forgave him, no doubt, and he tasted again the sweets of nestling close beside her, and loving to be in her dear society. He was restored to her confidence and love.

Just so must we do towards God. We must confess and repent of our sins, and pray God, for Christ's sake, to forgive us. Then we may taste the sweets of forgiveness, and be no longer afraid and far off from Him. As the little child is never happier than at its mother's side, so nearness to God is one of the most delightful feelings which can fill the bosom of the child of God.

THE WELL-REWARDED VILLAGES.

SOME years ago, there was a poor boy who lived in a village in ——shire. He was an industrious, well-disposed lad, but was quite friendless, and very poor. The people in his village despised him, and were very unkind to him. No one would take him in, no one

would care for him. They said, "What is this idle, dirty boy doing amongst us? we wish he would go away."

Poor fellow! he was only idle because he had no employment; and dirty because he had no home, where he could keep himself clean. He liked work and disliked dirt as much as anybody. But what could he do?

At last he determined to leave such an unkind place altogether; and accordingly moved off, hardly knowing where he was going. In the course of the day, he came to the next village, and as he passed sorrowfully along, a woman, who stood at her cottage door, stopped him, and said, "Well, my poor fellow, what is the matter?"

The boy told her his story. The woman listened, and felt pity for him. She took him in; and being tolerably well to do in the world, and having no children of her own, she was enabled to clothe and feed him. She procured him some work, and he grew up strong, steady, and industrious. The people in this village respected him, and were kind to him, and he was very happy amongst them.

After a time he became old enough to be apprenticed, and for this purpose was sent off to London. Here he prospered remarkably well; he rose from one step to another, till, at last, he acquired a large fortune.

And now he thought he would go down

into the country and see his old haunts. He passed through the village where he had first lived, and little did the people think who was in that fine carriage. Then he went on to the village where the woman had so kindly taken him in, and made himself known to the people there. Glad were his friends to see him amongst them again, and proud did they feel to see him so prosperous and wealthy.

But he was anxious to make some return for all the kindness that had been shown him years before in the place; so he set to work to see what could be done. He repaired their church; he built beautiful schools for the children, and almshouses for the poor old people; and gave a sum of money to be distributed every year amongst the deserving and needy of the parish.

And I believe that, at the present time, you may go into this village, and see it all in beautiful, tidy order; and into the next (where he was ill-treated), and see all in disorder and untidy.

Well, I think each place deserved what it got—the one reward, the other neglect. And a good lesson is it to every one, not to be too harsh and unkind to poor, friendless people; for there is no knowing what they may turn out, when they are placed in more favourable circumstances.

SPRING-TIME.

WHAT a pleasant time is the spring, when the sun shines out softly and warm, and the trees begin to bud, and the grass looks fresh and green, and the pretty birds come to make us glad again with their cheerful songs! It is so nice to think the long cold winter is gone. Not but that winter has its pleasures too; but I think every one must love the return of spring.

I will tell you, dear children, why I love spring best. It is because of the sweet and lovely flowers that now peep everywhere. Down in the deep shade of the wood, there the blue bells, the violets, and the primroses grow. Oh, how beautiful they are! How much their loveliness should remind us of Him who made them! You remember that God made all things. He created all this beautiful world; that is, He made it all out of nothing—merely by speaking the word. It is only God who can *create*. Man cannot; he can only *make* things out of something else.

Does your mother ever give you leave, on a holiday, when it is a fine bright day, and you have been good at school all the week, to go out into the woods and fields to gather the sweet spring flowers? Does it give you pleasure to help your younger brothers and sisters to fill their pinafores with the daisies and buttercups which are growing in plenty everywhere? and do you

take good care of the little ones, and mind they do not hurt themselves or tear their clothes? And when you are out running, or rolling on the soft grass, or wandering down the pleasant lanes, gathering the bright flowers from the hedge-row, do you ever look up to the clear blue sky above you, and think of your Father in heaven?

Jesus has told us we are to "*consider the lilies of the field how they grow.*" Now do you ever set yourself to think what a wonderful thing it is how the flowers grow? A little time ago there was nothing to be seen of them, not one anywhere about, while now there are such numbers, you cannot count them. Surely they should teach us much about the goodness of God. We should listen to the flowers, while they speak to us about His kindness and His love. I do not mean that the flowers can really *say* anything; but the *sight* of them should make us lift our hearts in love and thankfulness to our God, who has given us so many of them, and who has clothed them with so much beauty, that "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." L. G. W.

GOOD EXAMPLE.

DID you ever, my little friends, consider how much your conduct may affect others? Perhaps you say, "No one would think of

noticing how *a child* behaves, as *an example*. But stop ; I can assure you I have heard of many instances, in which the example set by even young children has had a great influence upon those who are older. Think also how much the *little* ones will look to see how you act, and how likely it is they will copy you. You would not like to be the means of leading them to do wrong. Be careful, then, what you say and do before them. Be careful to set them always *a good example*. I have heard of a little girl who was at school ; and every night, in her room, before going to bed, she would open her Bible, and read a chapter, or sometimes part of one. Now, there were other girls in the same room, who had not been used to do anything of the sort ; and some of them even laughed at her ; but still she persevered in what she knew to be right. And after a time how great was her joy, when they asked her if she would read aloud to them ! Here was the effect of a good example. Who knows what a blessing might come from it. There are many ways of showing a good example. Be always ready to do a kindness when it lies in your power. When you are told to do a thing, do it instantly and willingly, that others may learn from you to obey. And remember that the eye of God is ever upon you, and that He is well pleased with all your little efforts to serve Him.

L. G. W.

TIME FLIES.

I once remember seeing a little girl, who was at school, writing as her copy, "*Time flies.*" However she was *not thinking* of what she was writing, but of her dolls and playthings.

One day, when seated at work with her mamma, she was loitering away her time, instead of attending to her sewing. Her mamma said to her, "Emma, my dear, '*Time flies,*' your work must be done sooner, it cannot be sent to-day." But Emma thought little of her mother's admonition; and the consequence was, the warm petticoat that she was making for a poor widow, as a Christmas gift, was too late to be sent with her mother's kind presents to the poor, at that trying season of the year.

Once when she went to church on the Sunday, she heard the minister say to the people, "*Time flies.*" "Lay hold on eternal life." But, alas! this too was soon forgotten.

Time rolled on, till Emma was fourteen years old. She was then taken ill, and the doctor despaired of her life. The minister came to see her, and said, "My dear child, '*Time flies,*' one moment of your life now is worth even all the months and years that are past." Emma now felt the truth of this; but it was too late! she had delayed thinking of the value of time, for a small portion of which she would give now worlds. It

was in vain ; she was taken away whilst craving a moment of that time which she had so thoughtlessly wasted.

My dear readers, while you have health and strength, ruddy cheeks, and bright eyes, think of the past, and prepare for the future. Seek from Jesus pardon and grace. Remember,

“ Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease ;
But they that wait upon the Lord
Shall find their strength increase.”

AGNES.

BE HAPPY WHERE GOD PUTS YOU.

SOME years ago, when there was great distress among the Irish clergy, owing to the difficulty of obtaining the payments due to them, the families of many of them were brought to the greatest poverty ; and it was often necessary to place the children in humble trades and employments, instead of giving them such an education as their parents would have desired.

A little boy in one family, who was old enough to understand that his parents were distressed to think of such a change for their children, said one day to his mother, when he saw her weeping, “Mamma, are you grieving because my brothers and I cannot be brought up like gentlemen ? But, mamma, you know our Saviour was a carpenter !”

Should not such a thought as this occur to us, whenever we are tempted to wish to be in a station above our own? Surely it should make us willing to be wherever God has placed us, and we should not be over-sad, if it please Him to make our place in this world become lower than it was before.

THE BOY AND HIS FARTHING.

AT the anniversary of a Sunday-school at Copthall, a village in Essex, on Sunday, October 5th, 1834, whilst the collection was being made, a little boy, about seven years of age, put a bag upon the plate. As it was rather heavy, the collector was curious to ascertain its contents. On examination, it was found to contain two hundred and eighty-five farthings, or five shillings and eleven pence farthing. Upon inquiry, it was found that the boy was in the habit of going on errands for his mother, and was allowed the farthings in change to be disposed of as he pleased, which he perseveringly saved, and generously gave to the support of the Sunday-school.

I wish all the little boys and girls who read, this would think whether they could not deny themselves the gratification of spending their halfpennies and farthings on themselves, instead of turning them to such real use as this poor little boy did, and

having the great pleasure of feeling that, though so very young, they have been able to do good to others.

SHORT PRAYERS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

MORNING.

O Lord Jesus Christ, I come to thank Thee for my safe rest last night, and to ask Thee to take care of me this day. Keep me from sinful thoughts and words, and help me to do what is right. Bless me and all my friends, and teach us to love and serve Thee. Amen.

EVENING.

I thank Thee, O my Saviour, for taking care of me this day, and for Thy great love to me. Pardon my sins, and take me to heaven when I die. Bless all my friends, and keep us safe while we sleep to-night. Amen.

Poetry.

THE PATIENT BEE.

I sat upon a bank, and read,
 One morning in the spring;
 The sun shone bright above my head,
 And sweet the birds did sing:

And flowers were growing all around,
 Cowslip and primrose fair;
 And violets thick upon the ground
 Scented the passing air.

The bees were murmuring busily,
 And hovering all about:
 I marked one patient little bee,
 As it flew in and out.

That busy bee might honey get
 From blossoms spreading wide;
 But there were buds not opened yet,
 And those in vain it tried.

Away it flew to other flowers,
 And I sat reading still;
 How pleasant were those morning hours
 On that green, sunny hill!

Beneath the sun, the cowslip bells
 And violets opened soon;
 The little bee of which I tell
 Came back again at noon.

And now the buds gave up their store
 Of sweetness and of food;
 And cowslip bells, fast closed before,
 With honey-dew were strewed.

And so, thought I, it is with me,
 When I my Bible read;
 In many a text I glory see,
 And on its sweetness feed.

In other texts I cannot find
 The meaning of the word ;
 Then let me wait, with patient mind,
 The teaching of the Lord.

When light from heaven on them shall
 Then they may open too, [shine,
 And I may make the sweetness mine,
 The hidden treasure view.

TEXTS TO FIND, AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

33. Who, on finishing a journey, said, "The hand of our God was upon us"?

34. To whom was it said, "The mountain shall be thine"?

35. On what occasion was it, that "a rushing mighty wind filled all the house" where some people were sitting?

36. Who was it that "endured contradiction of sinners against himself"?

37. Who says, "I take pleasure in infirmities"?

38. On what occasion were some soldiers bribed to keep a thing secret from their superior officers?

39. While "some trust in chariots, and some in horses," what would the Psalmist do?

40. If we "do not forgive," what may we expect to happen?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(25.) Mark xv. 21. (26.) Psa. lxxvii. 6. (27.) Gen. iii. 6. (28.) Luke xxiii. 37. (29.) 2 Cor. xi. 25. (30.) Luke v. 20. (31.) 1 Sam. xviii. 5. (32.) Job viii. 9.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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KINDNESS AMONGST RATS.

Most people have a very great dislike to rats. Housekeepers do not like them, because they get into their cellars and store-rooms, and eat up their candles, and other good things. Farmers do not like them,

because they creep into their stacks and devour their corn; and burrow in the ground, and destroy their drains. Old gentlemen do not like them, because they scamper about the walls at night, and make such a noise that they cannot sleep; and ladies do not like them, because they think them so ugly, and savage, and dangerous. Nevertheless, the rat is not altogether so bad, as most people think him to be. Though he can give a good bite, and make a great deal of noise, and do much mischief, yet there is reason to believe, that he is a kind sort of fellow after all. I will give you an instance to prove this.

It is just one hundred years ago, in the year 1757, that a gentleman of the name of Purden was sailing in a ship called *The Lancaster*. One evening he was in his berth, lying awake. A very small lamp shed a dim light, which just enabled him to see round his small room. Presently, his attention was attracted by something moving on the floor. He looked, and there he saw a rat, cautiously peering about. As there were some crumbs of biscuit on the floor, he supposed that it must have come for the purpose of eating them, and was surprised to see it soon retire without touching them.

However, he watched, and after a time the rat returned, not alone, as before, but with another rat, which appeared to be blind, for he led him in by the ear. Then

a third rat came in, and he and his friend set to work to pick up pieces of the biscuit, and to place them before the blind old rat, so that he might comfortably eat them. When he had had enough, they all went quietly away, as they came, the blind one being again led by the ear.

This was kind, was it not? Who would have thought of rats doing this sort of thing! And I wonder whether they were two sons who were helping their poor, infirm, old father. If it were, it would be still more interesting.

Anyhow, we may learn from this story to like the rat a little more than perhaps we did; seeing that he is a kinder sort of fellow than we supposed. Some boys imagine that they cannot think too badly of him, and hunt him with dogs, and torment him in every possible way. No wonder that they get well bitten sometimes; they well deserve it, for the poor creature only fights in order to defend itself.

There is many a boy who hates the rat, and yet is not near so *kind* as these rats were. He never cares to help any one; he thinks of no one but himself. So long as he gets what he wants to eat and drink, all is right. Even a poor father sometimes gets neglected. Let such a boy learn a lesson from the rat; and take care that it shall not be said of him, "Why, rats are kinder than he is!"

GREAT MEN.

GRANDPAPA was sitting in his study one morning before breakfast, and Alfred was standing between his knees, looking up into his face, while little Emma, seated on the carpet, was trying to spell out some of the words from a large volume that was spread upon her lap. It was a bright summer morning, and the sunshine came in through the low casement, and made the very books look cheerful as they stood ranged upon the shelves; and the long sprays of honeysuckle outside danced in the light breeze, and threw their moving shadows on the floor.

"I should like to be a great man," said Alfred, "when I am grown up as old as papa. I should like people to talk about me, and to have my name printed in the newspapers, and dukes and princes coming to see me."

"In short, you would like to be a second Alfred the Great," said grandpapa, with a smile.

"No, grandpapa; I do not want to be a king, but a great man; such as those gentlemen were talking of, who were here last night. Oh! if I live to grow up, I will try to become a great man."

"Listen to a story," said grandpapa, "which, to please you, shall be about three great men, whom people at one time talked about very much, whose names were often

printed in the newspapers, and two of whom, at least, dukes and princes went to visit."

"Three boys were at school together many years ago. They were close friends, keeping company out of school hours, helping each other out of trouble, and having their pleasures and sports in common. They were nearly of an age, but there was a difference in their appearance, and still more in the dispositions and pursuits of each.

"The first was a heavy-looking boy, not quick to learn, but always plodding at his books, and sure to be master of his lesson, though making no great show of what he knew. He meant to be a lawyer, and his companions used to say that he was grave enough for a judge.

"The second was a lively lad, full of dash and spirit, with ability to learn whatever he chose. He was not idle, but he did not give himself up to study like the first; yet he meant to be a great man. He was an orphan, and his friends were poor; but his family had once been rich, and he was determined, by some means or other, to obtain great wealth, and buy again the estates which they had lost.

"The third was a shy and timid boy, pale and thoughtful, not strong in health, and fonder of reading than of study. He was gentle in disposition, and so kind-hearted that he would not needlessly set his foot upon a worm. He, too, was meant for a

lawyer; but the choice of his heart was a country life, with a garden and plenty of books."

"I like the second best of any, grandpapa," said Alfred, with a look of great interest.

Grandpapa fondly patted the head of his little boy, and then continued: "After the first boy left school, he still went on with his studies, and became a very learned man. He was a great lawyer, the greatest in the kingdom, and was made not only a judge, but Lord High Chancellor of England, which is the highest office that any lawyer can obtain."

"Well done, lawyer!" cried Alfred, clapping his hands.

"The second schoolboy went to India, and there gained great power and riches; so that in a few years he came back, and bought again his family estates. His greatness and his splendour were talked of from one end of the kingdom to the other; his gold and his jewels were of more value than could be told. But the blessing of God was not with him in his greatness. Troubles came heavily upon him; and having no higher comfort than this world could give, he was a careworn and unhappy man:

"The third boy, after he left school, continued the study of the law for some time; but ill health compelled him to give it up at last. He went to live in a small house

in a country village, where no one knew him but a few chosen friends—chosen because they were God's people, and of one heart and mind as followers of Christ. There he lived from year to year, reading and writing, far from the busy world, with its vanities and sins, and almost forgotten by his former schoolfellows, whom he never met again."

"Dear grandpapa," exclaimed Alfred, in a tone of disappointment, "I do not call this last a great man at all! But what was his name?"

"William Cowper. I consider him by far the greatest man of the three," said grandpapa, in reply. From his quiet dwelling he sent out to the world books that he had written, which will instruct and comfort the Christian, when the names of his two companions are forgotten. His hymns have been uttered as words of prayer by many an humble, repentant sinner, seeking for a Saviour's mercy; his poems have expressed the language of many a pilgrim on his way towards heaven. The others were great for this world, and they had their reward in such honour and happiness as this world can bestow. He lived for eternity, and his highest ambition was to do good to the souls of others, and that his own name might be written in the Book of Life. And now that the grave is over them all, and they have done with the world for ever, whose object seems to have

been the best worth living for? Whose recompense is the most valuable and the most lasting?

"You have my consent to be a great man, if you please," said grandpapa in conclusion; "but the only true greatness, to my mind, and as we are taught in the Bible, consists in loving God with our heart, and soul, and strength, and in doing all the good we can to others."

THE DRUMMER BOY.

A SAD STORY INDEED.

ONE loves to see the young enjoy innocent pleasures, at proper times, and in proper degrees. I was pleased in coming down by the train the other day to see crowds of happy faces looking out, and on asking them where they were going, I found that they had come from "Messrs. Price's Candle Factory," and that their kind employers were sending them for a holiday to Margate.

But, oh, how many a bright, sunny day sets in clouds! and how many little know how to make a safe use of pleasure! My heart still aches on thinking of what occurred at Woolwich last Thursday when I was there.

A poor drummer boy was brought into the hospital a corpse. Kind leave had been given for the drummer boys to go to and see

the Crystal Palace, in charge of the drum-major. All was right till their return, when three of them went into a dram shop near London Bridge, and drank rum to excess. I did hear that they had pledged each other to drink a pint a-piece. Be this as it may, they drank to sad excess, and one was obliged to be carried to the London Bridge station. But his end was come. Breathing became difficult, and at last he heaved his last breath, and was summoned into eternity in this awful state.

Poor lad ! he had known better, and he could not say no one cared for his soul. I was told he had been in the Sunday-school of the regiment ; but more I know not.

But, oh, what a warning to the young ! Dear boys, beware of drink. You will find, no doubt, many who should be your true friends, and only lead you to good, ready to tempt you to evil. I heard some time ago of a sergeant taking the drummer boys to the beer house, and making them drunk. But there are even drummer boys who have found a better way, and are walking in it. It was only the other day, that I accidentally saw four drummer boys on their knees praying together. They did not see me, and I took care that they should not ; but it was indeed a cheering and blessed sight.

Flee, flee from drink. You don't like it naturally, the young seldom do. Why should you learn to like what may ruin both body and soul ? Just from shame, or because you

think it manly to do as others do. Oh, think of the end! Do not begin with what you may bitterly repent of, when it is too late. What would that poor drummer boy of Woolwich now give, if he could but come back to life, and live soberly, righteously, and godly!

W.

**"IN WHAT VESSEL ARE YOU
SAILING?"**

"Oh! come along, Tommy," said little Willie Lane, "and let us go down to the river, and have a sail in the beautiful ship papa has had made for us; it is such a lovely day."

"Well, so it is," answered George, the elder brother, "but I do not think we must go on the water for all that, as Edward (their eldest brother) is not at home to go with us, and you know papa has often told us we must never think of going without him."

"Yes, so he did;" said Frederic (the brother who came between the other two), "I can't think why it is, I am sure we can take care of ourselves; why, I was twelve last birthday; I think papa forgets that."

"Yes, I dare say he does," replied Willie; "well, let us go, it can't matter just for once; come along, George."

"Oh, no! I am sure papa would be displeased, I would advise you not to go."

However, the other boys were bent upon it, and off they all went down to the river. But when they got there, what was their astonishment to find that the ship was gone they knew not where. They were rather downcast for a few minutes, and began to think they must give it up, when they spied lying on the bank, a round tub. "Oh!" exclaimed Willie, "this will do; I will get into it, and you shall push me off; then when I have had a short voyage, I will do the same for you."

"Come along then," said Fred; "here, George, you come and help."

"Oh, no; I shall sit down here; I am sure it is very dangerous, and besides papa told us not."

"No, he did not," exclaimed both the boys; "he told us not to go into the ship, he never said we might not sail in this thing."

"Well, I am sure, if he did not like us to be alone in our nice ship, which has got sails, and oars, and compass, and helm, and everything a ship ought to have, he would not like you to go in a tub with none of these things."

"Oh! how you do reason, George; well, you can sit there, and we will enjoy ourselves without you." But poor Willie soon found there was not much enjoyment; he had scarcely been pushed from shore, when he became very frightened, for the tub in which he was standing would tilt all



on one side, so that he could scarcely steady himself, and it was not large enough for him to sit down; so that after he had been swaying backwards and forwards for some time, getting more and more frightened, he suddenly fell with all his weight on one side, and upset into the water. Frederic, when he saw that his brother had fallen into the water, became so terrified, that he ran away screaming. But George, who had been quietly watching the whole proceedings, and had done nothing to terrify his conscience, jumped up immediately, leaped into the water, and was the means of saving his little brother from drowning. And I think they all learned a lesson of obedience that day which they never forgot.

But I can fancy that some little children

who read this, may say; "Oh! I never heard of such naughty boys; I am sure I never would be so disobedient to my dear papa."

Now, think before you say this, for I greatly fear that there are some who read this book, who are quite as bad as these children. I will tell you in what way I mean. You all know you have a kind Father in heaven, who has given you each a body, which is sometimes likened to a ship, because you have to steer your way through the world, which is like the ocean. Now, your Father knows that it would be very dangerous for you to sail alone on this great ocean, because the troubles and difficulties which you will meet with are like waves and storms, and will beat against your little bark, and make it sink. So He says, "Be sure you take One who will be a safe Friend—Jesus Christ with you, and never think of sailing without Him; He will stand at the helm, and guide your little vessel for you."

Then you must be sure and take the Bible with you, which is like the compass, always pointing one way, and that way is to heaven. Next, you must have the sails of faith, and trust that God's Holy Spirit, which is often compared to the wind, will help you on the journey. Then we must not forget the oars of diligence and perseverance, because they are most necessary. And last of all, you must be sure and remember the

anchor of hope, because that will cheer and encourage, when all else fails.

Now I wonder how many of you, dear children, are sailing in such a vessel as *this*. If not, if you are rocking about in a frail bark, like little Willie, without any of the things I have mentioned, then you are quite as disobedient as the little boys, and are certain to be upset, when, perhaps, there may be no brother near to help you out, and then you would be lost for ever."

Oh! take care, dear children, never to do anything without Jesus Christ being with you; get Him into your heart, and then He will be always with you. Remember this is the first thing to be done; for the vessel, however beautifully fitted up in other respects, cannot, must not move without Him; your Father says you *may not go alone*.

B. S.

HAVE YOU BEGUN RIGHT?

A little girl once said, "Oh, mother, how very hard it is to do right! I don't believe I shall ever be able." "Have you really tried, my dear?" "Oh, yes; I try every day. When I awake, before I get up, I say to myself, 'I will be good all the day. I will be gentle and kind. I will obey my parents and teachers. I will not quarrel. I will always tell the truth.' But then,

mother, I don't know how it is, I do so often forget. Then when evening comes, I have to say, 'There now! what is the use of trying? I have been in a passion, I have been disobedient;' and once or twice, mother, you know, I have said what was not true!"

The dear child seemed very much ashamed while saying this: so her mother looked kindly at her, and only said, "My dear, I do not think you have *begun right*." The little girl looked up wonderingly; and her parent went on: "The first thing is to have a new heart; have you asked for this?" "No, mother; I am afraid not." "Then, my child, do so at once. Good fruit, you know, can only come from a good tree. If your heart is wrong, your conduct will be wrong. You cannot make it right yourself, with all your good resolutions. But ask God, for Christ's sake, to help you. He will give you His Holy Spirit, and you will not find it any more impossible to do the right."

I am glad to say that the child took her mother's advice. That very day she asked God, earnestly, to change her heart, and help her to do right. God heard her prayer, as He always will; and she was never heard to say again, "It's of no use trying." For she *prayed*, she *watched*, she *strove* against her sins, and was able, by God's grace, to lead the life of a lovely young Christian.

THE KEY.

WHAT does that key remind you of, which you see lying on the table?

Can you not think of anything? I will then tell you what it reminds *me* of.

It reminds me of *prayer*, that wonderful key, which can open the door of heaven, and bring down all manner of good things to us.

There was once a woman who was in great trouble. Having lost her husband, and her means of living in the world, she knew not which way to turn for support. She had a son, a boy about ten years old. He saw what sorrow his poor mother was in, so he thought he would try and do something to comfort her.

So he said to her one day, "Mother, do you know I have been thinking about God, and what he is like. Is he not something like a rich gentleman, who has immense stores, and pantries full, and supplies of all sorts inexhaustible?"

"Yes, my dear," said his mother, "it is true; what then?"

"Why, then, mother, can you not get some of those things? I have been thinking what the *key* is which can open them all; and I think that it is *prayer*. I remember what you have often read to me out of the Bible, '*Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you.*' If you want any of those good things, you need

not be sorry ; for you need only ask God, and whatever He thinks is good for you, He will give you."

The poor woman was comforted when she heard this. Instead of giving way to sorrow, she took to prayer ; and she found peace in her God.

You see what a comfort a good child may be to his parent. Do you ever try to comfort *your* parents when they are sad, my little reader ?

WHAT GOOD A BOY MAY DO.

IN the town of R——, there lived a man, his wife, and three children. These people were all very wicked, except the youngest, whose name was William. Now, William often told his parents and brothers of their wickedness ; but they would not hear, and only laughed at him. One day, as his brothers were playing rudely, after their usual wanton manner, the eldest gave his brother a push ; his foot slipped, and he fell down. The fall might have killed him, for it was close by a deep hole ; but his brother William caught him, and saved his life. The fall did him little harm, only his leg was hurt. As he fell he uttered a shriek, which brought his parents to the place, and they took him home. While he was ill, he asked for something to read ; William gave him his Bible, and told him to read in the third

chapter of St. John. When he came to the verse, "Unless a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven," his father stopped him. William explained it to them, and told them what it meant. Soon after this, the mother and father left off drinking and swearing, and became quite a different sort of people. What a joy must it have been to William, to think that he had saved his brother's life, and had turned his parents' hearts from wickedness, and led them to serve God! What good may we not do, with God's blessing!

J. L.

HOW TO HELP THE POOR.

"Oh, mamma! there are two such miserable-looking men under the window, begging me to give them something, if it is only one halfpenny they say."

So cried little Herbert Leslie, running up to his mamma, who had just entered the room. "Will you let me give them the new fourpenny piece which grandpapa sent me on my birthday; they look so cold and hungry?" and the tears quite filled the little boy's eyes.

"Yes, dearest, I had much rather you gave your money to the poor, than spend it in buying cakes and sugarplums; when you have plenty of nice wholesome food at home; so run and fetch your present, and

we will see what can be done for these poor people, who I think are Irishmen, and who have come to this country, perhaps, to try and get work in the hay fields."

Herbert was not long in returning, and was running at once towards the window with his money, when Mrs. Leslie stopped him.

"You know we cannot tell what sort of people these are, Herbert; they may be very bad men, who pretend to be poor when they are not; and who may only spend your money in buying spirits, or something else they ought not; and so perhaps we had better ask Sarah to go and buy a loaf, next door, which they will be very glad to have, if they are really in distress, and they cannot make any bad use of it."

"Oh, yes, mamma, please, and I will stand at the window till she comes back, and watch her give it to them. I think they will be sure to like it, they seem so poor."

Sarah soon appeared with the bread, which the poor men took very thankfully, and eat with such eagerness that little Herbert was made quite happy.

I wonder if any little boy who reads this story would have been as willing as Herbert Leslie, to give away his fourpenny bit to a poor person! If you have never done so before, my little readers, why not begin now? and put by the next penny that is given you, for some poor man or woman, who wants it more than you do.

Such things please God, who has said in His word, "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth to the Lord." E——R.

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

ON a beautiful summer evening, towards the end of June, at a much frequented watering-place in the south of England, might often be seen groups of children playing on the sands. Amongst these was a clean, tidy-looking boy, who was busily engaged in picking up shells and putting them into a basket. Harry Barker (for that was the boy's name) was the son of a poor woman, whose husband was lost in a storm on the coast. She was left with three children: Harry, the eldest; James, the second; and Mary, a curly-headed little girl, of four years old. She earned a livelihood by taking in lodgers, of whom there are generally not a few at this pleasant season of the year.

Harry sometimes gained a penny by collecting shells and seaweed, and selling them to visitors. As he was following his occupation, and looking about for what he could find, he saw something glittering at a distance from him. He ran towards it, picked it up, and lo! it was a beautiful brooch. The other children heard his cry of joy, and all scampered off to him. "Oh, look! what a pretty thing Harry has found!"

they exclaimed; "how rich he will be!" But Harry took it to his mother, who advised him to walk about on the beach, in hopes of finding the owner.

After many fruitless attempts, he saw a lady and gentleman riding on horseback, coming towards him: "Oh! I wish I could find it!" the lady exclaimed, as they cantered past the little boy. The thought struck Harry that she must be the owner of the jewel; so he ran after them, calling to them to stop. The gentleman turned his head, and seeing the boy, pulled in his horse, and waited till the little fellow came up.

"Have you lost anything?" he asked, in haste.

"Yes," replied the gentleman, "my sister has lost a valuable brooch; can you give us any information about it?" Harry felt in his waistcoat pocket, and brought forth the lost trinket.

"Oh! there it is, Charles," exclaimed the lady; "where did you find it?"

"On the beach," replied the little boy.

"Oh, how careless of me to lose it!" said the lady.

After having inquired Harry's name, and where he lived, they requested him to come to their residence the following morning, and gave him their address, "Sea View Lodge." And again thanking him, they rode off.

The morning came, and Harry, punctual

to his engagement, set off to find the place pointed out to him. The gentleman welcomed him gladly; and hearing from him the particulars of his father's death, and his mother's distress, and of his own wish to become a sailor, promised him a situation in a ship of which he was himself the owner, as cabin boy, provided it met with his mother's approval.

The poor woman was overjoyed at the proposal; and after taking leave of him, he set out on a short voyage to Ireland. Through the kindness of his benefactor, and his own industry and diligence, he was gradually promoted, till he became captain of the ship in which he first sailed. His motto through life was, "Honesty is the best policy."

AGNES.

NOBLE EXAMPLE.

W. S. LINDSAY, Esq., M.P. for Tynemouth, was in very early youth a printer's apprentice in an office in Glasgow. Some time ago, when in that town, he called upon his poor old master, kindly inquired how he was, and how times went with him. "Oh!" said the old man, "very bad, and I can scarcely make ends meet." The worthy M.P. looked at his old master feelingly, sat down and wrote a cheque for 300*l.*, remarking, that in aiding him in his distress

he really did feel a pleasure. The old man felt deeply at his unexpected New-year's present, which was far more than he wanted to make his ends meet.

Poetry.

PRAYER.

"IN PRAYER I SPEAK TO GOD."

WHEN before Thee, Lord, I kneel,
Take my foolish thoughts away ;
May I recollect and feel
Thou dost listen when I pray.

When I pray, I speak to Thee,
Thee, the high, the holy Lord ;
Oh ! how watchful should I be,
Over every thought and word !

If the words of prayer I say,
I must really *wish* the same ;
If my heart is far away,
Hypocrite will be my name.

Lord, Thy Holy Spirit grant,
Teach me *really* how to pray ;
In my soul Thy love implant,
Take my sinful heart away. MINA.

TEXTS TO FIND, AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

41. UNDER what pretence did the children of Israel first request a king?

42. Why was not the kingdom of Israel taken from Solomon, when he "kept not that which the Lord commanded"?

43. Into what country did Moses flee for his life? and what command did he afterwards receive from God concerning it?

44. What was David's reason for buying, and not accepting the threshing-floor of Araunah?

45. Where in the Bible do we find the words, "For there is no man that sinneth not"?

46. By which of the prophets does God say, He will not give His praise to graven images? and what are the words used?

47. Who said, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and all the truth which thou hast showed unto Thy servant"?

48. Where is it written, "A man's enemies are the men of his own house"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(33.) Ezra viii. 31. (34.) Josh. xvii. 18. (35.) Acts ii. 2. (36.) Heb. xii. 3. (37.) 1 Cor. xii. 10. (38.) Matt. xxviii. 12, 13. (39.) Psa. xx. 7. (40.) Matt. vi. 15.

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OBEY GOD RATHER THAN MAN.

A poor boy, in a foreign country, about twelve or thirteen years old, became impressed with religion by reading God's word. He was apprenticed to an ungodly master, a tailor, who made his men work on Sundays as on other days. Before long, the

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boy, fearing lest he should be doing wrong, came and asked advice of a pious friend as to what he ought to do—whether he should obey his master, when he forbade him to attend the worship of God, and forced him to work instead.

The answer, of course, could be but one—that both he and his master ought to keep the day of the Lord ; and that if his master would not obey God's command, he, for his part, should follow his conscience, and say to his master, " We must obey God rather than man."

After a time, the boy returned to his friend, and with tears in his eyes told him that his master had whipped him because he refused to work on Sundays. His friend endeavoured to strengthen him, telling him it was better to suffer on his back than in his conscience, and encouraged him to work on, for that God would not allow him to suffer more than he could bear.

The next Sunday, the master, with the whip in his hand, came to the boy, who sat reading, and said to him, " Choose, now, which you will ; either to work or to taste this whip."

It was a trying moment for the brave little fellow ; but after a very short pause he plucked up his courage and answered, " You may whip me if you choose ; but my conscience commands me, and I will not work."

This answer, one might have thought, was enough to soften the heart of the ungodly

master; and it had such influence with him that he did not punish the boy at that time.

This was a truly brave boy! What boy who reads this will be as brave the next time he is called upon to obey God rather than man? This is the sort of courage boys want,—courage for God; not to fear anything so long as we are pleasing and obeying Him.

ABOUT PRAYER.

“Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.”—MATT. vii. 7.

I wish to speak a few words to the little readers of the CHILDREN'S FRIEND, and more especially to Sunday scholars, on the duty and importance of *prayer*. I often grieve to think, how very many there are who retire to rest at night, without ever kneeling down to ask God's protection, and His forgiveness for the sins they daily commit against Him, and then rise in the morning to pursue their appointed work without first seeking His blessing. Believe me, a prayerless child cannot be happy, either in this world or the next; because if you forget God, how can you expect Him to remember you?

Jesus is far more willing to hear you, than you are to pray to Him. How kindly He invites you: “Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not;” and then

you have His sweet and precious promise, "Those that seek Me early shall find Me."

I think I hear some of you saying, "I would pray, but I do not know how or what I ought to pray for." The disciples of Jesus felt the same thing; but what did they do? Read Luke xi. 1. There, you see, they asked Christ to teach them to pray. And so must you, too, dear children, ask God for His Holy Spirit, to lead you to see the exceeding sinfulness of your own hearts, to reveal Jesus unto you as a Saviour, who is willing to rescue your never-dying souls from eternal ruin.

Suppose, now, for one moment, that you were sleeping quietly in your beds, when suddenly you heard a cry of "Fire, fire!" You see the flames spreading round your bed, and that unless you call for help, and rise to escape the danger, you must die a fearful death; say, would you then be at a loss for words to express your terror? would you not cry out instantly, "Oh, save me, or I perish!"

Dear children, your souls are in the more dreadful state of deep spiritual slumber if you have not made peace with God. Though warned to escape the fire of hell which awaits you, you yet sleep on, unconscious of your danger, and soon—oh, you know not how soon!—God may call you hence to live for ever, where "the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched." Do you think the danger is less because you will not seek

to escape it? Is it too much trouble to ask God to save your souls from eternal destruction?

It is because your souls are so precious that I speak so earnestly to you, and I want you to come to Jesus before you go hence to be no more seen. Let me advise you then, dear children, to pray regularly *twice* each day; let nothing hinder you; pray earnestly, and expect God to answer your prayers, remembering His gracious promise, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

(Kendal.)

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED AND LIVED.

MOST little ones will listen to a story with much delight, and the more so if it be really a true one. Now, dear children, the story I am about to tell you is indeed all true; it is written in God's own word, and you know His word is truth itself. You have all most likely heard of the prophet Elisha, a holy man, who was taught by God to know about many things before they came to pass. Now, this good man, the Bible tells us, was one day passing through a place called Shunem, where lived a great woman, such a one as you would now call a rich lady. She was a good woman, too,

as well as great; and much kindness did she show to Elisha, for she asked him into her house, and gave him food; and also invited him, as often as he might go that way, to stop, and have something to eat. She also, after first speaking to her husband about it, had a little room made ready in her house for the prophet, putting in it a bed and a table, a stool and a candlestick. In this room he might stay as often as he liked. Does not all this show the woman to have been very kind and good? She had a great respect for the prophet, because he was a good man.

Now this kind woman had a little son, an only boy. Can you not fancy how very dearly she loved him? And his father loved him too. One morning, when he had grown up, and strong enough to walk and to run about, his father took his dear little son with him into the harvest field to see the reapers cutting down the ripe corn, and bind it into sheaves.

Perhaps the sun became hot and the air heavy, for by-and-by the little boy called out to his father, "My head, my head!" He felt a sudden, sharp pain, and was so ill that his father called to a lad, and told him to carry him home to his mother. How grieved she must have been, when she saw her darling boy, pale, and sick, and unable to move! He lay upon her lap till the middle of the day, and then he died.

The poor, weeping mother then carried

the body of her much loved child up into the prophet's little room, and laid it on the bed; and then she went a long way, riding on an ass, to a place called Mount Carmel, where she knew she should find Elisha. When he saw her, and knew what had happened, and saw what trouble she was in, he went back with her to the house, up into the little room where the stiff, lifeless corpse of the child lay on the bed. Then he knelt down, and prayed to God. And what did Elisha ask God for? It was that the child might live again. And it pleased God to answer that prayer. Elisha stretched himself upon the body, and presently it began to show signs of returning life. First, the child sneezed seven times; and, at last, he opened his eyes, that had seemed for ever closed in death. Then the prophet sent for the mother. How great must have been her joy when she saw her beloved child alive again! How she would clasp him to her bosom, and kiss him again and again in the fulness of her love! and how thankful she would be to God who had given him back his life!

And now that my story is ended, I want you to learn two or three things from it. In the first place, see how uncertain is life. The little boy of whom you have been reading, went out in the morning with his father, full of life and spirits. Before that morning ended he breathed no more; his life was gone. We should all be prepared, at all

times, for death, for we none of us know how soon, when, or where, it may please God that we should die.

Then, see how the woman of Shunem was rewarded for all her kindness to the prophet. She had shown him much attention and respect, and he was her friend in the time of her sorrow. How well he was able to help her, when her son lay without life on his bed. We should never lose an opportunity of doing good to others, and, above all, we should try to do good to, and to please, those who love God, who are His dear people. And we should never forget to be grateful to those who have been kind and loving to ourselves.

Lastly, though our bodies are alive, and perhaps well and strong, how is it with our souls? Is there not too much reason to fear that with many of us our souls are dead? We do not love what is right and good; we do not hate sin, and we are not afraid of displeasing God, or of doing those things we know He has forbidden. And if we are sometimes afraid, is it not because we fear we shall be punished? Now, if our souls are thus sinning and dead, what must we do? To whom must we go? The woman went to Elisha; and this was right, for God at that time sent prophets, and permitted them to do many wonderful things, in order that the people might see they were the servants of the true God. Now, in these times, you know, we never hear of people

coming to life again after they have once died. But with the soul it is different. That may be cold and lifeless, neither loving God nor desiring to love Him; only loving what is evil and hurtful.

Dear children, do any of you feel it is so with you? Do you not care to hear about the great and merciful Saviour, who laid down His own life that your souls might be saved? Do you not care to read or hear His holy word, or to keep sacred the sabbath He has set apart for prayer, and praise, and rest from earthly things? Oh! then your souls are dead, and what must you do? You are in danger. To whom must you go? To whom must you look for help? There is only One who can help you, only One who can save you, only One who can give life to your souls—that one is *Jesus Christ*, the Almighty Saviour. And if you go to Him, telling Him all you want, all you are afraid of, every little trouble that vexes you, He can and will help you; He is always ready, always willing, and He can hear you always. He loves to hear little children pray; and, if you ask Him, He will give you the new heart, which will not love sin. He will make you good, and put away the naughty thoughts out of your heart, and the naughty words from your lips; and you will be better able to please Him and to please all around you by doing what is right. If Jesus is your Friend, and you love Him, and He has forgiven you all your

many sins, you will have nothing else to fear. Whether your body die or live, your soul will always be safe and happy; and when your life here on earth is finished, He will take you to that beautiful, happy place above the skies, where there is no more sin or sorrow; and there He will keep you with Him even for ever.

“There is beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.”

L. G. W.

WAR.

THE Duke of Marlborough, observing a soldier thoughtfully leaning on the butt end of his musket, after the great victory of Blenheim, said to him, “Why so pensive, my friend, after so glorious a victory?” “It may be glorious,” replied the brave fellow, “but I am thinking that all the human blood I have spilt to-day *has only earned me fourpence.*”

What a terrible scourge war is to a country! Into how many happy homes does it introduce grief! Oh, happy will be that day when “nation shall not lift up sword against nation,” nor “learn war any more!”

E. H. H.

VISIT TO A TURKISH SCHOOL.

Written by a Swedish young Lady, for the
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

DEAR CHILDREN,—You ask me every Sunday to tell you a story. I have now a little quiet time to myself this afternoon, and I will try to do as you desire. The difficulty is always to know where to begin. It is now two years and four months since I went out to Scutari, to try to do good to the poor, sick, and wounded soldiers; and as I was going from one hospital to another, I often saw nice little Turkish children running to school, just as you do in England; but it made my heart always sad to see these dear little ones, as I knew they did not go to school, like you, to be told that “Jesus loves them with an everlasting love” (Jer. xxxi. 5); and that He has promised never to leave or forsake His little lambs. I suppose you will ask what did these children learn then? I thought I should like to know too; so now I will tell you what I found out.

I heard a great noise one day as I was passing a house, and I said to myself, “This must be the school where all the children go:” so I went in; and there I saw a long room, with large glass windows on both sides. At the farther end of the room I saw an old man sitting, with a white turban on his head. He had a long black beard flowing down upon his chest, and a



long green cloak round him, lined with beautiful red fur. He was sitting on a mattress, on the floor, surrounded by a railing of wood about a foot high, just as if he were in a little room by himself. I suppose this was put up that the children should not come too near him. He had a little table before him, on which he placed the holy book, out of which he taught the children. Now can you guess the name of this book? Some of you will say "The Bible," I feel sure. No, it was not the Bible; it was the *Koran*—a book which most of these Eastern people think very holy and good; but it is *not* the word of God, but the word of man; and so it cannot save any soul, and there is nothing in it about the great Shepherd of the sheep, who came "to seek and to save that which was lost." The children were

all sitting on the floor, on little cushions or pillows, and they had low tables before them, just like your little benches. The boys never take their *caps* off when they go into school. But try to guess what they do pull off? They have a large shelf at the entrance of the room, and there they put their *shoes*, and go into school in their stockings, not to make the clean floor dirty. All these children are very clean; they think it is a sin to have dirty hands or feet. They have a large fountain to wash at down stairs. I think I forgot to tell you that I had to go up a staircase to get into the school. You may learn a very nice lesson from these little ignorant children: always try to come to school neat and clean, like them; for cleanliness is next to godliness. The boys had round scarlet caps on, with a big blue tassel on the top. The girls use veils instead of bonnets; and you may sometimes see dolls in shops dressed like these little Turkish girls. The girls take their veils off in school. When I entered the school-room, all the children seemed so busy that nobody even looked up. I walked up to the old master, and spoke a few words in English to him; but I soon found that he did not understand what I was saying, and so I had to leave the room, with a heavy heart, feeling that I had very little hope of doing these children any good. I must tell you, before I finish, that I never in all my life heard such a noise. There were about

ninety children in the room, and they were all screaming at the top of their voice. You must not follow their example in this, or I fear you will not learn much. Do not think that I never visited this school again. I came very often; and you will find that I became, after a little time, a welcome friend, though I had to wait patiently the Lord's own time. I will write more to you by-and-by, and tell you about my second visit.

Dear children, let me just finish by begging you who have Bibles to search them earnestly, till you find Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and remember to pray for faith to believe in Jesus with the heart, and also for His Holy Spirit to enable you to *do* the things which He tells you in His word.—Yours, affectionately,
EBBO.

· "MOTHER KNOWS BEST."

"Oh, grandmother!" exclaimed Susy Carol, the foremost of a merry group, as with laughing eye and tumbled curls, she sprang into her lap, "oh, grandmother, won't you tell us a story about those queer 'old times' when you were a little girl?"

"Oh, yes, do tell us a story," cried Willie, Fred, and Hattie, all at once.

"Ah, children," said the kind old lady, as she pleasantly laid aside her knitting,

“you ask me for a story so often, that soon I shall have no more to tell you. But I remember one which, although it will show you how foolishly I behaved, may teach you a good lesson.” The thought of grandma’s ever being *foolish* brought a smile over the faces of the little ones; but it soon passed away, and each eager face was turned towards her, waiting for the promised story.

“When I was young there were not so many shops as there are now, and pedlers went from house to house, selling the same articles which we now buy at shops. One afternoon, a pedler came to my mother’s with morocco shoes to sell. As my sister needed a pair, the pedler took them out, and some were found which fitted her very nicely. Although I did not need shoes so much as my sister, my mother very kindly told me that if I could find any which fitted, she would take them. I was delighted, and eagerly tried on pair after pair; but, alas! they were all too large. There was one pair which I fancied particularly, and though they were rather smaller than the rest, they were much too large for me.

“As it was quite late, the pedler was invited to stay until the next morning; and when he thankfully accepted the offer, I secretly rejoiced at the thought of having a much longer time to plead my case. And I did plead with all the eloquence I possessed, until my mother, quite worn out by my entreaties, told me to say no more about

them that evening, but to decide for myself; and if I should think in the morning that it was best for me to take them, she would buy them, on condition that I should wear them for my best shoes, until they were worn out. I was so anxious to have them, that I was glad to consent to any conditions which she might propose. After breakfast my mother inquired what I had decided in regard to the shoes; and when I told her I wanted them as much as ever, she bought them, and soon I had the satisfaction of feeling that they were my own.

“Shortly after this, my sister and I were invited to take tea with several little girls at the house of a playmate. I was enjoying myself finely, when I heard one of the little girls say to another in a low voice, ‘Do look at Alice Blake. I really believe she has her mother’s shoes on.’ I felt so much mortified at finding that my shoes, instead of being admired, were laughed at, that I could not enter with spirit into any of the merry games, and went home early, complaining of a headache; but if my shoes could have spoken, they would have declared that it was on their account.

“But this was only the beginning of sorrow. Sabbath after sabbath I was compelled, on account of my promise, to wear them to church, and often did I search for some indication of their wearing out. Never did shoes last so well; but long before they were gone, I made up my mind that my

mother knew best, and that in future I should always yield to her judgment, especially when buying morocco shoes."

"Were you really that little girl?" inquired Fred, in a tone wavering between doubt and surprise. Just then their mother came in, and claimed the children, it being half an hour after their usual bedtime. At first they were unwilling to go, especially Willie, who pleaded stoutly for another story; but little Susy, sliding from grandma's lap, whispered, "*Mother knows best*," and they ran happily away, pleased at being able so soon to put their grandmother's lesson into practice.—*Child's Paper*.

THE GOOD DOG, AND BAD BOY.

My neighbour keeps a noble Newfoundland dog in his yard to guard his shop in the night. Not long since I was passing his shop about mid-day, when he came out with Towser at his heels, and a pail in his hand. He told Towser to take the pail and carry it to the house, a few yards across the way. The dog did not whine over the command, nor curl his tail and refuse to go; no, not he. He obeyed at once, took the pail in his mouth, and away he went to the house; I watched him to see how well he fulfilled his master's orders. The door was closed, so he sat down on the step and waited a wel-

come. Five minutes passed, and no one opened the door; yet the dog was patient and faithful. Five minutes more passed, and just as I was about to leave, he was seen from the window and admitted with his charge. Faithful dog! thought I, never to refuse obedience or wait for the *second* bidding.

Then I thought of little Willie S——, who said to his mother in my presence, "No, I can't do it; let Ned go, he is not doing anything."

"Willie," exclaimed his mother, in a commanding tone, "go and bring that wood immediately; don't let me have to tell you again."

The little fellow was mending his cart, but he dropped his hammer, now that he saw there was no escape, and started. "I always have the wood to bring," he muttered, as he left the room. He obeyed very reluctantly. He went pouting and murmuring after the wood, and when he returned he threw it into the box with a violence that threatened to break it to pieces. His mother looked ashamed and heart-sick. I pitied her from the depths of my soul. Think of it. Her son was less obedient than the dog; for the dog went cheerfully, wagging his bushy tail, and lifting his head as if to say, "*I obey.*"

Learn a good lesson from the example of the dog, and never let it be said of you, "Towser is more obedient than Willie."

MARY AND MASON.

MARY was a very good little girl. Her mother loved her. She had a great many things to play with. Among them was a little tin horse, to draw in the yard. Her horse was white. It had a red saddle, and black bridle, and black eyes. Its feet were fastened to a piece of flat tin. This tin had wheels on it. There was a hole in the front part of the tin, so that a string might be tied to it. Mary liked this horse, because it had wheels; she used to take hold of the string and walk backwards, so as to see her horse move. Sometimes her little pony would fall over on his side. Mary would stand him up again, and pat him, and tell him he was a good horse.

One morning, as she was drawing her horse along the yard, she fell down. Her pink frock was soiled, and she was frightened. She thought she was hurt, so she cried very loudly. Her mother heard her cry; she came to the window, raised the sash, and called out pleasantly and cheerfully, "Mary, Mary." Mary had not moved from where she fell; she was crying loudly; she heard her mother's voice, and looked up; she saw her mother; she raised herself with her hands, till she looked like a little dog sitting down, and cried out, "Mamma, Mary hurt," and ran into the house, clambered up stairs, and ran into her mother's room, repeating, "Mamma,

Mary hurt," and then burst out afresh with tears.

Some mothers seem not to understand the cure of little children's hurts; Mary's did. She stooped down, and took her little daughter in her arms, dirt and all, and hugged and kissed her, soothingly saying, "There! there!" She did not try to stop her crying, she only soothed her. Mary cried on for a minute or two, and then put her tiny hand upon her mother's neck, and hid her little face in her bosom. Crying turned into sobbing; sobs ended with silence; silence was broken by Mary saying, "Mamma, Mary love mamma." The storm of sorrow was ended; Mary was happier and better.

Why is it that some children shun their parents in their little troubles, whilst others run by instinct to the mother's bosom, and pour out all their little hearts there? Are not the woes of children as great to them as the calamities of an emperor, as the vexations of a business man? Can we expect our heavenly Father to sympathise with us in trouble if we do not sympathise with our little ones? "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Mary had a brother. He was older than she was. His name was Mason. Every morning after breakfast Mason had to take his book, and shut himself in his mother's front room to study his lessons. When he

knew them well, he was permitted to go into the yard to play; but until he did know them, his mother required him to remain in the front room. Sometimes he would learn them very soon, and sometimes he would not learn them for a long time. His mother generally heard him recite; and when she could not, his father did. Mason did not like to study. He did not mean to be naughty, but only he did not like to study.

Mason was in the front room when Mary fell down. His mother was in the back room; there was a door between. When his mother went to the window, and called out, "Mary" to her little crying daughter, Mason heard her, and put his eye to the keyhole; he saw his mother was not looking; he quietly turned the knob, and opened the door a very little, so as to see the better. His mother did not hear him; he was glad she did not, and he was afraid she might see him; he leaned against the wall, with his eye to the crack of the door; he wished that he could go to the window too; but he could not, because he did not know his lesson. He felt unhappy; he stood there, and wished, with his hand on the door knob, and his eye at the crack. He almost resolved to go anyhow; and when Mary came up stairs sobbing, he did throw open the door, and ran into the back room, saying, "What's the matter, Mary? what's the matter?"

Mason was not old enough to fully understand his own feelings. But he knew, however, that he was doing wrong. He knew that he ought not to leave his room without permission. It was right to love his sister, and it was partly kindness that made him ask about her. But that was not all; he wanted to get out of his room. This last feeling was much stronger than his love for Mary. That his mother knew by his voice. He saw her looking at him, and he caught her eye, retreated to the door sill, and from thence proposed his questions.

Conscience was at work on one side, and indolence on the other. Conscience wanted him to be good and happy; indolence wanted him to be happy without being good. Conscience always makes us happy for a long time if we are good; indolence only makes us happy for a little while. Mason allowed indolence to master conscience; so he stood at the door sill, and said, "What is the matter, mother? Is Mary hurt, mother? Did she fall down, mother?" But his mother did not answer him. She fixed her eyes upon him. She saw that his feeling was not interest in Mary. So she simply said, slowly, "Mason, Mason!" He understood her. He slowly and reluctantly closed the door, but did not latch it. His mother called his name again in a reproving tone, and then the door was closed.

Poetry.

LINES WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S BIBLE.

A king for earthly wisdom pray'd;
 God gave the boon he sought.
 That king God's law still disobey'd,
 He knew, but did it not.

Ask thou, my child, a better boon,
 The wisdom from above,
 Nor think thy dawn of life too soon
 To learn a Saviour's love.

Pray for what passes human skill,
 The power God's will to do;
 Read thou, that thou may'st *do* His will,
 And thou shalt *know* it too.

And what if much be still unknown,
 Thy Lord shall teach thee that,
 When thou shalt stand before His throne,
 Or sit as Mary sat.

Wait till He himself disclose
 Things now beyond thy reach,
 But listen not, my child, to those
 Who the Lord's secrets teach;

Who teach thee more than He has taught,
 Tell more than He reveal'd,
 Preach tidings that He never brought,
 And read what He kept seal'd.

TEXTS TO FIND, AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

49. If "a man hath friends," what must he do?
50. What reason did Jesus give His disciples, why it was "expedient that He should go away"?
51. What was the vow that Jephthah vowed?
52. What is the meaning of the name Noah?
53. Who prayed in his prayer, "O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face"?
54. To whom was it said, "My grace is sufficient for thee"?
55. How long was the Jewish temple, in the time of our Lord, building?
56. On what occasion is it said that Jesus "perceived that virtue had gone out of Him"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

- (41.) 2 Sam. viii. 5. (42.) 1 Kings xi. 12. (43.) Exod. ii. 15, and Numb. xxxi. 2. (44.) 2 Sam. xxiv. 24. (45.) 1 Kings viii. 46. (46.) Isa. xlii. 8. (47.) Gen. xxxii. 10. (48.) Mic. vii. 6.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY
THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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ST. PANCRAS.

IF any of my little readers have lived in London, they have, no doubt, heard of the parish of St. Pancras; and, perhaps, the beautiful Church of St. Pancras has met their view.

Have you ever wondered who this St.

Pancras was? I dare say you think him some aged man, with grey hair and flowing beard, or a hooded monk with sable garments. But he did not live long enough in the world for that. Shall I tell you all about him?

He was born in beautiful Phrygia; his early home, at Synnada, was very fair—mountains and flowing streams, and marble quarries; and with a cheerful heart the little Pancratius (as he was called), used to play under the shady trees, chase the gaudy flies over the hills, or quietly stand at his dear mother's knee, while she told of flowers, and birds, and honey bees, and all the bright things he loved so well.

But that dear mother was taken ill, and died, without the sweet hope of heaven which Christians have when they are taken to Jesus. And her husband, Cleonius, buried her by the gurgling brook, beneath the waving palm trees.

For three short months Cleonius daily led his little boy to strew flowers over her grave; and then *he* also fell sick, and died. When the father knew that he was dying, he called for his brother, and earnestly besought him to take care of Pancratius, and educate him well, as though he were his own son.

At this time Pancratius was only twelve years of age, and his kind and fond (but heathen) uncle, thought that the best way he could fulfil his brother's last wish would be to take him to Rome (the greatest city in

the world), that there he might have the advantage of the best instruction, and when he grew older, might, perhaps, obtain a good position in the state.

There lived then at Rome a good bishop, whose name was Marcellinus. He used to go from house to house, quietly, secretly, sometimes even at dead of night, telling people that Jesus, the despised Nazarene, the crucified, was God, and a Saviour. The reason why he had to go so secretly was, that the emperor, who then lived at Rome, was a very cruel man; and amongst the three friends who helped him to govern his great empire, was one Galerius, even more cruel than himself, who persuaded him that he ought to put all the Christians to death.

Many had suffered martyrdom already, being thrown to wild beasts, flayed alive, and tortured in every imaginable way; and yet the brave and good bishop went about undauntedly, cheering those who loved his Master, and telling others of that Master's love.

Amongst those who believed what the aged Marcellinus said about Jesus, were the uncle and nephew. Gradually they forsook the gorgeous temple of Jupiter, and as the light which the Holy Spirit sheds beamed stronger and brighter on their minds, you might have seen them, with a lighted torch, wending their way to the catacombs (or tombs underground), at midnight; where they met dear Christian friends, and with

them partook of the "feast of the blessed Jesus." And then they would return by the light of the early morning, strengthened and refreshed in spirit, fearless of the emperor's threats, and joyful in the love of the Saviour.

Dearly the orphan boy loved his uncle; and very sweet were the hours he spent talking with him of the home in heaven, and repeating all he could remember of the words which Marcellinus taught him from the Gospel of St. John.

But these happy days did not last long. The uncle died very suddenly; and the poor child, almost heart-broken, seemed as if left alone in the world. As he knelt by the side of his dead friend, he tried to pray, but the words *would* not come; and so fast did the blinding tears trickle down, that he could scarcely see the blue heaven he was gazing at.

But God, who will not crush the bruised reed, heard his muttered prayers; and was going to give him abundance of His strength. A harsh rough hand is laid on his shoulder, and he starts at the touch. Brushing away his tears, he sees four soldiers standing by him, and a coarse voice bids him rise, and come immediately before the emperor.

The little fellow got up: the cruel soldiers placed heavy chains upon his wrists; he gave one loving look upon the cold, dead face, and then followed his guards to the imperial palace.

It was a long, hot walk ; his arms ached with the heavy chains, and his little feet were blistered with walking so fast. But why did he wear a pleasant, cheerful face amid it all ? Because he remembered his Saviour ; the Holy Spirit put into his mind the promise, "As thy day thy strength shall be." He felt God *was* keeping that promise then, and he knew that He would *continue* to keep it. And, though he did not forget the emperor's cruelties to other Christians, *he* did not fear ; Diocletian could not kill his *soul*, and Jesus, who had made a place for him in heaven, would take care of him.

The emperor was sitting on his throne ; hundreds of guards were round him ; ensigns of his great power appeared everywhere before him, when the weak, foot-sore child was led into his presence. He was so young that the cruel man was almost moved to pity, and he thought to win him over rather by promises than threats. He reminded him of his father and mother, how to their dying day they had been faithful to the gods of their ancestors ; he promised him riches and a high position if he would only offer sacrifice to Jupiter. But the child, "strong in the strength which God supplies," refused.

Then the persecutor tried threats. He told him he should be killed that very day ; he should not live an hour longer, and his dead body should be thrown to the wild beasts.

Pale and trembling, he answered, "That may be, but I *dare* not deny my Saviour; I *dare* not worship idols. God will give me grace to die for Him, as others have done."

"Lead the obstinate boy from my presence," exclaimed the infuriated Diocletian; "take him to the Aurelian way, and there dispatch him with your swords." The legionaries who brought him to the palace led him out, took him where the monarch had directed, and there, at sunset, kneeling, like the blessed Stephen did, to receive his death wounds, the noble boy died, pierced by the swords of his persecutors.

His spirit was soon with Jesus; and, by the moonlight, some kind Christian ladies took his little mangled corpse,

"Robed it in linen fair and white,
As for a feast it were bedight,
And on a bier the body laid,
With fresh-pluck'd hyacinths o'erspread;
Embalming it with many tears,
And bearing it, midst many fears,
And many a deep, heart-burden'd sigh,
To where a catacomb hard by
Had given shelter to the bones
Of many well-beloved ones."

For many years Pancratius was forgotten; but when the Christian church became less pure, when relics of saints were dug up and worshipped—forgetting that the very reason that St. Pancras died was because he would *not* worship idols—his bones were disinterred, and regarded as "relics;" and a magnificent church was erected over his burial

place. It is from this church that all others of that name have derived their appellation.

And now, dear children, what do you think *you* should have done if you had lived in the time of Diocletian? Could *you* have been faithful to death as he was, for Jesus' sake? Ah, it is easy to say "Yes" in quiet times like ours; but if you are not faithful to Christ in *little* things you would not be faithful in great things. Think, now, are you ever ashamed of Jesus?—ashamed of reading your Bibles?—ashamed of praying? Have you courage enough to refuse to laugh at a text of Scripture if wicked children do so? Are you bold enough to resist the temptation to go to bad places, or to do sinful things, because your Saviour forbids it? If not, you are not like St. Pancras.

Pray earnestly, I entreat you, that you may be a "good soldier of Jesus Christ," as he was, that, like him, you may receive the reward of those who are *faithful* unto death, even "the crown of life, which fadeth not away."

L. E. M.

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID.

Mamma. Come, my Fanny, I am going to talk to you to-day about a little girl.

Fanny. Thank you, mamma; I like to hear about children. What was her name?

M. I cannot tell you that, dear; she was a little girl who lived in the land of Israel

at a time when the Syrians were at war with them. And one day some of the soldiers came and took this poor little girl, and carried her into the land of Syria, far away from her parents and everybody she knew and loved, and made her a little slave.

F. Oh, mamma, how shocking that was! I think I should have broken my heart, if the Russians had come and carried me away from you and papa, and all I love.

M. It was indeed very sad; but the worst part of it was, that the Syrians did not worship the true God, but served idols; so she had no one to tell her what was right. Oh, how thankful should those children be who have kind friends to teach them the way of the Lord!

F. Who was her master, mamma?

M. His name was Naaman; he was a very great man, and the king honoured him, because by him God had given the Syrians victory over their enemies. But all his riches and honours were of no use to him because he had a dreadful disease, which no doctor could ever cure; it was called the leprosy. This little girl seems to have been very kind-hearted and forgiving; for when she saw how ill her master was, she felt very sorry, and began to think if anything could be done for him.

F. But she could not do anything to heal him, could she, mamma?

M. No, dear; she could not *herself* do

anything; but she remembered that there was a prophet of the Lord in the land of Israel, who had performed many great miracles, and she felt sure that *he* could heal her master. So one day she said to her mistress, "Would God that my lord were with the prophet that is in Israel, for he would recover him of his leprosy."

F. But, mamma, is it not wrong to use the name of God in that way?

M. It is a very great sin to use the holy name of God lightly or without due thought; and we cannot be too careful about it. But I should hope that this little girl did not use it in that way, but rather, that she said it in a spirit of prayer, feeling that, though her master went to the prophet, it was only God who could cure him. And we should remember when we are ill that, though we go to a doctor, it is only God's blessing on the medicine he gives that can make us well, and we should never forget to ask for His blessing.

F. Did he go, mamma?

M. Yes, he was very glad to hear of anything that was likely to make him well; so he went in his chariot, with horses and servants, and stood at the door of the house of the prophet, whose name was Elisha. Now I must tell you that Naaman was a very proud man, and he expected that Elisha would come out to him, and show him a great deal of honour; but instead of this,

he only sent his servant to tell him to go and wash seven times in the river Jordan, and then he should be quite well.

F. I suppose that he was very angry at that, mamma?

M. He was; and went away in a great rage, saying that the waters in his own land were much better than any in the land of Israel, and he could just as well wash in them, and be clean.

F. And did he really go back without doing it, mamma?

M. He would have done so, dear, had not his servants persuaded him to try it. But he listened to them, and went down and washed in Jordan, and God healed him; and not only made his body well, but changed his heart, and made him humble. Then he went back to Elisha, and begged him to accept of some of the valuable things that he had brought with him as presents; but Elisha was the servant of God, and did not want any earthly riches, so he refused them all. Naaman told him that now he was sure that there was but one true God, and he would never worship any other.

F. Mamma, what did he do for the little girl when he went back? did he make her free?

M. We are not told, dear. If he did, I am sure she must have felt very glad to go back to her own home; but even if he did not, I think she must have felt much

happier afterward, because she had a master who feared the Lord: Now tell me what you think you may learn from this account?

F. Does it not teach us, mamma, *to love our enemies?*

M. Yes, dear; and this little girl had not the advantages that we have, because the Lord Jesus has taught us this lesson not only by precept, but by His own example. You know when He hung on the cross He prayed for His murderers, saying, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Do you think you may learn anything else from it?

F. I do not know, mamma; will you please to tell me?

M. It shows us, dear, that *even children may be useful*. Now everybody has a disease which is far worse than the leprosy; I mean *sin*. And even a little child may tell a poor sinner of the Lord Jesus, who is able and willing to take away all his sins. And then there are thousands of poor children who never heard the name of Jesus, but worship idols, as Naaman did. You cannot go yourself to tell them the good news, but you can give your pence to help to send missionaries to teach them; and in many other ways children may be of use. I hope you will try to remember this little captive maid, and seek, as she did, to do good to others.

P.

THE HONEST ELEPHANT.

Would you like to hear a story about an elephant? I will tell you one which may both interest and instruct you. Some time ago I visited a collection of wild beasts, where, amongst a numerous group of animals, I particularly noticed an elephant, which was remarkably docile and obedient.



At the command of her keeper, she would open and shut the door of her den, try to talk, by uttering indistinct sounds; and on being asked how she would call him, in case she wanted her keeper, she rang a bell. But what most surprised me was her great dislike of *theft*. There was a man there who sold cakes for visitors to purchase and give to the elephant. His stand

was close to the creature, so close that she could easily have helped herself to its tempting array ; but she never touched them herself; and when persons tried her by offering some which had not been paid for, she drew back her trunk, thus, as it were, telling them that they ought not to steal or receive stolen things. When the cakes were bought, and presented to her, she received them thankfully.

Now, my dear children, learn a lesson from this honest elephant. Never wish for things that are not your own. Never take that which does not belong to you without leave. Never receive articles which you know to have been procured in a dishonest manner.

GOOD AND HAPPY.

“ The seeds of misery or happiness, both in this world and in that to come, are sown very early.”—*Watts*.

It is always painful to parents to part with their children when the time comes for them to go to school; for they have not only to say those sad words, “ Good bye,” but they have also many anxieties about their dear ones when they send them far away from their own homes.

Such were the feelings of a fond mother, upon leaving her little son for the first time under the kind care of his instructors. She quite thought that her child would be com-

fortable and well taught ; but still she was anxious lest, in his new place and with new companions, her boy might forget the good lessons she had taught him. So she thought of a plan by which he might be kept in mind of those things.

Her first letter to him ended with a wish that he might be "good and happy." A postscript was added, asking him to give the various meanings of these words ; or explain how he might be good, and how he might be happy. He readily agreed to his mother's wishes. A letter soon arrived from him, part of which was as follows :

I. *The way to be Good.*—1. To obey and love God, and our earthly parents ; 2. To love one another ; 3. To forgive our enemies ; 4. To speak the truth always ; 5. To be kind to the aged and the poor ; 6. To lose no opportunity of saying a kind word and doing a kind act ; 7. To avoid bad example ; 8. To seek God's grace to help us in all these things. These were a few of the many little things his mother had taught him.

II. *The Way to be Happy.*
Under this head he had left a blank ; and he explained why he did so thus : "Dear Mother,—I found that all the other answers which I have given would do as well for this ; so I thought they need not be repeated."

Now, my dear little friends, you will, I think, understand the lesson this little boy learned, viz., that *to be good is to be happy.*

He had never seen it exactly in this way before ; it was just what his mother wished.

Finding that her little lesson had succeeded so well, she determined upon going on upon the same plan ; and, for the sake of other children who may not have the same advantages as this little boy, the mother's lesson has been written down, that a few *home* truths may be learned by them too.

“ Happy the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.”—*Watts*.

M. A.

SATAN AND HIS DEVICES.

THERE can scarcely be a doubt, but that Satan uses far greater exertion to lead the young astray, than he does to keep the old in sin. He seems to feel almost sure of those who have grown grey in sin and wickedness ; but he knows he has not yet got the young so secure. It is on this account, dear young friends, that your parents, and those that love you, are so anxious for you to come to the Saviour at once, “ before the evil days draw nigh.” God has declared, “ Those that seek me *early* SHALL find me ;” but He nowhere says this to those who seek Him *late* in life ! If you “ seek the Lord while He *may* be found, and early give Him your hearts, then you are safe, and can

laugh at all of Satan's plans to entrap your feet. But, alas! alas! if you grow up in sin, and become hardened in iniquity, then Satan will laugh at all your efforts to get away from him. Satan is very cunning; he knows what we desire most, as well as what all our besetting sins are, and is therefore the more successful in leading us astray. He does not go to a boy who has a pocket full of money, and tempt *him* to steal a penny, because he knows the boy does not want one. He does not come to a little girl when she has just eaten a good dinner, and who has had plenty of cakes given her besides, and tempt *her* to take a cake that belongs to her mother! Ah, no! he knows she would not listen to him. He does not tempt a person to take a ride or walk on the Sabbath, or to play truant from school on a stormy, disagreeable day, because he knows it is more pleasant at home or in school at such a time; but he comes just when you want a penny very much for some particular purpose; just when you are very hungry, and your mouth almost waters for a cake, and when perhaps one is within your sight or reach. Then he whispers in your ear, and tries to urge you to take it, and promises that no one will find it out, or suggests it is but a trifle, and will not be missed. He comes to you some pleasant Sabbath, when all is mild and delightful, and then suggests a walk or a ride, and provides, perhaps, a companion, and tells you

how wearisome it would be to sit so long in church or school. And then think a moment *how* he comes—not as you have sometimes pictured him to yourself, as a very fearful-looking being; oh, no: if he would only come in that way, then you would not be in so much danger. He would frighten you so, that you would not listen to his temptations, but would soon run and tell your parents. But he comes to you as “an angel of light,” as “the prince of the power of the air.” He comes and whispers so softly, speaks so kindly, and makes believe that he is such a friend of yours, that you are thrown off your guard, apt to forget who it really is, and do not stop to consider what a dreadful thing it is to sin against God!

We might, dear young friends, tell you much more about Satan and his devices, and how that he succeeds most with idle children; but we hope we have said enough to get you to think on this subject, and to persuade you to seek the Saviour—to ask Him to guide and direct you in the right path—to ask Him to drive Satan far from you; and if you will only go to the Saviour in prayer every time you are tempted, then you will be safe; for

“Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest child upon his knees.”

HOW DO YOU PRAY?

I was visiting at the house of little Hattie's father. After she had been snugly tucked in bed by her kind mother, and we supposed her almost asleep, she suddenly aroused, saying,

"Oh, I must say my prayer."

And so she began, "Our Father, which art in heaven," and repeated very rapidly a few lines; then happening to think of something she wished to say to her sister, she stopped and told her story, and then in the same careless manner finished her prayer.

Now, let me tell you how little Alice prays. She kneels down every night by the side of her little bed, with folded hands, and in a low and serious manner, as though she realized that she was speaking to God, repeats these pretty lines :

" 'Tis time to go to bed,
And close my weary eyes,
But first I'll thank, for daily bread,
My Father in the skies.

" I fear that I this day
Have not obeyed my God;
Blest Saviour, pardon me, I pray,
And wash me in Thy blood.

" I now am very young,
But, as I older grow,
I hope to praise Thee with my tongue,
And more of Thee to know."

Children, how do *you* pray? Like Hattie or like Alice?

MOTHER'S ADVICE.

ALLEN was sent to the city when quite a lad. The new scenes and objects which met his eye, so unlike the quiet and unchanging life of his native village, filled him with interest and excitement. He never felt tired of looking and walking about in the time spared from his employment. Amongst other places, of which he had heard much, was the theatre. Some of his associates went, and there was no end to the wonderful stories they told of what they saw and heard. Allen felt a rising desire to go too. He manfully resisted it, however.

"Come," said one of his companions, "go with us to-night."

"No," answered Allen, "not to-night."

"So you always say, 'not to-night;' come, decide at once to go."

"Not to-night," still replied Allen, walking away.

"You shall have a ticket if you'll only come," again urged his companion.

Allen shook his head. "No, no," said he; "no, no, keep it yourself, I cannot take it."

"How obstinate!" rejoined the other; "why, what can be your reason?"

Allen hesitated for a moment. "My mother told me not to go to the theatre: therefore I cannot go," he at length firmly replied. His companion ceased to urge him longer; he beheld in Allen's face a

settled purpose to obey, and he left without saying a word more. That was one of his mother's last injunctions—"My son, do not go to the theatre."

Under such circumstances, some lads might have said, "Why, I see no harm in the theatre; why should I not go? I see no reason why I cannot. My mother, I fancy, did not know as much as she thought she did; she, away off home, cannot tell what is what; besides, other young men of my age go." I say, some lads might have reasoned thus, and disobeyed and gone. Not so with Allen. His mother bade him not go—that was sufficient for him. He trusted to her knowledge and confided in her judgment, and he meant to obey her; yes, and what was better, he was not afraid to say so. It was a wise decision, and if every youth away from home had moral courage enough to decide doubtful questions in the same way, there would be many better men for it. Allen is now an excellent clergyman.

SOMETHING ABOUT PLANTS.

If any common flower be examined, it will be found to contain many things not generally observed, but which are well worth notice.

If, for example, a wall-flower be taken, it will be seen to consist of several distinct

parts, each having some particular use, besides being beautiful to look at.

First, there is the *root*, which is of great importance to the plant; for it is by this part that it gets nourishment from the earth. If the extreme end of a root be examined with a microscope, it will be seen to be full of pores, which suck up the moisture from the ground in the same way as a sponge would. Roots are also necessary in order to keep the plant firmly fixed in the ground.

From the root arises the *stem*, which is of use to support the leaves and flowers, and also to convey the moisture taken in by the root to the different parts of the plant, which by mixing with the other juices, becomes *sap*, which is so necessary to make the plant grow. On the stem of most plants are to be seen small *hairs*, which are said to be of use in preventing insects from hurting the plant. Some plants have no stems; for example, the primrose, the stalk which supports the flower not being considered a real stem, but is called a flower-stalk.

The *leaves* spring from the stem in most plants, though in some they grow from the root, as in the daisy, and are therefore called root-leaves.

Above the leaves is to be seen the *flower*, it consists of several distinct parts. First, there is a little circle of green leaves round the bottom of the flower; they are four in number, and are called *sepals*, or, taken together, the *calyx*. Above them are to be

seen four yellow leaves called *petals*, or, collectively, the *corolla*. If these be pulled off, there will be seen six little threads called *stamens*; and at the top of each of them is to be seen a little head called an *anther*, which is hollow, and contains a small quantity of yellow powder, called *pollen*, which is very necessary in the formation of seed, as will be directly shown.

In the centre of the flower, between the *stamens*, there is another little thread sticking up, which is called the *pistil*. It consists of three parts. First, there is a little swollen part at the bottom, which is called the *ovary*, which, if cut open, will be found to contain several small round bodies which afterwards become seeds. From the top of the *ovary* springs a little hollow tube called the *style*, which is terminated by a little head, called a *stigma*.

Now, the use of all these parts is to produce seed, which is done in this way: the *pollen*, which is in the *anthers*, is conveyed (either by the wind, or by bees getting into the flower), to the *stigma* (or top of the *pistil*.) It sinks down through the *style*, till it reaches the *ovary*; as soon as it touches the *ovules*, they begin to swell and ripen. Then the *flower* begins to wither, the *petals* and *stamens* fall off, till at last, nothing remains but the *ovary*, which grows longer and larger, till at last it becomes a perfect fruit, and the *ovules* in it are ripe seeds.

H. H.

TEN THINGS

IN which many young people render themselves very impolite :

1. Loud laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Gazing at strangers.
4. A want of reverence for superiors.
5. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.
6. Making yourself the topic of conversation.
7. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
8. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
9. To commence talking before others are done.
10. Answering questions when put to others.

Poetry.

THE TWO PILGRIMS.

Two little pilgrims on their way,
 I met upon life's road one day:
 One wish'd for earthly pleasures given,
 The other ask'd the way to heaven.
 Oh ! happy was the child who trod
 The path that upwards leads to God.
 Thrice happy, for the Saviour's voice,
 Allured him on, and blest his choice.

But, ah ! that poor mistaken one,
 Who chose the fatal race to run !
 I saw him tread on ruin's verge,
 And heard below the roaring surge :
 How low he fell I could not see.
 Haste thou ! the path of danger flee ;
 These pilgrims and their choice survey,
 Behold their end, and choose thy way !

TEXTS TO FIND, AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

57. Who was it that said, "In the day the drought consumed me?"

58. What are the things that "drown men in perdition"?

59. Where is it said, "Blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of this book"?

60. Through what prophet does God say, "I will place salvation in Zion"?

61. Who said, "Why is it that Thou hast sent me?"

62. What will happen to "those that sleep in Jesus"?

63. Who "wasted his substance with riotous living"?

64. Where are we told to be "gentle, showing all meekness to all men"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(49.) Prov. xviii. 24. (50.) John xvi. 7. (51.) Judges xi. 30. (52.) Gen. v. 29. (53.) Dan. ix. 7. (54.) 2 Cor. xii. 9. (55.) John ii. 20. (56.) Mark v. 30.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY
THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

SEVERAL of my little readers have been, doubtless, to the Zoological Gardens, and have seen the curious animal of which I am now writing. But do you know anything about it? If not, I think you will look at it with much greater interest when you have read a short account of its habits and customs.

This animal is called hippopotamus (or river-horse), because its voice is so much like that of the horse. It is of an immense size, having a very large head and body, but remarkably short legs. The cutting-teeth and the two canine teeth are very long, and so extremely hard that they will strike fire against iron, like a flint. This has led some travellers to assert, that this animal emits fire from its mouth. The hippopotamus is found only in the great rivers and lakes of Africa; it swims very fast, and is very expert in catching fish, on which it lives. Water is its natural element, and it seems thoroughly to enjoy it, though it sometimes comes out and lives for awhile on land. When there, it feeds on the sugarcane, millet, rushes, and other vegetables. It does a great deal of damage to the fields, but being more timid on land than in the water, it is easily driven away; and because his legs are so short that it cannot run fast, it seldom wanders far from the water, so that when in danger he throws himself in. From its enormous size it might make itself formidable to every animal; but it is naturally gentle, and so slow in its movements, that all animals are easily able to get out of its way. When he is pursued by man, he seems only to try to make his escape; but if wounded, he becomes very furious; and, rushing upon the boats, will seize them with his teeth, and either tear them to pieces, or turn them over into the water. Sailors on

the coast of Africa, where the water is remarkably clear, have often seen this animal walking at the bottom of the water; but it is obliged to rise now and then to the surface in order to breathe, when it often overturns the boats.

Now, dear children, I have told you as much as I think you will remember about this singular animal; let us see whether we cannot learn something from it that may do our hearts good as well as our head. You remember I told you the hippopotamus was very gentle, and never hurt any one unless they wounded it. I wonder if this could be said of all the little children who read this; I have sometimes heard of little boys and girls, who are so *touchy*, that if you only speak to them they are cross. They remind me always of thistles; whoever goes near them gets a prick. Why, the hippopotamus is better than this; he is only angry when any one hurts him; and we must not be content with being even *as good* as an animal. Oh, no! you have got a soul, and it has not; you must be better, much better. Do you ask, "How can I?" Well, you must not be angry if any one *does* hurt you; if any one is unkind, you must be all the more kind to them. You must be always gentle, not only when you are *not* hurt, but when you *are*; for you remember your heavenly Father says, "*A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.*"

B. S.

“SWEAR NOT AT ALL.”

WE hope none of our young friends were ever guilty of taking God's name in vain; and we also hope that you may never do such a thing. And yet, perhaps, all of you have often been shocked by hearing others do so; some as young as yourselves, who have uttered expressions that have made your very blood run cold.

We write on this subject, and thus remind you of the words of the blessed Saviour, so as to put you on your guard against all persons who take His name in vain. Run away from a boy who is in the habit of swearing as quickly as you would run from a mad dog. Avoid him as you would a loathsome pestilence! God is angry with him; Jesus frowns upon him; and if he does not repent and reform, he will surely be punished for so great a wickedness. There is danger, dear young friends, even in listening to an oath; for, when you least expect it, and it may be in years after, Satan will bring the same words to your remembrance, and in an unguarded moment you might be tempted to utter them yourself.

People sometimes invent excuses for some of their sins; but no apology can be made for profane swearing. If detected in stealing, they often plead their hunger or their need of clothing or covering from the storm. So, in other cases, they blame their strong desires, appetite, or passions, or speak of

powerful temptations ; but for taking God's name in vain there is not even the shadow of an excuse. It is only a vile, wicked, sinful habit !

God hears the swearers' prayer, and sometimes answers it by sending them to perdition almost as soon as the words escape their lips. There are many such sad cases on record, and we have selected a few instances in hope that you may never forget them.

"I know a man," says a correspondent of the *Tract Magazine*, in 1825, "who was very much addicted to swearing." He was a labourer in a stone quarry, and having one day fastened a stone to a rope for the purpose of being hoisted up, the man at the top of the quarry said he thought the rope was not strong enough. The man below immediately replied with a *most dreadful oath*, "Then let it crush me to atoms." The wretched man had hardly uttered those words, when the stone fell and killed him.

In the neighbourhood of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, there lived a man who, having a cross child, frequently wished, with an oath, that his next child might be both deaf and dumb. He afterwards had three children, *all* of whom *were* deaf and dumb.

A coal-merchant at Brigg, in Lincolnshire, had occasion to send a boat to Boston with a cargo of coals, and ordered one of his men to take charge of it. As the boat was leaving the wharf, a person civilly

asked him where he was going. "I am going to hell," said he, *with an oath*. Awful to relate, he died suddenly before he reached Boston.

The Rev. William Romaine, of London, came up with a man once who was swearing, and who called upon God "to damn his soul for Christ's sake!" Mr. Romaine laying his hand upon the blasphemer's shoulder, said, "My friend, God has done many things for Christ's sake, and perhaps he will do that too," and passed on. The reproof went to his heart, and was the occasion of his "turning from the powers of Satan unto God," and becoming an exemplary Christian.

Remember the Second Commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

THE DISHONEST FRIEND.

I remember once hearing the following story; whether it is quite true, I cannot say; but it is interesting and instructive, and therefore you shall have it.

An old man was on the point of death; so he called to him a friend, and said to him, "I have not many things belonging to me, but I wish you to sell all that I have, when I am dead. My horse is the most valuable thing, and I wish the money that

you get for him to go to my nephew ; all the rest I leave to yourself."

When the old man was dead, his friend thought within himself, "I wish he had left me all; I wonder why he did not. I have just as much need for the horse as his nephew." He did not think that he ought to be thankful for anything the poor old man chose to give him.

So he began to think what he should do ; and this is what he did : he went to the stable, and brought out the horse, and put upon its back the old man's favourite cat. Then he took them off both to the market. The people stared to see such a funny sight. But he said to them, "Who wants a fine cat, a fine cat? Fifty pounds for a fine cat!"

"What nonsense," said the people ; "who will give so much for a cat?"

At last a man came up, and said, "Is this horse of yours to be sold?"

He answered, "Yes ; and I want five pounds for him, and as much more as you will give me ; but whoever buys him must take the cat too, and must give me fifty pounds for her."

The man hesitated for a moment, and said he did not want the cat, and would not give more for the horse ; but presently he pulled out the money, gave him fifty-five pounds for horse and cat, and went home with them.

The friend of the old man then went to

his nephew's house, and said to him, "See here; your uncle is dead, and has left me his horse to sell for you; I took him to the market to-day, and he has only fetched these five pounds. I am very sorry; it is far less than it is worth, but no one would give more for him."

The nephew was a poor young man, and was very glad of the money. He thanked the man for his trouble, and went and thanked God for his gift. He did not know of the man's villany, and how he had contrived to get fifty pounds for his cat.

And yet I think that he, good man, with his five pounds, was happier than the bad man with his fifty pounds. The one was grateful and contented; the other was greedy and dissatisfied. The one had a light conscience in the matter; the other must have carried with him a heavy conscience to the day of his death. The one, in fact, gratefully received what God gave him; the other displeased God by dishonestly taking what did not belong to him.

Oh, that every one who is tempted to take what is not his own would remember what God says: "*Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished.*" Things so got do no good, they rather do harm; and we may expect them to bring a curse upon us, and not a blessing. Through life, remember, boys and girls, that in every way "*Honesty is the best policy!*" Let wicked men get all they like by dishonest means; I will be

happier than any of them—satisfied with what my God gives me, and sure that this is the very best.

THE DYING BOY.

A little sufferer lay in a high, dreary garret, and the beams above and on every side were black and foul. His cheeks were scarlet with the flush of fever, and the bright light of his eyes flashed in the dimness of the evening, like a diamond on its gloomy bed of coal.

Something told the child that death was busy with his heart.

“Mother,” he whispered, and a pale, bent woman knelt beside him, “is there one blown yet? Look! look!”

The sickly woman lifted a tiny box of violets, and the blood rushed to her face as she beheld one little bud drooping, just beginning to unfold. She carried it to the child, and a smile lighted up his innocent features.

“Put it down, mother, where I can look at it until I die.”

With a sob the poor widow placed it upon his pillow, and watched his glassy eyes eagerly as they watched the flower. Hours passed; the brow grew whiter; the fingers that she clasped became colder; the round lips that had so often called her mother, were purple, and trembled as

though the failing voice struggled for utterance. She placed her ear close to his little face, and heard him distinctly utter, "Good-bye, mother; take care of my violets."

Poor little boy! I wonder whether he was ready to die and to go to heaven. It is sad to leave all that we love here, but it is joyful to go to be with Jesus for ever; and a dear mother, however sorry she may be to lose her much-loved little ones, will be glad to think that they are gone to glory.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

FIGHT hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have accomplished your end. By little and little great things are accomplished.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.



GOING TO CHURCH IN GREEN- LAND.

THE Christians in Greenland very seldom stay away from the house of God on account of the weather. When it is so cold that their breath freezes and forms icicles on their faces, they go a great way, men, women, and children, through the snow and sleet, to attend public worship. What do the children in our towns, who stay away from the Sunday-school and church on account of the cold, say to this?

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

**"'Tis sweet to do something for those we love,
Though the favour be ever so small."**

BROTHERS, sisters, did you ever try the effect which little acts of kindness produce upon that charmed circle we call home? We love to receive little favours ourselves; and how pleasant the reception of them makes the circle! To draw up the arm-chair and get the slippers for father, to watch if any little service can be rendered to mother, to help brother, or assist sister, how pleasant it makes home!

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks if he thinks he can get it. For a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up. "I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister; help little brother, and you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum, but brother will show me," says another little one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety while she replaces the "naughty stitch."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her

sister all nicely arranged ; “ you are a good girl, Mary.”

“ Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't get so bad,” said the gentle voice of Mary; and she bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did, than to say, “ Oh, go away, and don't trouble me ! ” or to scold the little one all the time you are performing the trifling favour.

Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles, they strew the path of life with flowers, they make the sunshine brighter, and the green earth greener ; and He who bade us love one another looks with favour upon the gentle and kind-hearted, and has pronounced the meek blessed.

Brothers, sisters, love one another, bear with one another. If one offend, forgive and love him still ; and whatever may be the faults of others, we must remember that, in the sight of God, we have others as great, and perhaps greater than theirs.

Be kind to the little ones ; they will often be fretful and wayward. Be patient with them, and amuse them. How often a whole family of little ones are restored to good humour by an elder member proposing some new play, or perhaps joining in it, or gather them around her while she relates some pleasant story.

And, brothers, do you think because you

are stronger, it is unmanly to be gentle to your little brothers and sisters? True nobleness of heart and true manliness of conduct are never coupled with pride and arrogance.

Nobility and gentleness go hand in hand; and when I see a young gentleman kind and respectful to his mother, gentle and forbearing to his brothers and sisters, I think he has a noble heart.

Ah! many a mother's and many a sister's heart has been wrung, by the cold neglect and stiff unkindness of those whom God has made their natural protectors.

Brothers, sisters, never be unkind to one another, never be ashamed to help one another, and you will find that though it is pleasant to receive favours, yet it is more blessed to give than to receive.

PARENT-MURDERERS.

I have heard of parents murdering their children, and often seen pictures of mothers taking their little babes and throwing them to crocodiles. A short time since, however, as I was looking over a catalogue of books, I saw this title of one—"Murderers of Parents!" "*Murderers of Parents!*" thought I, what does that mean? Now, I have never seen that book, and do not know of what it particularly treats; but I have often asked, "Is it possible that any

child is such a monster in sin as to murder his parents?"

The history of a little boy came up before my mind. This boy, whose name—no matter about that now, we will call him Nero—was about fourteen years of age, and a very intelligent, good-looking boy. You would not think, if you saw him, that he could ever attempt to murder his parents; and certainly not, if you knew them. They were both Christians, and most lovely people.

I fancy I hear some of my little readers say, "I don't believe there ever was such a boy; if there was, I should like to know how he did it." Well, I will tell you. He did not go about this awful work as many murderers have done of whom you have read in the papers; neither did he do it instantly with one fatal blow. He is doing it very gradually, but we fear certainly. He manages in this way: he is unkind and disobedient to his parents. He does not seek to please them; and I am sorry to add, that he tells lies to them. Sometimes he disobeys his school-teacher; and if she attempts to punish him, he will run away from school. Then all the scholars go home, and tell their parents what an ugly boy that Nero is.

In these and similar ways he grieves and mortifies his parents. They are sensitive, and especially saddened that their boy should thus disobey them, and sin against

God. They have tried kindness, gentleness, expostulation, and at times the rod, and yet little Nero will not change in his conduct.

Nero is thus gradually breaking the heart of that dear, good mother. She prays over him, and grieves about this trouble, and often says to him, "Nero, you will kill your mother; I can't bear this grief much longer." This is the way Nero is gradually murdering his mother—his *mother*! And when she dies (should he not alter his course), and he looks on her pale, dead form, he will think of one remark of his mother, if no more: "Nero, you will *kill* me."

Now if any disobedient little boy or girl should chance to read this, I hope they will not any longer grieve their parents, and then slowly murder them, but ask God and their parents to forgive them for the past, and save them from this dreadful sin.

A POOR BLIND CHILD.

It makes the heart sad to look upon a poor blind child; one who has never beheld the light of the glorious sun, nor once looked upon the smiling face of a parent. The colours of the rainbow and the beauty of the rose are alike. All, all is dark, without one single ray of light to cheer the long and gloomy night.

But, sad as is such a picture, yet many of our youthful readers are far more blind, and stand much more in need of pity. True you have bright and sparkling eyes, and can look upon those you love; but, oh! how blind to the truths of the Gospel, and to all the Saviour's charms and loveliness.

Ah, children, better, far better, to be blind in this world, and yet open your eyes upon all the glories of heaven, than to look upon and love the sinful pleasures of earth, and never be permitted to see "the King in his beauty, and the land of far distances." Alas! how many even of the young are already "*blinded* by the god of this world," and who, if not taken to the Saviour, will be ruined for time and eternity.

A blind boy, who belonged to the institution of Dublin, when dying, assured a friend that he considered it one of the greatest mercies of heaven that he had been deprived of his sight, because this was the means the Lord employed to bring him under the sound of the Gospel, which was now the joy and rejoicing of his soul.

"A poor blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel Thee near;
Oh! dark, dark, dark. I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of Gospel day.

"Thee, only Thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only Thou, to me be given,
Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven."

NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT.

I once learned a good lesson when I was a little girl. One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbour, whereupon the neighbour kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd was kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed, and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit." Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears on a frosty morning. Afterwards, if my brother or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "Take care, my children; remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give a kick for a hit, and you will save yourselves and others a great deal of trouble."

A CONTRAST.

I had a schoolfellow, who used always to wish that she was wealthy. "If I am ever rich," she would say, "I will make everybody love me, because I will do good."

When puzzled over a sum, she would whisper, "Charlotte, when I am rich, I will do as I please, and I won't make my children study, if they don't wish it."

She now has her wish, for the most beautiful house, in a large town, she calls her own; but she is not happy.

She has two children; the oldest but six years; and still, remembering her own dislike for study, she says she will not plague her children with books.

But she has forgotten her promise to do good, and is as willing now to receive help, and as unwilling to do a favour, as when we sat together, years ago. She is discontented, her children are cross and quarrelsome, and her servants have no respect for her or her wishes.

I had another friend, that I loved much, and it could not be otherwise, for she was kind, obliging, and loved everybody.

She was never rich, but her home was "the abode of joy and peace." She used to tell me, that it seemed as if no mortal could be happier than she; but she now rests in that mansion "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

MODESTY.

"WHEN I was a little boy, I lived in a large city, and, like all little boys, took great delight in gazing in at the shop-windows as I passed along the streets. Every day, on my way to school, I went through a narrow street or alley in which was an oysterman's

shop. It was a low, dingy building, but in the window was an object which had a wonderful fascination for my eyes. It was a model of a ship made in wood. It was a tiny bit of a thing, but all its little masts and spars were beautifully carved, and it was rigged with sails small enough to match their minute portions. Oh, how beautiful it looked to my eager and admiring eyes, and how often I wished, as I leaned against the window-sash, that the dear little treasure was my own! How charming it would be to see it floating on a pond; how all my little visitors would enjoy it!

"One day half a dozen of us boys came noisily bounding down the street, as full of fun and frolic as most boys are when just let out of school. The quiet-looking old oysterman sat at his door as we came up. He was a good-natured man, and the larger boys began to tease him to give them the little ship. He smiled, and they grew more clamorous.

" 'Oh, yes, give it to me,' said one.

" 'No, no; to *me*, to *me*. I spoke first,' said another.

" 'I say, old oysterman, give it to *me*,' shouted a third.

"I was a timid little fellow, and stood apart without speaking a word. I remember thinking the others were very rude, ill-mannered boys, to make such a demand in

that shameless way; and yet they belonged to what were considered the first families in the city. During these outcries, the old man took the little ship from the window, and holding it in his hand came out. Seeing this, the boys crowded around him more boisterously than ever.

“ ‘Oh, go away with your noise!’ exclaimed he, rather testily, pushing them aside; ‘I shall give it to none of you.’ Then coming up to where I stood, he said to me, with a kindly smile on his weather-beaten face, ‘It is yours, my lad, if you would like it, and I see by your eyes you would. I give it to you because you had the good manners not to ask for it. Run home with it, little boy, and tell your mother I am glad she has taught you to be modest and civil to older people, which few boys are now-a-days.’ ”

“Many years have gone over my head since then, and I have had my share of prosperity and enjoyment, but I can look back on few happier moments in my life than that which made me the owner of the oyster-man’s little ship.”

SOMETHING FOR ALL.

So various is the appetite of animals, that there is scarcely any plant which is not chosen by some, and left untouched by others. The horse gives up the water-hemlock to the goat; the cow gives up the long-leaved water-hemlock to the sheep; the goat gives up the monkshood to the horse, etc.: for that which certain animals grow fat upon, others abhor as poison; hence no plant is in itself poisonous. Thus the spurge, which is noxious to man, is a most wholesome nourishment to the caterpillar. In order that animals may not destroy themselves from want of knowing this law, each of them is guarded by such a fine taste and smell, that they can easily distinguish what is injurious from what is wholesome. And when it happens that different animals live upon the same plants, still one kind always leaves something for the other, as the mouths of all are not equally adapted to lay hold of the grass, by which means there is sufficient food for all. When eight cows have been in a pasture, and can no longer get nourishment, two horses will do there very well for some days; and when nothing is left for the horses, four sheep will live upon it. The Dutch often try this.

Poetry.

REVELATIONS I. 5, 6.

THERE is a little company,
 Among the worldly throng,
 Who sing in beauteous harmony
 The same unrivall'd song :

“ To Him who wash'd us in His blood
 Be endless glory given,
 Who made us kings and priests to God,
 And happy heirs of heaven.”

The song of the redeem'd below
 Is one with that above ;
 They never tire of praising, though
 Within those realms of love.

The same sweet Saviour they adore,
 But see Him face to face ;
 This is a privilege in store
 For sinners saved by grace.

I soon shall have my harp of gold,
 And join the ransom'd choir ;
 Yes, safe in Jesu's happy fold,
 I may to this aspire.

'T is sweet, while in this vale of tears,
 To sing of future bliss ;
 It strengthens faith and weakens fears
 In this dark wilderness.

But sweeter far when I shall soar
 To mansions in the skies ;
 When with archangels I adore
 The God whom here I prize.

It cannot be so very long
 Ere Jesus I shall see;
 And sing one glad, triumphant song
 Throughout eternity. M. J.

TEXTS TO FIND, AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

65. ~~Where~~ the children of Korah slain in the rebellion of Korah?
 66. What king's son was lame on both his feet?
 67. What was the name of David's uncle, who was "a counsellor, and a wise man"?
 68. Who is it that "shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord"?
 69. Where does God say, "I will extend peace like a river"?
 70. Who complained that God had "covered himself with a cloud, so that prayer could not pass through"?
 71. What passages does St. Matthew quote from the prophet Isaiah, about our "infirmities and our sicknesses"?
 72. Who says, "I take pleasure in infirmities" and why?
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ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

- (57.) Gen. xxxi. 40. (58.) 1 Tim. vi. 9. (59.) Rev. xxii. 7. (60.) Isa. lxvi. 14. (61.) Exod. v. 22. (62.) 1 Thess. iv. 14. (63.) Luke xv. 13. (64.) Titus iii. 2.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY
THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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CORMORANT FISHING IN CHINA.

By the side of a broad and rapid river in China, you may see the granite cliffs rising up to a lofty height. At their foot ripples the wave of the fast-flowing tide, and close

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under them is moored a long, low raft, made of bamboo canes.

Now watch that raft. Upon it stands a Chinaman, with his long pigtail hanging behind his head. Beside him lie a basket to put his fish in, and a paddle, with which he guides his raft; in the middle are five duck-like looking birds.

He reaches out his arm, and one of the birds directly runs up to him, and steps into the palm of his hand. He strokes its beak, smoothes its feathers, and then places it on the edge of the raft. Here it stands, dipping its bill into the water, moving its head from side to side, and shaking its tail, till suddenly it rises up, and plunges into the muddy tide.

For about a quarter of a minute you lose sight of it; then suddenly it appears again, and swims fast to its master with a good-sized fish in its mouth, which he takes from it, and puts into his basket. He strokes the bird, whispers something into its ear, which seems to please it much; and once more it is put on the side of the raft, wagging its tail with great delight.

Again it dives under the water, and comes up with a fish; and again its master caresses it. This happens several times.

But now it seems to become unsuccessful. It dives, and brings up no fish. It stands on the edge of the raft, and looks quiet and sad, gazing up at its master, as if to say, "Let me have one more trial."

The master makes a motion with his hand, and down the good bird goes into the water, and presently comes up with a large fish. The man now thinks that it has done work enough; he caresses it, and sends it to the middle of the raft, whither it walks proudly, as if conscious of its good behaviour.

Then another bird is called forward, but it seems to be quite unsuccessful. It dives, and dives in vain; then it turns round and round with its head on one side, as if ashamed of itself. Presently the master calls it, gives it a good slap on the head, and sends it to the middle of the raft, whither it walks waddling along as if sad and dissatisfied with itself.

This is the way that they fish with cormorants in China.

LITTLE EMMY.

"I should like to go to heaven, mother," said little Emmy Archer to her kind parent, as she closed the hymn-book, in which she had just read some beautiful lines.

"And why would you like to go there, Emmy?" inquired her mother, thoughtfully, as she laid her sewing upon the small table standing by her side.

"Oh, because"——

"Because what, Emmy?" asked Mrs. Archer eagerly.

"Why, because they say all the people there are happy and good; and here it is not so. There is Aunt Susan, she is not good; and you know I don't like her."

"And in what thing particularly has Aunt Susan been remiss, my daughter?"

"Oh, she is so often telling stories about other people's faults, and not at all caring, or at least seeming to care, about her own."

"Well, Emmy, we will leave Aunt Susan to take care of herself for the present, as I desire to say a few words to you about the great contrast between this and the heavenly world. Did you ever, Emmy, think seriously on what you a little while ago said; namely, that in yon bright world above, all the inhabitants are happy? I am aware you are old enough to know that heaven is a happy place; but then do you properly think why it is so? Now you must learn this fact, that here, in this world, this vale of sorrows and tears, people are unhappy from a thousand different causes. The other day your father was told that Mrs. Smith, a poor widow, who lived in the western part of the city, died from want and cold. What a thought, my child! death from starvation!"

"Oh, mother!" interrupted little Emmy, "how very sad! Father said the neighbours were responsible for it."

"Yes, I think the neighbours are, in a measure, responsible for her death; she died,

and, no doubt, it was a very unhappy death. And then there were her two daughters. I imagine I see them clinging to her side begging for bread while there was none in the house to give them. I once went to pay a visit to a lone person who lived away off on the outskirts of the city. It was a beautiful day out in the open air, and in the crowded streets. People walked cheerfully and gaily along. Men, business men, hurried through the great crowds as if some terrible engine of destruction was at their heels. But in the hovel where this poor woman dwelt hunger and poverty revelled together. It was a kind of crazy, tottering room. There were no plastered walls, covered with neat, plain paper, looking so comfortable as you are used to. The blast of old winter oftentimes came shivering through the numerous crevices; and, as I opened, or rather pushed aside the door, a sudden gust of wind whirled in a kind of frantic eddy about the room. The widow sat upon a small stool making a shirt, for which the wealthy Mr. Lenhart was to give her *threepence!* "

"Oh, mother, you don't mean to say that this woman only got threepence for making a shirt? Why, there's Kate Doran, who makes all sorts of fancy work, and she says Mr. Rowland pays her five shillings for braiding a few yards of velvet, which takes her but a couple of hours; and then Lizzie Roberts gets —"

"Never mind, Emmy, what Kate or

Lizzie gets. I do mean to say, that this woman never received from Mr. Lenhart more than threepence a day for her day's work."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Emmy, as the tear gems sparkled in her beautiful black eyes.

Little Emmy left the side of her mother, and went toward the window which looked out upon one of our beautiful squares. Soon she exclaimed, "See, mother, there is Old Tom, the blind man, lying on the cold pavement. I wonder if he has not fallen down?"

"Yes, no doubt Tom has fallen down," said Mrs. Archer, casting her eyes towards the window. "He, poor fellow, never saw the light of the bright sun. He came into the world a stranger, blind and alone. His form, I know, is muscular; yet that little child, trundling his tiny hoop over the smooth walks of the square, is far happier, and by no means as helpless as he."

"But, mother, perhaps Tom is good, and goes to church; if so, is he not then happy?"

"Going to church, Emmy, doesn't necessarily make a person happy; and I am aware that Tom is not good and happy, because he loves to frequent the alehouse round the corner too often; and, I am sorry to say, is much inclined to strong drinks."

"But if the woman who was starved to death, and the other whom you visited, had

been pious persons, could they have been happy?" inquired little Emmy, drawing still closer to her mother.

"Yes, my child; I have no doubt they could have been happy, notwithstanding their particular circumstances. Death has no terrors for the Christian; and though he makes his appearance in the form of starvation, yet all pious people can calmly look him in the face and say, 'Our Redeemer is the Conqueror.'"

NORWAY.

THE extreme north of this country is the most northern point of Europe. It extends about a thousand miles southward, its southern parts being about in the same latitude as the north of Scotland. Although its length is so great, it is a very narrow country, being, in some parts, scarcely fifty miles broad.

The coast is remarkable, being the most rugged and indented in Europe. Arms of the sea, called *fjords*, often run up into the land for a distance of more than thirty miles, which, as they are generally surrounded with mountains, appear like inland lakes.

Norway abounds in mountains, some of which are more than eight thousand feet high, and are covered with perpetual snow. Around these (especially in the more southern parts of the country) are large pine fo-

rests, which are a great advantage to the people, as the timber is not only used at home, but is exported to England, and other foreign countries, to be employed in building. Sometimes, when the wind passes through the stems, it makes a singular sighing sound, said to be like beautiful music. When a fire happens to break out in the woods, a dreadful scene ensues. Tree after tree catches fire, and burns with a hissing sound, and all around loud crackling noises are heard, caused by the green wood burning, somewhat as it does on a Christmas hearth. The fire soon becomes irresistible, as it burns every moment with increased fury, driving the wild beasts from their coverts into the open country. A river or lake generally stops the conflagration, which leaves behind nothing but blackened earth and fallen timber, where a noble forest had lately waved.

The Norwegians are, in general, a nice race of people, being honest and hospitable. Many are employed in the fisheries, which are very good, especially off the Loffoden Isles, where great quantities of fish are caught every season, and salted on the spot.

Norway was once united with Denmark, but is now governed by the King of Sweden. His name is Oscar. He is not of very illustrious origin, as his father, Bernadotte, was the son of a tradesman at Pau; but he afterwards became one of Napoleon's successful generals.

The capital of Norway is Christiana, which is a pleasant, though small, city, the population being only about thirty thousand. Bergen and Drontheim are two other towns, of less importance, both situated on the coast.

H. H.

A YOUNG HERO.

MR. WALTERS had been much annoyed by some one of his scholars *whistling* in school. Whenever he called a boy to account for such disturbance, he would plead that it was unintentional; "he forgot all about where he was." This became so frequent, that the master threatened a severe punishment to the next offender. The next day, when the room was unusually quiet, a loud, sharp whistle broke the stillness. Every one asserted that it was a certain boy who had the reputation of a mischief-maker and a liar. He was called up, and, though with a somewhat stubborn look, he denied it again and again, he was commanded to hold out his hand.

At this instant, a little, slender fellow, not more than seven years old, came out, and, with a very pale but decided face, held out his hand, saying, as he did so, with the clear tone and firm air of a hero,

"Mr. Walters, sir, do not punish him; I whistled. I was doing a long, hard sum, and, in rubbing out another, rubbed it out by

mistake and spoiled it all; and, before I thought, I whistled right out, sir. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there and act a lie, when I knew who was to blame. You may punish me, sir, as you said you should." And, with all the firmness he could command, he again held out the little hand, never for a moment doubting that he was to be punished.

Mr. Walters was much affected.

"Charles," said he, looking at the erect form of the delicate child, who had made such a conquest over his natural timidity, "I would not strike you a blow for the world. No one here doubts that you have spoken the truth. You did not mean to whistle. You are a hero, sir."

The boy went back to his seat with a flushed face, and quietly went on with his sums. He must have felt that every eye was upon him, in admiration; for the smallest scholar could appreciate the moral courage of such an action.

Charles grew up, and became a devoted, consistent Christian. Let all our readers imitate his noble, heroic conduct.

FAREWELL.

How very uncertain are the things of this life! The dearest friends may be divided for ever. The persons we love may quickly, at a moment, be taken from us, and we

alone be left to travel in this world of woe and pain. How awful is the fact, that in a minute we may be called into eternity from our friends, and those whom we love. The following little story will illustrate this :

In the village of C—— there dwelt an intelligent youth, whose name was Charles. His father's house was, indeed, a romantic dwelling, for the scenery around was very rugged and beautiful. A little farther down lived William, the inseparable friend of Charles. They were almost always together, and lived in hopes that, when they grew up, their friendship would still exist, and they would continue to live in the same village in which they were born. They would often talk together about the happy future which was opening to them. They were not wicked youths, who knew not the fear of God, but very pious children, who had been brought up in the nurture and fear of the Lord. They knew what it was to feel the delights of true religion, and they were happy. Believe me, my young friends, there is no true happiness where there is no love of God. The world can never impart that joy which Christ imparts to those who love and fear Him.

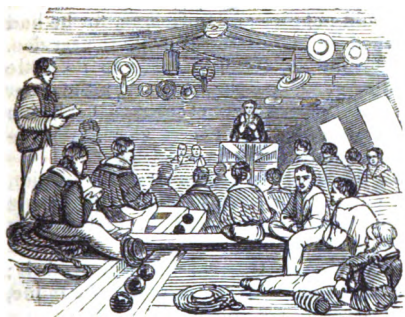
But I have said that Charles and William “hoped” to live in the same hamlet, and, if such was the will of God, to increase that friendship which already existed. But it chanced (or rather, came to pass by the will of God,) that Charles had an infirm uncle

living in Kent, who required assistance in his later years. A letter came to request Charles's parents to send him down to support his uncle. The affectionate son was loath to depart from his parents, his friends, and all whom he loved; but yet he said not a word, when his father told him, "it was his duty to go." I shall not attempt to describe the parting of Charles and William. They shed many tears, when each offered his hand, and said the final farewell. Sad, very sad is it, when friends are obliged to part.

Years rolled on, and William had heard but little of his friend. At last a message came that he had been brought very low by consumption. A few verses also were sent to William by his absent friend, which made him feel very sad; he foresaw in them that he should never see his friend again. The following is one of the verses:

"Farewell! ere long, on heaven's flowery plain,
Beyond the reach of separation's pain,
Swelling the concourse of the Saviour's train,
There, on immortal shores, we meet again."

Alas! William had judged rightly; the next post brought the mournful intelligence that Charles was dead. How true, indeed, is the truth of Scripture, which warns us of the frailty of nature, and points us to Jesus as the only refuge. In heaven there are no partings, no sighs, no tears. A. L.



READ WITH PRAYER.

You know, dear children, that it is the custom on board ship to have service on Sunday, as we do in our churches, only of course there are no pews. I am now going to tell you about a little cabin boy on board the vessel of which you have a picture. This boy, whose name was George, did not like to attend the service, but the captain ordered him to do so; so he came along with the rest, though it seemed of little use, for he only played and fidgetted the whole time. It was the clergyman's custom, as soon as the service was over, to distribute to the congregation books and tracts, that they might have something to occupy them during the rest

of the day. Perhaps you may think that he would not give any to George, for he had watched his bad conduct during the service. But he did so, for he wanted to do little George good, and he knew that the poor boy, in consequence of always being on board ship, had **not** nearly so many privileges as other children.

So the kind clergyman went up to him, and put a little book into his hand, saying he hoped he would read it, and that it would do him **good**.

"Oh!" said George, "I will read it; but these things are never of no use to me, they never do me no good."

The clergyman had not much time then to stay and talk with the lad; but he thought very much of what the boy had said, and he said to himself, "Well, it's very true and very sad that amongst all the books and tracts that are written how few seem to do the good they are intended to do." And he began to think that the reason must be that, before people give books, and before they read them, they forgot to ask God to bless them; and this must be one great reason why so much reading is of no use.

As these thoughts were occupying his mind, he determined to preach to the people in the evening on this subject. And he strongly urged no one ever to give away a good book, or to commence reading one, without first praying to God for his blessing

and teaching. "Then," said he, "you will find they will do real and lasting good."

George, who had been sitting at the other end of the vessel, had listened attentively to all the good clergyman said, and it pleased him very much; and he made up his mind that, if the clergyman gave him another book, he would follow his advice. Presently he saw the clergyman going round with his little parcel of books; and when he came to George, he placed one in his hand, entitled, "Do you love Jesus?"

Now I grieve to say that, up to this time, George did *not* love Jesus, though he had often been talked to about Him, both at home and at school, before he went to sea; and he had often *said* his prayers, though I fear he had never really prayed. But now he went down into his little cabin, and really from his heart asked God to bless the little book to him. And God answered his prayer.

From that day George did try to love Jesus; and the more he tried, the better he succeeded; so that he grew up a good and holy man. And more than this; he spent all his spare money in buying little books to give away to the people, never forgetting to accompany each book with a prayer, and recommending the person to whom he gave to do the same.

Dear children, you who often are having good books given you and lent to you, do you read them? I am sure you do. But

do you pray over them? Remember they are of no use to you unless you do so; you will be obliged to own, as George did, "They do me no good." It is waste of time to write them, waste of money to buy them, waste of opportunity to read them, unless each of these things is accompanied with *prayer*. B. S.

LITTLE SINS.

"MAMMA," said Lucy Grant, one evening, to her mother, "will you tell me what is a little sin?"

"My child, no sin could be little, though some may be *called* greater than others. But what makes you ask that question?"

"Mamma, I was playing after school to-day with Jane, and Ellen, and Robert Hamilton. The governess walked across the yard, and pulled out her pocket-handkerchief, and a pencil came out and rolled away, but she did not observe it. When she was gone, Robert ran after it, saying, 'Oh, what a capital pencil!—just the very thing I was in want of!' I said, 'Robert, it is not yours; you must not keep it; that would be a great sin.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'governess can get plenty more, and it is only a penny pencil; it will be but a little sin.' Mamma, was Robert right?"

"Lucy, what reason have we to hope that God will pardon any of our sins?"

"Because Jesus died."

"Is there any sin too great to be forgiven for Jesus' sake?"

"No, mamma."

"But may we not ask God to pardon our small sins in some other way?"

Lucy thought for a minute; but she answered, "No, I do not think there is any other."

"Certainly not. Well, my love, can we think any sin a little thing, if Christ must have died that it might be forgiven?"

"But now I shall tell you a story. Some years ago, before you were born, papa and I lived in an old house, quite near the sea. There was a low wall at the foot of the garden, where we used often to sit, and admire the pure waves coming in below, and the pretty vessels sailing past. One lovely summer evening we were sitting there; all was calm; the clear water reflected the red sunset clouds of the sky, and the white sails of the ships. Just then we saw a man and a boy preparing to set out in a fishing-boat, from a little pier at a short distance from our garden. The air was so still we could hear them speak. The boy looked down in the boat, and said, 'Father, the water is coming in.' 'Oh,' said the man, 'there is a small leak; but never mind; it will do us no harm: it would not be good in a storm, but (looking at the sky) there is no fear to-night; so come along.' So they hoisted the sail, and we heard them singing merrily as they moved out to sea.

"The sun had quite set, and the darkness was coming on, before we went into the house. In a short time we felt that there was a change in the weather. The wind began to rise, and whistled through the passages, making the doors and windows shake, and soon we heard the noise of the waves dashing up against the garden-wall. We were quite safe and comfortable, but our thoughts turned anxiously to the many ships and boats we had seen so lately on the quiet waters.

"Then we thought we heard cries from the sea, and, between the large waves, the sound of a bell, as if some one were in great distress. We could not rest at home, and we went down to the shore. The people of the village were all running about, the women sobbing and screaming, the men calling for the life-boat. We could see, in the darkness, a feeble light, glimmering out at sea, and again the bell rang violently. Then the light disappeared, and we did not hear the bell again, but cries for help seemed to come on the wind.

"By this time the life-boat was ready, and four strong men jumped into it, and made for the place where the light had last been seen. Oh, how eagerly we looked, and listened, and watched for their return! God was very merciful, and they were not too late. They found the man and boy we had watched in the evening, still clinging to the mast; but their boat had gone down.

And what had sunk their boat? Just *the small leak*. Do you think it appeared small to them then, that dreary night, when the winds and water were rising round them?

"Now learn, my dear child, never to call any sin a little thing. Remember how great it will look on a sick and dying bed, and how much greater when we stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

THE LONDON BOY.

MANY of our young readers have very little idea of the sufferings of poor people. The following little sketch will give them some idea of the truth.

Upon one of my visits to the various ragged schools of London, I became very much interested in a lad of ten or eleven years of age, with a frank, open countenance, though somewhat dirty, and dressed in a suit of rags. He was reading busily in the Testament, and would stop occasionally and ask such curious questions of his teacher, that I could but smile. His "practical observations" on certain portions of Scripture, if clothed in eloquent language, would have done honour to men of education. There was a free-heartedness in him that gleamed out through all his rags and dirt, and I sat down by him to ask him some questions.

"Where do you live, and how?" I asked.

"I live where I can," he replied, "and almost how I can."

"But," said I, "what is your trade or business? What do you generally do for a living?"

"I am a water-cress boy," he replied, "and get up every morning at two o'clock, and go on foot three or four miles, and sometimes six or eight, to the edge of the City, to buy the water-cresses. I get a basket of them for a shilling, and, by crying them the whole day, generally clear another, which pays my board and lodging."

"But can you live on a shilling a day?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty well; but many times I don't make a shilling, and I buy a crust of bread, and go to sleep under one of the arches of London Bridge, or in some crate or box down on the wharves."

Just then the superintendent came along, and, as I took his arm, he said:

"The lad you have been talking with comes every night to learn to read; and although he cannot get to sleep before ten o'clock, and is obliged to be up at two in the morning, yet he is always punctual. Not long since his mother was imprisoned for arrears in her rent; the sum needed was ten shillings. Well, this poor boy almost starved himself, and slept out of doors to save money out of his scanty earnings to release her from prison."

I went back again and talked with the boy, and in my eyes he was a truer hero than Wellington or Napoleon.

THE BOY AND THE LADDER.

IN the year 1830 there lived a little boy who spent all his Sabbaths in studying the Bible, in which he felt the greatest interest. To be free from interruption, he would repair to the garret; and that no one might find him, he used to *take the ladder up after him*. This little boy loved Jesus Christ, and delighted to do His will. He had read the words of the Saviour, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret." He had no closet, but he could climb into a garret by means of a ladder; and that he might study the Bible, and pray to God in secret, *he took the ladder up after him*. In 1831 this youth died; he went to heaven. He is now enjoying the presence of Jesus in a mansion where he needs no ladder, but, free from the approach of interruption, he unites with angels and holy spirits in praising God, and in adoring the love of that Saviour who died that a child like him might inherit the kingdom of heaven.

SAFE IN JESUS.

"How can I tell when I am safe in Jesus, mamma?" said Matilda, thoughtfully.

Mrs. Fortelle paused for a moment, and then said, "Did you not call me to look at a poor woman in the storm this morning?"

"Yes, mamma," said Matilda, still looking earnestly at her mamma.

"Do you not think that those two little children *knew* whether they were under their mother's warm shelter or not?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, of course they did," replied Matilda; "they looked so happy."

"They did not mind the storm, did they?"

"No, mamma."

"Well, dearest, just as this poor woman thought only of her little ones, and she herself unsheltered, felt the full effect of the storm (how drenched and wet she looked!) so Jesus bore God's wrath for us, and by doing so provided His own glorious robe of righteousness to wrap around us. And as those little ones looked out upon the storm, and did not mind it, so, if you have taken refuge in Jesus, your sins being forgiven, and you wrapped in His glorious robe, you will look at all the terrors of the judgment day as those little children looked out at the storm, only thinking about the shelter that protects you from it."

Poetry.

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

“Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.”
MATT. xi. 26.

“KIND stranger, dost thou ask me why
 This fetter'd tongue is mute and still?
 My chasten'd heart would only cry,
 ‘It is my heavenly Father’s will.’

“Stranger, dost thou desire to know
 Wherefore the dull, closed ear is given?
 My spirit answers, ‘Be it so;
 It seemeth good to God in heaven.’

“I see the tear of pity start;
 Stranger, no longer grieve for me;
 I gaze on high, with thankful heart,
 For there the glorious heavens I see.

“And soon, in that bright world above,
 Where angels tune their joyful lays,
 Mine ear shall hear the notes of love,
 My lip shall join the song of praise.”

TEXTS TO FIND, AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

73. WHAT does St. Paul say about "two immutable things"?

74. Of whom was it said, "This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the sabbath day"?

75. Of whom was it said, "For the wickedness of their doings, I will drive them out of mine house"?

76. Where are these words: "I am their music"?

77. To whom was a prophet ordered to speak these words: "Be strong; fear not"?

78. Who said that he "wept for him that was in trouble"?

79. Who urged his people, "Yield yourselves unto the Lord"?

80. What is it that God "desires" and "delights in better than in burnt-offering"?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(65.) Numb. xxvi. 11. (66.) 2 Sam. xi. 13: King's grandson. (67.) 1 Chron. xxvii. 32. (68.) Psa. cvii. 43. (69.) Isa. lxvi. 12. (70.) Lament. iii. 44. (71.) Matt. viii. 17, and Isa. liii. 4. (72.) 2 Cor. xii. 10.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON.

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A KING YOUR FATHER.

In your English history you have read of Alfred the Great, that good king, who did so much for the benefit and happiness of his subjects. But you must know that it

M

was not only the grown up men and women to whom he was so kind; he took care also of the children. He not only founded colleges and schools for them, but even taught them himself. Would you like to have lived in Alfred's time, to have been taught by him? "Oh, yes," you say; "that would have been nice; we would always have learnt our lessons for *him*." And supposing Queen Victoria were to send for some of you, dear children, every day, and teach you reading, and writing, and arithmetic; what would you say? How delighted you would be to go up to the grand palace! how nicely you would behave, how diligent and industrious you would be. And if she gave you some books to learn out of, how carefully you would keep them. I do not think we should see any turned-up corners, or dirty leaves, or torn covers, in those books; you would prize them so much. And perhaps you would think, as you left her each day after your lessons, how nice it would be to be one of her little girls or boys, so that you might be always in that beautiful place with her.

Well, dear children, what I am going to tell you may perhaps surprise you, but it is true—that if you love Jesus Christ, and try to please Him, it shows that you are the sons and daughters of one *greater* than Queen Victoria—not a *king*, but *the King of kings* is your *Father*! Yes, think of this, my poor little friend; you who may have

just had one of these books given you by some passing friend, and are now sitting down, notwithstanding your ragged garments, on a cold stone, to read it, before you return home to your miserable hut and starving family. To you I say that, if you love Jesus, notwithstanding your misery, you are a King's son, *the* King's dear child. And He lives in a palace far more beautiful than the finest on earth, and is now, at this very time, getting a place in that glorious mansion ready for you.

Yes, you need not look at your tattered garments; they are nothing to Him; He has got a beautiful white robe already made for you by His eldest Son, your Brother. You know His name; it is Jesus Christ. That glorious person to whom you pray, sometimes with so much fear, is your own Brother. And, dear children, this great King, your Father, has not only promised, but longs to teach you; and it grieves Him so, if He is so often calling you, and you have not gone. And He is not even like good king Alfred, who could only teach part of the day, and then have other business to attend to. The King of heaven is never too much engaged to attend to you; all day, and every day, He will teach you precious things, if you will let Him. He cannot bear you to be away from Him. And He does not trouble you with a great many books, that you might lose or destroy; but He has given you one large

book, in which is contained all He wishes you to know ; and however old, or wise, or clever, you may grow, you will find many things in the Bible still to master.

Oh, then, take care of it. It grieves me sometimes to see some little children's Bibles so soiled and torn ; I think they forget who gave it them. Would you treat a book from Queen Victoria better than one from the King of kings, and your loving Father ? Oh, think of this when you are inclined to treat it carelessly, and strive to get all He has to teach you so well in your heart that you may not only know His will, but do it too. B. S.

GEHAZI.

Fanny. Did you not tell me, mamma, that Elisha refused all the valuable things that Naaman offered him ?

Mamma. Yes, dear. I dare say you think he was very foolish to do so, and so Gehazi, his servant, thought ; but Elisha was truly wise, for he had set his heart on riches far more lasting and satisfying. For money and fine clothes cannot make any one happy, and those who set their hearts on them are never satisfied, since the more they get the more they wish for ; and in wishing for what belongs to another, we break an express command of God ; you know which I mean.

F. Yes, mamma ; the tenth.

M. Perhaps you think there is not much harm in wishing for a nice plaything, or pretty story-book, that belongs to another child; but remember *that wish is sin*; therefore, try to repress the *first* covetous thought that rises in your heart; for if you indulge it but *one moment*, it will gain strength, so that you will find it very hard to get rid of it, and it may lead you into further sin, as it did Gehazi.

F. What did he do, mamma?

M. After Naaman was gone a little way, he ran after him, and told him a story, in which there was not a word of truth, saying that his master had sent him to ask for a talent of silver and two changes of raiment, for two young men who were just come to him from Mount Ephraim.

F. Oh, mamma! how very wicked that was! And did Naaman give them to him?

M. Yes, dear. He thought that Gehazi was telling him the truth; so he said he would give him *two* talents; and he told two of his servants to take them for him. When they came to the house, Gehazi took the things from the men, and hid them in a secret place, and then went in and stood before his master, thinking, I dare say, how clever he was to manage so well. But he had forgotten that *God's eye* was on him all the time.

F. Did Elisha find it out, mamma?

M. God made it known to him, dear; and as soon as Gehazi came into his room,

he asked him where he had been. You may suppose, after the lie he had just told Naaman, that he would not be very careful about speaking the truth; and so it proved, for he directly replied he had been nowhere.

F. I suppose, mamma, he was afraid to tell the truth.

M. If he had been doing *right* he would have had no reason to fear; but I dare say he felt somewhat as children do when they have been where they know they ought not to have gone, and often try to hide their fault as he did, by saying, "I have been nowhere;" but they forget that

"God a book of reckoning keeps,
For every lie that children tell;"

and, though they may sometimes escape punishment by it, yet that it is better to tell the *whole truth* at *all* times. For the Bible says, "The lip of truth shall be established for ever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment."

F. What did Elisha say to him then, mamma?

M. He told him he knew all he had been doing, and that the leprosy of Naaman should cleave to him and to his seed for ever; and he instantly became a leper as white as snow. The word of God says, "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house." And Gehazi now found the truth of this.

F. I dare say he wished he had never coveted the things, mamma.

M. No doubt he did, dear; for the leprosy was a very dreadful disease; but even that was not half so terrible as the *eternal* punishment that is appointed for *all* liars, for they "shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone for ever."
P.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

"You can't be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
For others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas."

WE desire our young friends to know that there are difficulties to be met with in the way to heaven; there are crosses to be carried, temptations to be resisted, and much labour to be performed. We have no wish to frighten any, but we want them just to count the loss, so that they will not be easily overcome.

Perhaps we can make it the more interesting by giving you an account of a monument which we are very well acquainted with. It is a very high column of marble, built on a large square base. At a little distance it appears to be solid, but when you enter, you will find over two hundred narrow steps, winding round the centre to the very top. It is very dark inside, and

to find your way up you must carry a lighted lantern with you. Thousands toil up this narrow way for the sake of the magnificent view, which can be seen for many miles. But hundreds who commence the ascent never reach the top; they get tired, and turn back, without enjoying the beautiful landscape.

Children, when any of you start out on the Christian pilgrimage, you will find that a narrow way also. We mean by this that you cannot do just as you please; you must deny yourselves, and put up with many inconveniences. You must give up all sinful pleasures and desires. At first starting, the way will appear dark and gloomy, as we told you it was in the monument; but if you take the Bible for your guide, it will prove "a lamp unto your feet, and a light unto your path." We also told you that hundreds make an effort to succeed, but getting tired, or discouraged, they turn back. So, in the way to heaven, many, very many, make a fair start; but, alas! they, too, turn back, and thus lose their reward. If there was an easier way up the monument, more would ascend it. So, if there was an easier way to heaven, many more would commence the pilgrimage.

But come to the monument for one other illustration. See! some people have reached the top. How pleased they are with the prospect! how glad they are that they did not turn back! They have already forgot-

ten the toilsome journey, and now "they view the landscape o'er." So, dear children, it will be in your case, if you become Christians, and hold out faithful to the end. What a glorious vision will break upon your view when you come to die, and how thankful you will be that you did not turn back !

We would like to describe what would await you at the close of life's journey ; but here "imagination's utmost stretch, in wonder dies away." But this much we may say : In heaven there are no graveyards, for people never die ; neither do tears fall from eyes long used to weeping ; nor will any ever say, "I am sick." There no night darkens the landscape, nor is there any need of the sun by day, for "the Lamb is the light thereof." There no sin nor sorrow can ever approach, nor weariness, nor pain be ever felt ; "for the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." There the redeemed will walk the golden streets, associate again with those they loved on earth, and explore other worlds. There you will see Adam, the first created man, and Noah, who was saved from the flood. There will be Abraham, the father of the faithful, and Isaac, who was bound as a sacrifice. There will be Jacob, the aged patriarch, and Joseph, of whom you delight to read. There will be Samuel, of whom you have often sung, and Elijah, who ascended in a chariot of fire. There will be Moses, the meekest of men, and David, the

sweet singer of Israel. There will be Solomon, the wisest of all kings, and Daniel, whom the lions refused to injure. There will be John, the loving disciple, and Paul, the fearless apostle. There will be the good of all ages, while legions of angels will join the throng immense. There will be Jesus Christ our Saviour, who purchased all these things for us. Oh ! how delightful to look upon His face, to cast our crowns at His feet, tune our harps to His praise, and raise our loudest anthems to His name !

Children, is not the prospect, is not the company sufficient to induce you to undertake the journey at once ? May God help you to commence, keep you faithful, and permit us to meet in heaven.

AFFLICTION.

I dare say, dear children, you all know what *affliction* means, and to many of you it has doubtless come in some form or other. As long as you are in this world you must have sorrow ; sin brought it into the world, and you will never be free from it, till you are at rest for ever in that happy land where sorrow is unknown.

God sends trial in many ways. Perhaps He has laid you on a bed of sickness and suffering, and you are longing to be well again. Or, perhaps, you are in much sorrow, because it has pleased God to take

some dear friend away from you, some one you loved very much indeed, and you grieve, because you will never see that dear face again on earth. Now, why did God send this trial? You know He loves you with an everlasting love; and it is because He loves you so very much that He has taken this friend from you. "Oh, no, this cannot be," you say. But stop, my dear young friend. When you have done something wrong, and your mother punishes you for it, has she ceased to love you because she saw it necessary to reprove you? No; she loves you as dearly as ever. Well, then, God sent you this trial, as a message of love, to call away your thoughts from earthly to heavenly things. He saw that you thought more of your friend you have lost than of Himself; so He wants you to come to Jesus, to make Him your Friend, that when you are called to die you may live happily in heaven. Has, then, this sorrow led you to Jesus? Is He your Friend?

A long time ago there lived together two sisters and their brother. Happy in each other's love, they little thought they were so soon to be parted. Yet death came to that joyous home, and snatched away from them their darling brother. Oh, how deep was the grief of the two sisters! But weeping could not bring him back again. What did they do? They did what I want you to do—they took their sorrow to Jesus; and

Jesus, seeing the younger sister weeping bitterly, Himself wept too! Oh, what a loving Saviour! what a sympathizing Friend! Well might they go to Him. And He is still the same; still He feels when you are in trouble. Go to Him, then, in all your little sorrows, and learn the blessedness of having such a Saviour for *your* Saviour, and such a Friend for *your* Friend, both for time and eternity. M. J.

THE SAILOR-BOY'S PRAYER.

THE *Cordelia* was a good ship; but at one time we feared that she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days out from the harbour, when a severe storm of five days' continuance overtook us. I must tell you of an act performed by a sailor-boy, at the height of the storm. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumbing a spelling-book than furling a sail in a storm. The ship was rolling fearfully, some of the rigging got entangled at the main-mast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and put it right. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate, and heard him order that boy to do it; he lifted his cap, and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling seas, and at the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment; then, rushing across the deck, he pitched down

into the forecastle; perhaps he was gone two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands upon the ratlines, and went up with a will.



My eyes followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending the boy aloft, "He will not come down alive, and why did you send him?" "I did it," replied the mate, "to save life; we've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy; see how he holds, like a squirrel; he is more careful; he'll come down safe, I hope."

Again I looked, till tears dimmed my eyes, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes he came down, and walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day I took occasion to speak to him, and asked him why he hesitated when ordered aloft. "I went, Sir," said the boy, "to pray." "Do you pray?" "Yes, Sir; I thought that I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God." "Where did you learn to pray?" "At home; my mother wanted me to go to the Sunday-school, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me, and *I do*." "What was that you had in your pocket?" "My Testament, which my teacher gave me; I thought if I did perish, I would have the word of God close to my heart."

THE PAINFUL REMEMBRANCE.

I will tell you a true story of an old gentleman who is now more than seventy years of age, and whose life has been made unhappy by the recollection of a great sin he committed in his youth. It was a violation of the Eighth Commandment.

When he was about twenty, William Gage went to a neighbouring village to

attend a celebration which brought together a large multitude. On his way he fell in with several thoughtless young men of his own age, who told him they meant to have a "high time," and asked him to join them. Their plan was to see how much they could make that day by pilfering from persons who had articles for sale. William Gage made no objection to this plan.

As they entered the village they found a large collection of people, and many tents were erected for the sale of various articles. Their plan was easily carried out, and they soon erected a tent for themselves, in which they sold the articles they had stolen.

William went into the tent of a man who was selling oranges, and representing himself as a merchant's clerk, offered him his services. The man thanked him, said he had more business than he could attend to, and would be glad to have his assistance. One of William's companions stood near the door, and as he sold one orange, he handed another to him. In this way he deprived the man of half his profits, and he was not detected.

At night the young men reckoned up the money they had made, and it amounted to 3*l*. William returned home, and went to his room; but his conscience would not allow him to rest. He thought of the man he had wronged—he thought of his family; perhaps they were poor, and would suffer for the want of what he had so unjustly

taken. He thought of those words uttered on Mount Sinai, and the thunderings and lightnings, by the voice of God himself, "Thou shalt not steal." He thought of the table of stone on which was written with the finger of God, "Thou shalt not steal."

He resolved to find the man he had defrauded, to make confession to him, and restore his property. He arose in the middle of the night, and returned to the village, but the man had gone before he arrived. He was told that he would find him in the next village. He followed him there, but was disappointed in the same way. He did not know the man's name or place of residence, and was unable to find him.

"The events of that day," said the old gentleman, "I shall never forget. It was fifty years ago last summer that these scenes occurred, and I have always been seeking for the man whom I wronged, and wishing to restore him fourfold. I am now more than seventy years of age, and the recollection of that sin is still fresh in my mind, and I am still ready to restore fourfold."

May you be saved from similar unhappiness by remembering to keep the commandments of God. Crime once committed cannot be recalled, and it can be forgiven only for the sake of Jesus Christ.

EFFECTS OF REVENGE

[TO THE EDITOR.—“Dear Sir, will you insert the following little story in the ‘**FRIEND**,’ which I hope may prove acceptable to numerous readers. Yours respectfully, A

IN the beautiful village of L——, old ivied cottage, there dwelt a maker and his son. His wife, after illness, had been removed from the world, and in her last moments counselled him to fear God, and to obey his father —for such was the name of the young man—a good-natured boy, and, although young, was able to assist his father in his calling, and help a little towards his maintenance. Often I have seen him at his little stool, working with great dexterity the framework of a basket, when he would finish the thing, before it was sent to the neighbouring town to be sold. He had some pleasant companions, and together might have been a very happy party; but, sad to say, he was given to peevishness, and encouraged a spirit of revenge.

He often spoiled his playmates by his freaks of passion, and estranged himself from them by his angry spirit. He well knew that “**AN EYE FOR AN EYE**” is mine, I will repay saith the Lord. The word had never sunk without effect into his mind. He had been trained by his poor mother; but of passion the good seed was entirely choked by these ungodly storms.

But to return to my story. James had one day offended his playfellows by his bad temper, and, shunning their company, sat himself down by the road side, in a secluded spot near to his home. His companions followed, and one of them threw a stone, which grazed him slightly on the cheek. In the rage of passion he filled his hands with stones, and rushed upon the boys. The first stone fell on the ground without injuring any one (would that all had done so!) but the second fell upon the head of a younger boy, and with such force that he fell apparently lifeless to the ground. All the other boys ran away, for they thought he was dead.

This sad event was soon known throughout the village, and the poor boy was carried to his home. A doctor was called in, who held out little hopes of his recovery, for the stone had pierced the temple. Days and weeks passed on, but the boy did not get better; and it was only after months of inexpressible anxiety that he did recover, but, alas! as a *maniac*!

Oh! what tears James shed when he heard this. But all were of no avail; his injured playfellow must remain a madman to his grave. The agony of the poor boy's parents and of James's father I cannot describe. It was a most fearful lesson to James. How bitterly he repented of having nourished a spirit of revenge! And when he grew up to manhood, this sad event cast a gloom over his whole life.

My young friends, never give way to wrath. Cultivate a calm and quiet spirit. One single rash act, once committed, can *never* be recalled. How many have been plunged into the greatest sorrow by giving way to revenge! How very important, then, is it for us to moderate our passions, and encourage a meek spirit; for of such is the "kingdom of heaven." I have seen the baneful effects of passion upon the youthful mind; and nothing is more pleasing to God than when we love one another.

LITTLE CHARLEY.

THE following interesting fact was communicated to the writer in a letter from a brother, who is a Sabbath-school teacher in America:

A kind lady, in one of the States of that vast continent, used to take one of Christ's tender lambs to the Sunday-school. He was, indeed, a tender lamb, for he was only three years and three months old. Though so very young, he was remarkably attentive; his eyes would watch the lips of his teacher while he was speaking, as if he would catch every word; and while infant voices sent, in melodious strains, their hosannahs to the skies, his little heart seemed to bound with rapturous joy.

One day a boy, much older than himself, related to him a tale, which would have

amused many little children ; but he had a taste for superior things. When he had finished little Charley said, " I can tell you something prettier than that," and repeated that beautiful hymn, commencing,

" There is a happy land,
Far, far away : "

" Where is that happy land ? " asked the astonished boy.

" Up there," replied Charley, pointing to the skies.

" Where did you learn it ? "

" Oh ! at Sunday-school."

The boy went home, and, with tears, entreated that he, too, might go to the Sunday-school.

And now that very boy fills the seat which Charley left, for he has gone to heaven. When he was on his dying bed, the kind lady visited him. On one occasion he requested her to sing his favourite hymn,

" There is a happy land,
Far, far away ; "

also,

" There is a fountain fill'd with blood."

This was only half-an-hour before he died. Life was fast ebbing away, but, soothed with these hymns, his mind was carried back to the Sunday-school where he had learned them ; and, partly by signs and partly by a faint whisper, he asked the lady to get her bonnet and his own hat. They

were brought, and laid upon his pillow. His friends did not understand what he meant ; but he raised himself up, seized his hat, put it upon his head, and stretching out his hand to the lady, said, as loud as his strength would permit, "Now go to Sunday-school." He then fell back upon his pillow, his lips moved, his eyes sparkled with heavenly delight, and at that moment angels bore his happy spirit to the fold of Christ in heaven.

That you and I, dear children, may meet little Charley there, is the sincere prayer of
yours truly, A MOTHER.

" There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh ! how they sweetly sing,
' Worthy is our Saviour King ;
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye ! '

" Come to this happy land,
Come, come away !
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay ?
Oh ! we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye ! "

SWEDEN.

SWEDEN lies to the east of Norway, from which it is separated by a long and rugged chain of mountains. Its eastern shores are

washed by the Baltic Sea and the Gulf of Bothnia, while to the south a channel called the Cattegat divides it from the kingdom of Denmark.

Excepting the mountains before mentioned, Sweden is a flat country, and does not present such wild scenery as Norway. Yet it is by no means without beauty, as it possesses many large lakes and forests, which, when combined in a landscape, as they often are, have a fine appearance.

Sweden boasts of several minerals, but none is more abundant than copper. Almost all the inhabitants of one town near mines are employed in working them; and over the whole neighbourhood hangs an almost continual cloud of smoke from the furnaces, which are always burning. A green field is rarely to be seen, and the sheep are as black as those in the parks of London.

On account of the short distance between the mountains and the sea, the rivers of Sweden are small, impetuous, and often interrupted by falls and rapids, so as to be ill fitted for navigation.

The Gota, which is about the largest of them, flows south from Lake Wener, into the Cattegat. The Dhal flows eastward into the Gulf of Bothnia, and the Tornea forms the northern frontier between Sweden and Russia.

Stockholm, a fine city of about a hundred thousand inhabitants, is the capital. It is situated at the beginning of a fiord, which

runs into the country for a great distance. Gottenburg, at the mouth of the river Gota, is a large port. Upsal is famous for its university, and is situated just on the same latitude as the Shetland Isles. Umeà and Tornea are two other towns of note on the Gulf of Bothnia.

The Swedes resemble the Norwegians in character, and are very mild and gentle. Their kindness to their horses is very remarkable; for if they see them whipped or overdriven by strangers, they will cry; and they are more willing to run by the side of the cart, than to make them draw too great a burthen. Though Norway and Sweden are governed by one king, they have each their own laws and constitution. The religion is Protestant, though unhappily they do not keep the Sabbath as well as they might. The education in Sweden is uncommonly good.

H. H.

Poetry.

VERSES TO BE REPEATED BY A CHILD.

"Thou, God, seest me."—GEN. xvi. 13.

God can see me every day,
 When I work and when I play;
 When I read and when I talk,
 When I run and when I walk;
 When I eat and when I drink,
 When I sit and only think;
 When at night I sleeping lie,
 God is ever watching nigh.

When I'm quiet, when I'm rude,
 When I'm naughty, when I'm good ;
 When I'm happy, when I'm sad,
 When I'm sorry, when I'm glad ;
 When I pluck the scented rose,
 That in my neat garden grows ;
 When I crush the tiny fly,
 God is watching from the sky.

When the sun gives heat and light,
 When the stars are twinkling bright,
 When the moon shines on my bed,
 God still watches o'er my head ;
 Night or day, at church or fair,
 God is ever, ever near,
 Marking all I do or say,
 Pointing to the happy way.

TEXTS TO FIND, AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

81. WHERE does David call God his "rock" and "salvation"?
82. To whom does God say, "I will make thee a terror"?
83. Who is "Lord of the Sabbath"?
84. How near is Bethany to Jerusalem?
85. What reason is given to account for the children of Israel not "hearkening unto Moses" in Egypt?
86. How are "nations" "counted," in the judgment of God?
87. Where do we read of a "fountain for sin and uncleanness"?
88. What are the things "against which there is no law"?

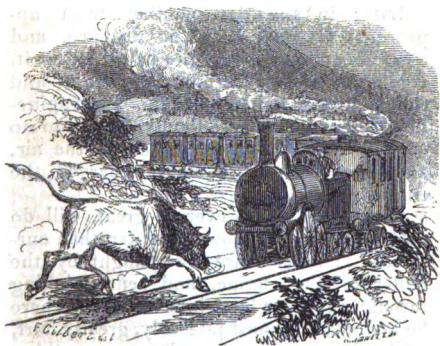
ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

- (73.) Heb. vi. 18. (74.) John ix. 16. (75.) Hos. ix. 15. (76.) Lam. iii. 63. (77.) Isa. xxxv. 4. (78.) Job xxx. 25. (79.) 2 Chron. xxx. 8. (80.) Psa. ii. 16.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE PASSIONATE BULL.

THERE was a bull which belonged to a farmer who lived in Wales. He was a very quarrelsome, ferocious sort of a fellow, and no one dared to go into the field where he was kept. The field happened to be close by a

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railway, and nothing made him so angry as the trains which ran rapidly by. Often he would stand at the fence, bellowing at them with all his might.

One day, as a train came past, he was more than usually savage, and broke through the fence! Away he dashed; but the train was too fast for him, and he only just touched the last carriage with his horn. Annoyed and sulky, he returned into the field, and gave way to his anger by trying to upset a telegraph post.

Later in the day another train appeared. He saw it in the distance, and away he galloped over the field to meet it. Again he dashed through the fence, and this time met it full in view. The engine-driver blew his whistle loudly, but all to no effect. With head down, tail in the air, and eyes closed, he madly charged the engine.

Alas! rage, be it ever so great, will do nothing against a power greater than ourselves. The creature was caught by the buffer of the engine, and sent spinning through the fence back into his field. There he lay moaning most piteously, greatly hurt, while the train went on its way, nothing worse. I believe he never came near a train again.

I thought, when I heard this, what a lesson it teaches to angry, passionate children. Are they not often like this bull, with his head down, tail up, and eyes shut,

rushing violently at what will on them very much? In fact, when at school, I remember a boy, who, had worked himself up into a passion, actually go and dash his head against a wall. You hurt yourselves more once else when you get into a passion makes God angry with you, and your heart very unhappy. Others look on, and think how foolish you

Oh for that meek and quiet Jesus, which is never angry, very passionate!

A CHILD'S PRAYER; SHALL IT FAIL?

[To THE EDITOR.—“London, Oct. 19, 1881
Sir, I send you an extract from the diary of a missionary in my parish, as the example here given may be useful to some of your young readers. I have the missionary to watch the case, as I firmly answer to the dear child's simple and earnest prayer.
Yours very truly, THE RECTOR OF A LONDON PARISH.]

“CALLED on Mr. and Mrs. G——.
the first time I have met with Mrs. G. and I am much pleased with her mind. I believe God is at work in her soul. Her husband is a cabman, and on night work (he was at this time on his sleep, in bed), and she told me she had, not only on account of the fact that he wasted (nearly all his earnings; she was compelled to go out washing

so much), but also on account of the abusive, and bad language he makes use of before the children, whom she is trying, with God's help, to train for heaven.

"She related to me an incident which occurred the very morning of my visit, the recital of which made the tears to run down her cheeks afresh. Her little boy, who attends the national school, got up early, as usual, to light the fire for his mother, and, when dressed, knelt down, as he was wont, and said the prayers he had learnt at school and from his mother, concluding with the Benediction. As he still knelt, and was silent, his mother turned to look upon him, and saw the tears standing in his eyes; and then he began to pray again, not in the words which he had been taught, but speaking simply of the burden which was pressing sore upon his little heart: 'O God! make my father a good man, change his heart; and may he come home, and not ill-use mother, for Jesus Christ's sake.'

"She said that she could not look upon the child; it affected her more than anything she had ever heard. The prayer was as unexpected as it was earnest. While she related these things to me, her husband was laid upon his bed, and I thought that if he was not asleep or stupified, he must be more or less than human not to be moved by the story of his child's prayer."

HEZEKIAH.

Mamma. Do you remember, my dear Fanny, the name of the last *king* we talked about?

Fanny. It was Ahab, mamma; he was a very wicked man.

M. He was, dear; but I will now tell you a little about a king of a very different character, whose name was Hezekiah. He was the son of Ahaz, who did not fear the Lord, but served false gods, and even burnt his own children as sacrifices to them. Hezekiah did not follow the evil example of his father, but, by God's grace, did what was good and right, walking in the way of David, the man after God's own heart. And not only did he do what was right, but he set about it *early*, as you will see if you turn to 2 Chron. xxix. 3.

F. "He, in the *first* year of his reign, in the *first* month, opened the doors of the house of the Lord, and repaired them."

M. We shall all do well in this to follow the example of Hezekiah by *not delaying* to do what we know to be right, but remembering that the Bible says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest," Eccles. ix. 10. The next thing I wish you to notice is, that when the priests cleansed the temple, they *began* at the *inner part*, and this reminds us that it

will be useless for us to try to make our *actions* right unless our *hearts* are *first* cleansed. You remember the prayer of David?

F. Yes, mamma: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

M. After the house of God was thoroughly cleansed and sanctified, Hezekiah appointed a time to keep the Passover; and though he was only king of Judah, yet he sent messengers throughout *all Israel*, inviting them to come to Jerusalem, to keep it with his people; and a great many humbled themselves before God, and came, but many others laughed them to scorn, and mocked them.

F. How very wicked that was, mamma.

M. It was, dear; but we often find now that when persons do not like to do right themselves, they will try to keep others from doing so by laughing at them. And this is the case with *children* as well as men and women. I have known many boys and girls leave the Sabbath-school, because others who did not choose to attend laughed at them, and said they were too big to go. But they acted very foolishly; for though it is not a pleasant thing to be laughed at, yet we ought never to leave off doing what is right on that account. Besides, they will very soon get tired of laughing if they find we take no notice of them. If you

look at 2 Kings xviii. 4, you will see something more of what Hezekiah did.

F. "He removed the high places, brake the images, and cut down the groves, and brake in pieces the brazen serpent which Moses had made; for unto those children of Israel did burn incense, and he called it Nehushtan." What does Nehushtan mean, mamma?

M. It means "a piece of brass." I can say you think how foolish and wicked it were to worship a piece of brass. I think that those are very little, better, who now pay honour to crosses, not getting that it is the *death of the Lord Jesus Christ* which *alone* can save us, not a piece of wood on which he hung. Perhaps another time, I may be able to tell you more about Hezekiah; but I think I have talked long enough to-day.

A BOY THAT OBEYED GOD RATHER THAN MAN.

IN a town in one of the midland counties lived a poor boy; his clothes were threadbare, and his daily allowance was often very scanty. He was an orphan, and, having no one to provide for him, he supported himself by working at a mill, where he earned five shillings a week. He was a very good boy, and loved to read the Bible, and to go to the house of God on Sabbath day. But he had an ungodly

ter, who, knowing of his wish to go to church on Sunday, ordered him to come to work on that day. However, Jem thought it his duty not to obey, and accordingly spent that sacred day in his usual peaceful manner.

The next morning, when he presented himself at the factory, the master inquired, "Where were you yesterday?" The boy answered, "I went to church, sir." "Then you may go to church again to-day!" replied the master, angrily; and paying him what was due to him, he instantly dismissed him. Jem was now without any means of earning a livelihood; but he knew it is useless to despair, so he began to look out for another situation.

On one of his applications, a gentleman asked him the reason of his dismissal from his former place. The boy replied, "Because I did not wish to go to work on Sunday, sir." The merchant was much pleased with this answer, and immediately engaged him at the increased wages of ten shillings a week.

Thus we see what a little boy may do, in serving God, and keeping holy the Sabbath day. My little readers, remember little Jem, and try to imitate him in his love for his Bible, and his reverence for the Sabbath day. For (as we see from this little boy's history), "Godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come."

A. S. L. H.

SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.

It is well to be made to feel our own mercies, for we are far too apt to forget them. And I think the best way to be made more alive to them, is to look about us, and see how many are far worse off than we are.

Ah, yes, my little reader, I dare say you have a house to live in, and a bed to lie on, and kind parents to give you food and clothes, and do what they can for you. But many children have not these blessings. The war, for instance, makes sad work amongst our soldiers' families. I could tell you many a tale of distress that would bring tears into your eyes. I know many a soldier, sober, steady, and upright, who had the comfort of his little room, and his wife and dear children about him, and he loved them dearly, and liked far better to be with them in an evening than go to those horrid beer-houses. But the fearful war in India comes, and then the brave soldier must go to fight his country's battles; and he has only one care on going, and that is about his wife and children left behind. There they are, poor creatures, bereft of their only earthly prop, strangers in a strange land, where no one has cared for them; far from their own homes and friends, if indeed they have any, with only sixpence a day for mother and children! Ah, what heart-rending scenes have I witnessed on

that dock-yard at Portsmouth, in the parting of the men from their wives and children! I can never get it out of my mind, and, overwhelming as it is, I am not wishing to do so, for what I have seen will make me a friend of soldiers' families as long as I live.

But now I must tell you about a drummer's little boy. The father has the big drum in the band of the 97th. He was in the Crimea, a brave, steady, good fellow. While there, his wife died, and he was frantic with grief, and went into fits. When he returned to England, all his delight was in his dear little boy, now five years old. No sooner has he got settled in England than he is ordered off to India; and now all his concern is about his poor child. "Oh," said he, "what will become of my poor, friendless, motherless boy? I care not to go to India; but my child, my child!" But off he must go; and that child has not wanted a friend. It is touching indeed to see how the soldiers' families help each other. Mrs. B——, with a family of her own, and her husband gone to India, and only her sixpence a day, took the child till something could be done. But the kind creature shall be nothing out of pocket for this act of mercy; and I have taken little Georgy; and he shall never want a friend so long as he needs one.

Perhaps some young reader, who has some little pocket money, is ready to say, "Oh, how I should like to show my sense of my

own mercies by giving a few pence towards the support of the drummer's boy!" Well, if this would be a pleasure to you, it is very easy to send stamps in a letter to me, addressed to the Editor of the CHILDREN'S FRIEND, and I will gladly tell you when I receive them. And with all I have to do amongst above three hundred soldiers' wives and families in Portsmouth alone, every little help is welcome. W.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

IN a miserable cottage, at the bottom of a hill, two children hovered over a smouldering fire. A tempest raged without, a fearful tempest, against which man and beast were alike powerless.

A poor old miser, much poorer than these shivering children, though he had heaps of money at home, drew his ragged cloak about him as he crouched down at the miserable door. He dared not enter, for fear they would ask pay for shelter, and he could not move for the storm.

"I am hungry, Nettie."

"So am I; I've hunted for a potato paring, and I can't find any."

"What an awful storm!"

"Yes; the old tree has blown down. I think God took good care that it didn't blow on the house. See, it certainly would have killed us."

"If He could do that, couldn't He send us bread?"

"I think so. Let us pray, 'Our Father,' and when we come to that part, stop till we get some bread."

So they began, and the miser, crouching and shivering, listened. When they paused, expecting, in their childish faith, to see some miraculous manifestation, a human feeling stole into his heart; God sent some angel to soften it. He had bought a loaf at the village, thinking it would last him a great many days; but the silence of the two little children spoke louder to him than the voice of many waters. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and then listened to the wild, eager cry of delight that came from the half-famished little ones.

"It dropped right from heaven, didn't it?" continued the younger.

"Yes; I mean to love God for ever for giving us bread because we asked Him."

"We'll ask Him every day, won't we? Why, I never thought God was so good, did you?"

"Yes, I always thought so; but I never quite knew it before."

"Let's ask Him to give father work to do all the time, so we may never need to be hungry again. He'll do it, I'm sure."

The storm passed; the miser went home; a little flower had sprung up in his heart; it was no longer barren.

In a few weeks he died, but not before

he had given the cottage, which was the poor labouring man.

And the little children ever after sweet and solemn emotion when, in prayers, they came to those trustful "Give us this day our daily bread."



TRIFLES OFTEN LEAD TROUBLES.

WHAT means that crowd? See! is hurried along between two co they are followed by a stream of both sexes. It is whispered that a cook from the "great house," is being taken to prison for ro master.

A woman standing at the door of her cottage, as they pass by, is heard to exclaim, "Ah! that's what comes of mothers letting their children steal without chiding them." The speaker seems to know the early history of this wretched woman; and, while she relates the story to a neighbour, we listen.

This wicked cook, when a child, used to be sent on errands by her mother. One day, when at the grocer's, waiting to be served, Satan tempted her to put into her basket, unobserved, a parcel of pepper, that was lying on the counter. The next day she took another parcel in the same way; and, going on thus without detection, she became so expert and so daring, that she never went into a shop without carrying home something more than she paid for. Her mother, instead of checking, alas! only encouraged these dishonest ways.

After a while, they left the place where they had been living, and settled in a large town; here the girl, by some means, got a situation of allwork. From this she became kitchenmaid; and, being sharp and quick at learning, she gained so much knowledge under a cook, as to be capable of taking a cook's place, and at length obtained a situation in the "great house" before mentioned.

Unfortunately, she had seen bad ways as well as good, and, with her old propensity to stealing, she was soon expert in all the

tricks which cooks too often practise. She carried on a large system of pilfering in the "great house," till one day some table-linen was missed. The suspicion fell on her; her boxes were searched, and there were found handsome tablecloths torn up in strips, ready to be sold as "*best* linen rags."

You have seen her going to her punishment. Her sentence was, properly, severe, and her character lost!

At some future time I may relate another true story, of an *honest* child, the school-fellow of this wicked cook. In the meantime, I hope all children who read this will take a warning from it, and, if ever induced to take what does not belong to them, will remember that though no human eye may see a dishonest act, yet that *God sees it*; and though they may escape detection for a while, their punishment must overtake them sooner or later. Your sin will surely find you out.

M. A.

HUGUENOTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

RIO DE JANEIRO is the capital of Brazil, in South America. The scenery around it is very grand; its population is more than 200,000, about half that of Manchester. This city is chiefly popish, but vice and infidelity chiefly prevail.

It has, however, an early Protestant history of deep interest. In the year 1555, the good Admiral Coligny proposed to found here an asylum for the persecuted Huguenots, as the Protestants in France were called, and of whose dreadful sufferings I dare say you have heard. God had raised them up friends, and this good Admiral Coligny, amongst the rest. He sent three small French vessels, under the command of Villegagnon, from Havre, and built a fort, named Coligny, on one of the seventy islands. The native tribes did not like the Portuguese, but had traded in a friendly way with the French. Some hundreds of them assembled on the shore, kindled bonfires in token of joy, and offered all they had to these allies, who had come, as they thought, to defend them from the Portuguese.

The vessels returned to France to take out more colonists. The Church of Geneva became much interested about them, and sent out two ministers, and fourteen students. There was every reason, therefore, to believe that the Protestant Reformation would have taken root on these shores.

But treachery prevented this. Villegagnon returned to the Romanist faith, and became a persecutor. They who had come out to enjoy liberty of conscience found their condition worse than before ; and they asked leave to return, which was granted ; but in a ship so badly furnished, that many would

not go, and some of them who did, died of famine. The traitor, Villegagnon, had given them a box of letters, wrapped in waxed cloth, as was the custom; and among them was one directed to the chief magistrate of whatever port they might reach, in which they were denounced as heretics, worthy of the stake.

They landed, however, by God's good Providence, at Hennebonne, where the magistrate favoured the Reformation, and so were saved. The wretched Villegagnon put three of those who remained behind to death, and the rest of the Huguenots fled from him to the Portuguese.

The poor sufferers by famine, in the ship, devoured all the leather in the vessel, even to the covering of trunks, and ate up the rats and mice, which they pursued as eagerly as cats. They then tried to chew Brazil wood. Many died of hunger, and the rest had begun to form the awful thought of devouring each other, when land appeared in view. They arrived in time to undeceive a body of Flemish Protestants, about to embark for Brazil, and also 10,000 Frenchmen.

A sad history indeed, my young friends! But such is Popery, and such is the "much tribulation" through which we must enter the kingdom of God. But if we only do get there at last, it is of little matter how rough and stormy the way. Heaven will make amends for all.

W.

A BRAVE BOY.

I was sitting by a window in the second story of one of the large boarding houses at Saratoga Springs, thinking of absent friends, when I heard shouts of children from the piazza beneath me.

"Oh, yes, that's capital! so we will! Come on now! There's William Hale! Come on, William, we're going to have a ride on the circular railway. Come with us."

"Yes, if my mother is willing. I will run and ask her," replied William.

"Oh, oh! so you must run and ask your ma. Great baby—run along and ask your ma! Ain't you ashamed? I didn't ask my mother."

"Nor I, nor I," added half a dozen voices.

"Be a man, William, cried the first voice.

"Come along with us, if you don't wish to be called a coward so long as you live. Don't you see we are all waiting?"

I leaned forward to catch a view of the children, and saw William standing with one foot advanced, and his hand firmly clenched, in the midst of the group. He was a fine subject for a painter, just at that moment. His flushed brow, flashing eye, compressed lip, and changing cheek, all told how that word *coward* was rankling in his breast. Will he prove himself indeed one, by yielding to them? thought I. It was with breathless interest I listened for his answer, for I feared that the evil principle in his heart

would be stronger than the good. But, no. "I will not go without asking my mother," said the noble boy, his voice trembling with emotion; "and I am no coward either. I promised her I would not go from the house without her permission, and I should be a base coward if I were to tell her a wicked lie."

There was something commanding in his tone, which made the noisy children mute. It was the power of a strong soul over the weaker, and they involuntarily yielded him the tribute of respect.

I saw him in the evening among the gathered multitude in the parlour. He was walking by his mother's side—a stately matron, clad in widow's weeds. It was with evident pride she looked on her graceful boy, whose face was one of the finest I ever saw, fairly radiant with animation and intelligence. Well might she be happy in such a son—one who could *dare to do right*, when all were tempting to the wrong.

Poetry.

EVENING HYMN.*

To Thee, O Lord, I lift my cry,
To ask forgiveness from on high,
For all the things I've done this day,
That from Thy gracious word's astray

* Written by a child.

Soften my temper, rude and wild ;
 Make me a good and gentle child ;
 Show me the path I ought to tread,
 And guard me whilst I sleep in bed.

And when this life on earth is past,
 Take me, I pray, to heaven at last ;
 Then how delightful that will be,
 To live with Jesus and with Thee.

TEXTS TO FIND, AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

89. CAN you find out where we are told of the idolatries of the Israelites while they were slaves in Egypt ?

90. Who spread a letter, which gave him some trouble, before the Lord ? "

91. Who was anxious about the souls of his five brothers ?

92. Who was afraid that she or her "son should be counted offenders" ?

93. If we "wait on the Lord," and are "of good courage," what will happen to us ?

94. How may we be assured that God "will freely give us all things" ?

95. What things were "written for our admonition" ?

96. Where are we told to do things "heartily, as unto the Lord" ?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(81.) Psa. lxii. 2. (82.) Ezek. xxvi. 21. (83.) Mark ii. 28. (84.) John xi. 18. (85.) Exod. vi. 9. (86.) Isa. xl. 15. (87.) Zech. xiii. 1. (88.) Gal. v. 23.

